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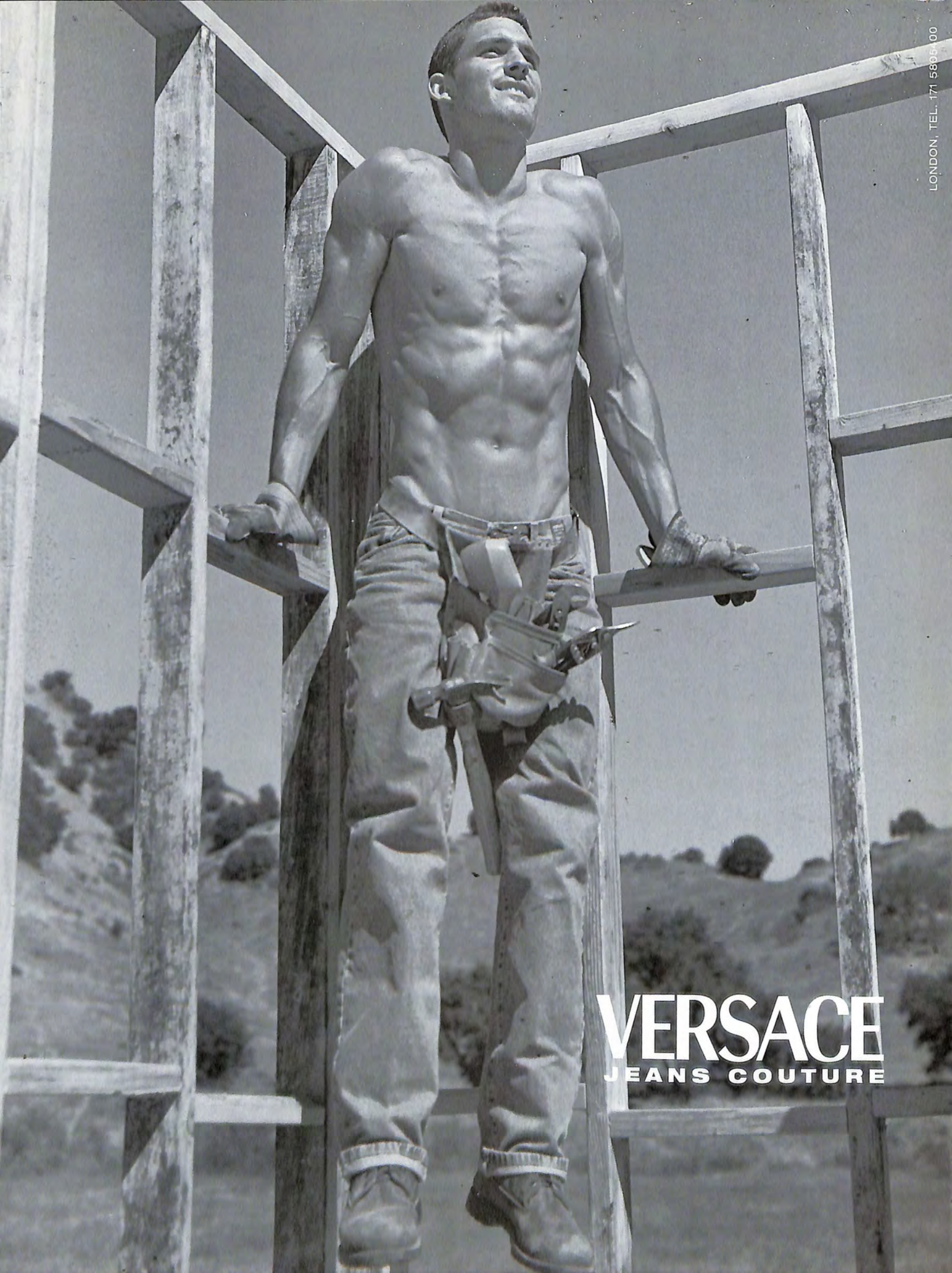
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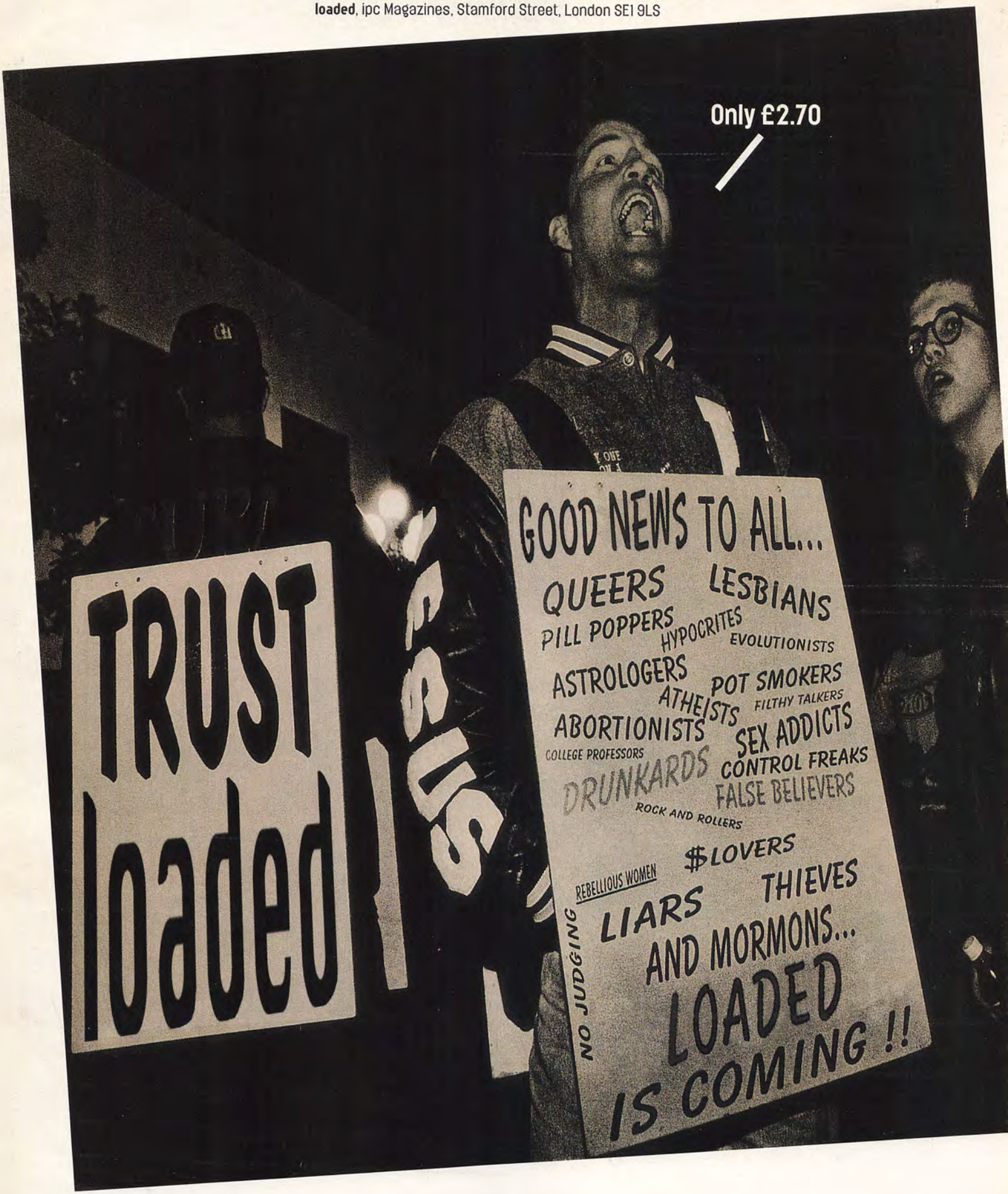

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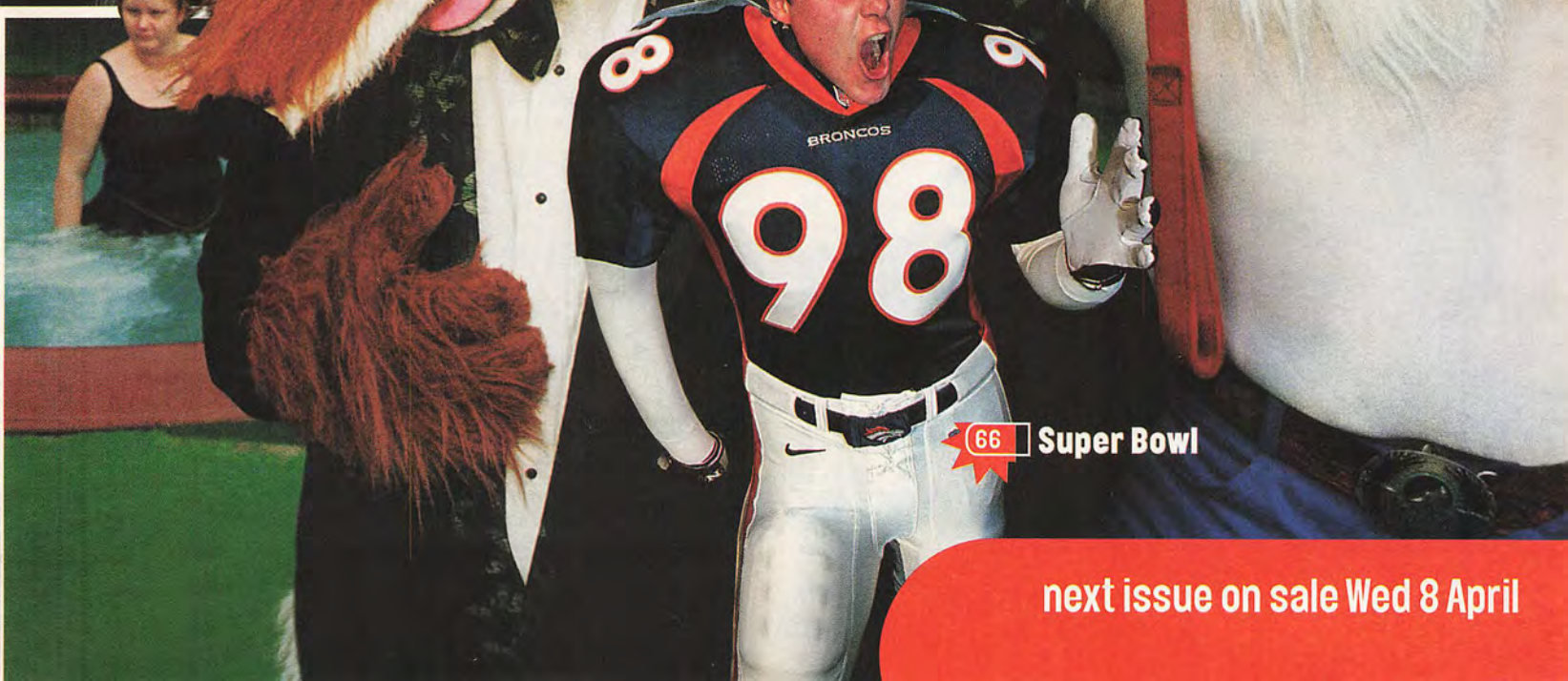

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Meet The Contributors
Philip 'Hogg' Robinson (centre). Although only 12, Philip's contribution is inestimable. Here we see him preparing to interview Nelson Mandela.

issue 48 APRIL 1998

Cover photo of Michelle Norkett by Jeany Savage; hair & make-up by Gary Cockerill; styling by Beth Summers

EMPORIO ARMANI
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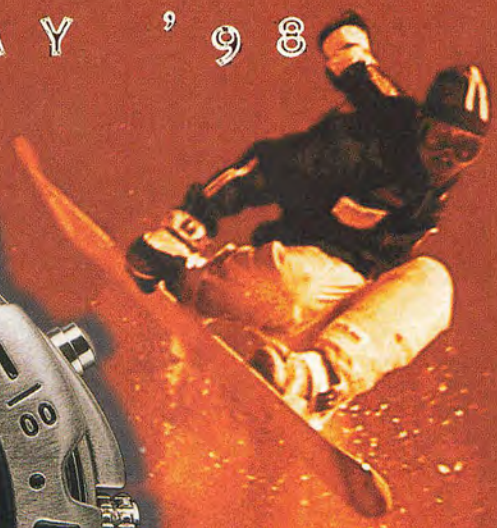

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You have absolutely no chance of ever meeting these women. Enjoy...

Alley Baggett (opposite) Challenge Alley to a game of hide and seek and you'll be laughing. While you're counting to 10 she's peeling off her cycling shorts and sneaking behind the net curtains. It's a dead giveaway every time, but that's how she wants it. That's her plan. As she steps down from her perch she forces her pert onions in the air and offers her quivering sense to any lorry driver who wants it. Hobbies? Alley is never happier than when a 100-strong crowd of gypsies are applauding her knitting.

Alba Parietti (left) Pulling miners' jackets from inside her is not the only string to Alba Parietti's bow. In Italy she holds the current outfit-hiding record within a body for three Hawaiian shirts, a pair of corduroy trousers, two pairs of shoes and 17 handkerchiefs up her cake-hole. "We call her the wardrobe," says a local. "In fact, she lost my denim shirt once inside her gargantuan inner self and gave me a pair of brogues for free. To me she is a saint." The name Alba no longer means crap electronic shit.

Cinzia Roccaforte (below) Santa knows the score as he places his frosted mitten over Cinzia's irregulars to save the blushes of a thousand irate sailors. His festive mind is pumping her gaping brain with such force that he could perhaps be sponsored for his actions. Cinzia's mind of course is elsewhere. Dreaming of what presents lie in store for her, perhaps. "This is your only gift," says Santa, as a case-load of steaming custard enters her college and drips onto her pathetic shoes.

Send your nominations to World Of Women, loaded, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS

rogue

platinum rogues

The Premier League of bad behaviour: high rollers and low life

re-entry **1**

Barrymore

Everybody's favourite unstable gameshow host is back again with more awards-do mayhem. Arriving inebriated on stage to collect a trophy at the Challenge TV gameshow awards, Barrymore proceeded to insult Monkhouse (no small crime in itself) and ramble on about kickbacks and the 'baby Jesu'. He went on to say: "This is a common or garden game show host who is currently out of his trolley. I'd like to thank everyone for putting up with me and Bob. We are in fact used care dealers from Romford." He then stumbled backstage, mouthed incomprehensible bollocks at the press for 20-odd minutes, made a grab for TV's Davina McCall and finished off his little act by falling flat on his arse, drunk, clutching two prizes. Words cannot express the pride we feel for this man right now.

new entry **2**

Dean Sullivan

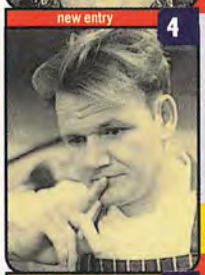
Videos currently circulating in car boot sales around Merseyside show Dean Sullivan, aka Brookside's Jimmy Corkhill, performing what the papers have called 'lewd sex acts'. Dressed only in boots and a hard hat, the actor performs a 'drum solo' and then repeats the said act over another chap. For added class he's also featured having a lug from a small brown bottle that looks not unlike the kind of container that might hold Amyl nitrate. Definitely Liverpool's response to the scandalous Babylon that is Hollywood.

re-entry **3**

Ollie Reed

The legendary hell-raiser turned in another dramatic but non-thespian performance during a recent visit to London for a showbiz funeral. Knocking back the sauce during a 12-hour wake, Ollie thought it'd be a laugh to challenge a fellow guest to a bout of naked wrestling. When told to shut up by his intended opponent, Reed began throwing punches and, according to one onlooker, went "ballistic". He was eventually arrested but released without charge after a night in the cells. Reed later reported: "It was a good party."

new entry **4**



Gordon Ramsay

The ex-Rangers player and one of the country's top chefs recently flattened a Cockney customer in his restaurant. "It was incredible, " said the victim's wife. "He was like a Glaswegian lager lout." Apparently the couple had become irritated by the slow service and grew concerned about a train they had to catch. When they pointed this out an argument ensued where Ramsay – High Roller in January's **loaded** – was branded an "arrogant bastard", to which the former professional footballer allegedly smashed the Cockney in the mouth.

new entry **5**

Rambo'd Reverend

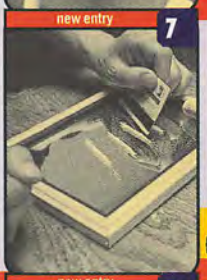
"This is not a fucking joke, this is the real thing!" shouted a bloke dressed as Rambo after bursting into a Scottish church with a hostage at gunpoint. He then ran to the altar and bundled the vicar into an adjoining room. Two shots were fired, but the priest re-emerged with outstretched arms and said: "Look, I'm alive!" A court heard that the Reverend Earlsley White arranged the "surprise drama" to show the 250 Cubs and Scouts in the congregation that he would have died if the incident had happened in other countries.

new entry **6**

Prince Jefri of Brunei

The youngest brother of the Sultan of Brunei allegedly paid £21m for £5m worth of flats situated over the old Playboy club. The Prince allegedly laid out the money so he could keep his hoard of prostitutes secreted away from the public eye. Other revelations during a recent court case included stories of huge sex parties where Jefri would fly 50 high-class prostitutes into Brunei from Europe. He was also alleged to have given the girls lavish gifts like jewel-encrusted watches and erotic pens fashioned from white gold.

new entry **7**



Leyton Orient pie and drug shock

Already renowned as the home of bad football, Leyton Orient has been further rocked by a pie scandal. It's been officially voted as having the worst pies of any league club in the country. Further misery followed when their catering manager was later arrested for possession of class A drugs. They should have put that in the pastry.

new entry **8**

Bible belting

Police recently had to break up a fight between two Bible salesmen in Lincoln County, Nebraska. The argument began with the two salesmen fighting a turf war over the best sales pitches, and culminated in their duelling with baseball bats. The Bishop of Nebraska later offered to 'nut' journalists pushing him for comment on the incident and disappeared inside his youth club to play table tennis.

new entry **9**

Old driver

A motorway copper recently had to put out a rolling road-block to stop a 78-year-old man who'd been driving the wrong way up the fast lane of the M11 for 25 miles. Driving a Y-reg Ford Fiesta, the senior citizen joined the motorway at a roundabout near Stansted, drove the wrong way up the slip road, moved into the fast lane and accelerated up to 50mph. Amazingly no one was hurt. He then attempted to evade capture by smashing through the road block and into a police car. Police officials expressed concern for the driver's mental state.

new entry **10**

Nigel Hunter

Nigel Hunter, aka Danbert Nobacon, baldy singer in 'anarchist' Leeds band Chumbawamba, threw a bucket of ice water over Deputy Prime Minister John Prescott and his wife at the recent Brit Awards, claiming that Labour had "sold out". Hunter later stated that his protest was "a metaphor for the underdog pissing on the steps of Downing Street". Which sounds a bit like a Chumbawamba record in itself.

new entry **11**

Bus Driver

A Kentucky bus driver bored of driving kids to school every day recently dropped a bus load of them off at a McDonald's restaurant instead. Despite the kids being well chuffed, local police later charged the driver with unlawful imprisonment and taking and driving away a Big Mac.

key: romp, mad, ruck, bird, food, ill, nice tits, singer, plane trouble, marriage, book thrown, footy, animal cruelty, booze, coupla nicker, education, car trouble, damage, Aussie, shocker, High jinx, leg, young, drug testing, alien, rozzers, dop

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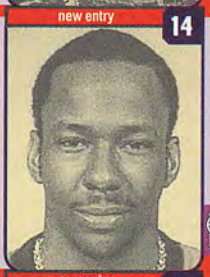
Prison break

Two Australian prisoners narrowly avoided death whilst trying to escape from prison in Wagga Wagga. Their plan involved being pushed outside the prison gates hidden inside wheelie bins and then dropped off into a bin lorry. What the convicts didn't account for was the trash compactor in the back of the lorry. Prison officials recaptured the pair after their location was revealed by long, sustained screaming.

Rogue bird seed

Essex pigeon-fancier Ken Andrews thought he'd plant some bird seed in his one-acre field to attract some of his feathered friends. But he got more than he bargained for when the field sprouted 13,000 cannabis plants with a street value of £700,000. Andrews told a court he was anti-drugs and that there was no warning on the packet he'd bought for less than a fiver – only a picture of a bird. Perhaps he'd bought the packet hoping to grow sparrows.



Bobby Brown

Mr Brown was jailed recently for driving while high on cocaine for a career-destroying FIVE days. This event comes only two years after he was tested positive for marijuana (mind you, who wouldn't be?). As part of his new sentence he will have to make four anti-drugs commercials that he'll have to pay for out of his own money. Poor lambkins.

Kleptomaniac baboons

Patients being treated for malaria and typhoid in a Kenyan hospital were terrified when 100 baboons steamed through the ward and snatched the intravenous fluid drips from their beds. The animals are understood to have developed a sweet tooth and a taste for dextrose, rather like fat blokes who insist on drinking Lucozade Sport.

Crocodile men

Six tribal chiefs in the Congo have been arrested for using sorcery to turn themselves into crocodiles and murdering 33 people. The men were held following allegations by a fisherman who claimed he was banished from his village by "crocodile men" sporting human faces and hands with crocodile legs and tails. One of the six was arrested just before turning himself into a handbag and a pair of shoes.

Mark Morrison – a notice

Sadly, at time of going to press we were unable to find out if Mark Morrison had got himself into a situation that might require the return of his mac.

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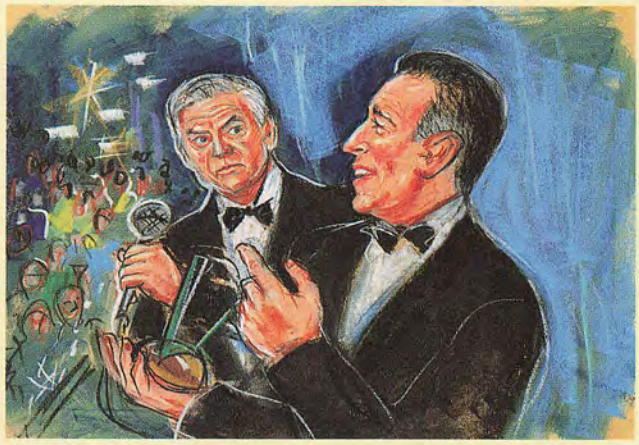
rogues *illustrated*

1 Barrymore

A visual guide to this month's top story



First, the troubled entertainer, rumoured to have become drunk on champagne, "insults Monkhouse" before an audience of stunned celebrities.

Undeterred, Barrymore makes his way backstage and launches an attack on the press before "making a grab" for a female TV presenter, known to thousands as "Davina McCall".

Finally, and almost without shame, Barrymore casts his awards asunder and rolls around the carpet as though gravity has gone wrong and the world is about to end. But it wasn't!

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PRISCILLA COLEMAN

come and have a go if you think you're hard enough

The Queen Mum looking surprisingly chipper after her hip operation

Bismillah, we will not let him go

As a writer of lyrics in the 'Bohemian Rhapsody' mode, I very much enjoyed reading the article by Piers Townley with with Speed King star of four wheels, Nigel Mansell. Definitely no quips from me about exceeding the speed limit on the motorway either.

I once wrote a ballad to him and sent it to him when he lived on the Isle of Man. He found it interesting. A friend told me they played my song in the background when he appeared on *Noel Edmonds' House Party* a couple of years ago. With my song, I have immortalised Nigel in the 'Bohemian Rhapsody' style.

Oddly enough, to please my girlfriend I have occasionally dressed up like a 'Queen'.

'Vroom-vroom, zoom-zoom, here comes Nigel Mansell the Speed King motor racing star on full power/ A man of the hour, today, and the hour!/ The speed of his reflexes is oh so sharp!/ He makes a look through the looking glass/ seem like a shadow in the dark.'

Keep on checking out the PCs – I'm not really a mouse.
Johnnie Docherty, Stretford, Manchester

Terrible terrier error

I've always enjoyed reading **loaded**, but sadly the story written by Ben Marshall was badly researched and did annoy me (*Doggy Style*, February 1998).

Its biggest mistake was to compare the American Staffordshire terrier with my greatest love, the Staffordshire bull terrier, or Stafford as it's affectionately known. He says they are potentially lethal with small babies and like attacking prams.

Firstly, I would like to point out that any dog, big or small, is potentially lethal with babies and should never be left unattended. And as an owner I can say that in my experience a Stafford would be more protective of a small baby than wanting to hurt it. I have never heard of a Stafford attacking a pram either.

I now feel that Mr Marshall should print an apology for comparing the Stafford to the American Staffordshire terrier, and should point out his errors in doing so. Hopefully you can restore my faith in your (up until the *Doggy Style* feature) great magazine.
Steve Green, Bromley, Kent

Fat pigs

The farmer's crops have been raided by the fat bastard pigs escaping from their shitty sty. Justice? Or a crying fucking shame? Are we going to the Que Club? Yeah, what a great idea. Or is it a £3 kebab from the Istanbul? Answers please.
Colin, Hatherleigh, Devon

Wake up to a brown crack

The stuff does look like winnets, the milk looks suspiciously lumpy and what a magnificent pink organ Monsieur Le Hippo is sporting.
Simon & Ged, Meribel, France

You silly punto

Anyone else noticed in the 'Spirito di Punto' ad – the one with the bloke and bird getting lost on the way to a restaurant – that he says, "This is the last time I ever fucking anywhere"? Confusing use of grammar, but funny nonetheless.
Jez, Toon Army

Poetic justice

Am piss bored sitting in my spacious one-bed studio unit. After reading your February issue, you managed to full-on inspire me to write a poem. Bit strange really, because I normally have a wank about this time of the day. Must be the 21-hour bang-up. Anyways, here it is: my masterpiece unveiled.

The Definition Of Uninhibition

'Dance and skip through the market-place/ No clothes on your body and a smile on your face/

Women scream and laugh and peep in shock/ As they see the nakedness of your cock...'
Don Neily de Missenden, HM Prison Bullingdon.

PS: I am innocent, in case you were wondering.

pornalikes

Here's Barry from *EastEnders* parking his car in somebody else's garage. Looks like it got in OK.
Johnny G, Scotland

We've just got back from Sarajevo, where I saw the mating of two minds. None other than President 'Big Boy' Clinton and Bonnie 'Beats Dancing' Langford.
Bell, Smith & Sweeting, BFPO 548, Bosnia

Here's Michelle Fowler from *EastEnders* doing a bit of moonlighting.
James, Camarthen

He's just got engaged to Posh Spice and he's loaded with cash. But just what does David Beckham think he's getting up to here?
Geordie and Stu

Good Work Fella!

Big mates of **loaded** this month:

Tim Southwell for starting up **loaded**, for being one of the best things in it, for not getting enough credit and then leaving. And for starting 'Good Work Fella'. So good work for giving us all good work. Good Work Fella!

To everyone who trashed the Features Editor's desk when we were all drunk the other week – destroying numerous works of poorly spelt undiscovered genius that get sent in every week etched on cardboard and segments of ripped, dried, human skin. Good Work Fellas!

Tony Mackley for hooking us up with John Lydon in LA. Good Work Fella!

The Mad Hatter pub for opening up at the end of Stamford Street, and for getting us all excited because the sausage and mash is nice and we haven't been barred yet. Good Work Fellas!

Predator 2: It rules! Good Work alien hunter Fellas.

Bunch Of Arse!

War – unless it's in a film on the telly. Bunch Of Arse!

Consciences. For stopping you doing good stuff even when you've been at the sauce. Bunch Of Arse!

Red Dwarf. Always shit. Bunch Of Arse!

Kevin Greening. The most humourless man to have ever crawled into a radio station begging for a job . An example of the man's humour: "There's been a new crash on Wall Street... (pause for effect)... Michael Schumacher was seen pulling out of a side street." Stay out of our breakfast with your bald voice, you pest. Bunch Of Arse!

All perversions on the theme of coffee. Cafe, cafe latte, tall semi latte, skinny coconut latte with caramel oil and fucking cinnamon. What happened to Mellow Birds, that was real coffee. Bunch Of Arse!

Don't read this if you're called Phil

Re: Philip Caveney's e-mail, March 1998 ('Up his own column').

Oh, Philip, Philip, Philip... If you look at the name Philip it says 'no', it shouts one thing.

You are a student. You love the computer Mummy bought you and you spend too much time 'surfing' with your fellow geekboy chums.

You may have the odd pint, though I doubt very much that you've got the balls to even try anything a tad more interesting.

Which is why you sit there insulting one of the most entertaining writers of modern literature (well, he's OK for a Scottish bell-end).

Beardington McSmithe, London SE24.

Sadly, this one didn't win the Metallica comp

I'm fucking ready to rock. You name it, I'll be there rocking to Metallica until my pants set alight. I'm ready to rock the night through and the whole next day.

In could fucking rock to 'Enter Sandman' any day of the week. I'd kill my grandma if she told me to stop fucking rocking.

George Witheridge, Eton College, Windsor.

How sweet

Thought you might like some white basterd sugar in your coffee. My cousin found this racially incisive sugar in Holland.

Paul, Northolt.

It's a Style Police state

Also banned in the loaded office

Thought you might like this photo for the foto-tat bit of your mag. It was taken in January in Belize City, Belize, Central America, while I was attached to B Company, 1 Para.

Cpl PJ Shephard, RMP Belize.

A thorny Roses fan

In reference to the 'Open letter to Ian Brown' in your March issue, what right does this 'charlatan' have to criticise the Roses? The Charlatans will never attain the greatness enjoyed by the Stone Roses. How can *Second Coming* be dismissed as a "shiteshower"? Surely 'Ten Storey Lovesong', 'Driving South' and 'Love Spreads' deserve some credit.

As for your name 'Pablo Money', if this is a reference to Radiohead's first instalment of brown sticky stuff then I get the picture. You are just a sad freak who was studying for A-levels when the rest of us were at Spike Island!

While I'm on this rant, I may as well ask Irvine Welsh how he can say Hibs have a bigger fanbase than Hearts, when this is just not true. Three years ago Hearts had a stinker and only just survived while his vermin came in a dizzy third. Lo and behold, our average gate was over a thousand more than the Hibees.

Gorgie Billy Boy, Edinburgh.

They're still shite, though

Disappointed as I am to have to write this letter, I feel something has to be said about the 'review' of the Pearl Jam album in the March issue.

The fact that you thought the album wasn't good is fine – that's your opinion and, judging by the albums you liked, predictable. But the fact that three LPs receiving similar reviews (Asia, Catherine Wheel and *The Sound Of Speed Garage*) were given a full paragraph was unfair. Did you actually listen to the album? I don't think so. You certainly didn't read the cover judging by your spelling of the title.

Brian, Aberdeen

Hooray for poor quality football

So you think **loaded** sponsoring Barnet is a waste of money? "What's a top-class mag like this doing associating itself with a low rate team such as the Bees?" I hear you cry. Well, it's simple. Football is a great game played in every corner of the earth (except Wales, judging by the state of their national team), and when it comes to it, it doesn't matter how big your stadium is – the simple fact is that it's still 22 men knee deep in mud kicking a pig's bladder around.

The only difference is that in the top flight, the chances of any player staying on his feet under a challenge is minimal. So why spend loads of cash sponsoring a top team only to see it wasted on one shit player (sorry, Villa fans), when you can pay pennies and see it bring great joy and happiness to fans and team alike?

So let's not waste time on questioning whether Barnet deserves such a top sponsor, and spend more on the enjoyment of the game.

Dicko, Essex.

Shopped by Telecom

British Telecom sent me a statement telling me who were my most popular Friends And Family: Lucy's Visiting Massage, Glamorous Lingerie Ltd, Naked Video Club, The Potency Clinic and Mr Wiz. The missus packed her bag on Wednesday. Bastards.

Kibsee, Basildon.

Do you have your own breasts?

I am a regular **loaded** reader, and in February's issue there was an article on the porn industry and *Private*. If possible, could you supply me with information on how to get into the industry? Any help would be greatly appreciated.

Steven Fannon, London.

Greatest ~~Living~~ dead Englishman

No.45 James Mason

He was famous for a fair number of things, was James Mason. For starters, he was the only famous person ever to come out of Huddersfield. He was also a top-notch actor who appeared in gobs of great films, including *The Odd Man Out*, *A Star Is Born*, *North By Northwest*, *Desert Fox*, *Lolita* and *The Verdict*. That's all common knowledge, is that.

What is less well known is that James Mason had a ferociously hairy back. The hairiest back in Hollywood, so it is said. Even hairier than Bogart's or Chaplin's, which is saying something. "As hairy as a bear-trapper's hat," according to one of the many sex kittens Mason got to know in the biblical sense during his time in Hollywood. So incredibly hairy was Mason's back that he was asked to show it off at all the top Hollywood parties. Being a shy man, he would politely decline.

It is unclear whether Mason was actually born with a hairy back. Or whether his back started getting hairy later in life. What is sure is that it was in an advanced state of tuftiness by the time he made his theatre debut in 1931. We know this because a stage manager called McNulty was heard to remark: "That man Mason is no slouch when it comes to acting, but Great Scott! What a hairy back he's got!"

Mason made his film debut in 1935's *Late Extra*. But the hoi polloi would have to wait another eight years before they were treated to a glimpse of his legendary furry back. This occurred in 1933's *The Man In Grey*, when, shortly after the scene in which he horsewhips Margaret Lockwood, Mason removes his shirt to reveal a back that is monstrously, child-frighteningly shaggy.

By this time Mason had become famous for playing gentlemanly villains. Snobbery with menace, that was his stock-in-trade. Nowhere was this menace better demonstrated than in 1946's *The Seventh Veil*, when he smashed co-star Ann Todd's fingers with a hammer – a scene which prompted the Soviet Minister for Higher Education to declaim, "Mason is celebrated for the refined cruelty with which he tortures women on the screen. He is an instance of decadent and poisonous Western culture."

That's as may be. Whatever, it didn't stop him becoming the top male box-office star of the era. At least in England. In America they didn't know him from a pig in a poke. So it was off across the big pond that he hopped, meaning to launch himself as a bona fide matinee idol. "I desperately wanted to be an overnight sensation," he would later say. But it didn't quite work out like that. "For the first five years, I felt like a man who was shooting arrows into the air and missing every time." B-movie flop followed B-movie flop. Then, in 1951, he starred in Albert Lewin's *Pandora & The Flying Dutchman*. From then he watched his career take off like a blow-torched stoat. For the best part of 10 years he couldn't put a foot wrong. He was sly-eyed Captain Nemo in *20,000 Leagues Under The Sea*, a double-crossing Brutus in *Julius Caesar*, a shifty villain in Hitchcock's *North By Northwest*, and a dissolute junkie in Nicholas Ray's *Bigger Than Life*. Not to mention numerous flicks in which he strutted his stuff as a mad Nazi – a particular favourite being the notorious Afrika Korps general and bottom-pincher *Erwin Rommel*.

A good run by anyone's standards, during which time Mason honed his brooding style to near perfection. He could brood with the best of 'em, could Mason. "There was something electric and at the same time very dangerous about him," said Ann Todd. His biographer Sheridan Morley highlighted his "dark and mystic sexuality". Director Michael Powell was to recall him as "dark young god" with "a voice and bearing second to none". Said director Sidney Lumet, "There were times when he wore the look of a man who had just strangled his mother-in-law and was attempting to look as though he'd spent the morning picking blackberries."

Off screen, he fashioned himself as a fully paid-up member of the Gentleman Breed. Blazer, grey flannels, everything just so. Good manners were a speciality. Mason was so polite he wouldn't open an oyster without knocking on the shell first. That said, slagging off other members of his profession was something of a hobby. He once described Raquel Welch as "the kind of woman who wouldn't know chicken shit from chicken salad". Of Barbara Rush, his co-star in *Bigger Than Life*, he said: "Cinema needs her like Beethoven's Fifth needs a one-armed banjo player."

Through the '60s and '70s he delivered his fair share of stinkers, but there were enough classic performances along the way to keep his reputation in the pink. He was a perfectly slimy Humbert Humbert in Stanley Kubrick's *Lolita*, and an oily Nazi in *The Blue Max*, *Cross Of Iron* and *The Boys From Brazil*. By the '80s he had established himself as one of the finest character actors in the business. He was outstanding as the unscrupulous lawyer menacing Paul Newman in 1982's *The Verdict*, and superb as the crotchety landowner in *The Shooting Party*.

It was in the latter that audiences were treated to a rare glimpse of his naked back – which, by this time, had become so hairy that he might easily have been mistaken for a man giving a piggy-back to an unusually hirsute gibbon. It's said his wife had to trim it daily with garden shears.

In his later years Mason lived in Switzerland, and by all accounts he became a bit of a strange old cove. Increasingly absent-minded, he was known to climb into the bath without removing his clothes. He also became addicted to cakes.

Friends observed that, late in life, he seemed obsessed with the idea that he'd never fulfilled himself as an actor. As Sheridan Morley remarked, "He remained a deeply troubled, enigmatic and often unhappy man, living in a curious kind of internal exile from which he would occasionally emerge to wish that he were somewhere else."

Maybe he never became a solid-gold superstar. But Mason put in enough first-rank turns over the years to be considered one of the great screen actors of the century. He had it all: a voice like fresh cream poured over hot gravel, and a back as hairy as they come. He's dead now, of course. But his legend lives on. And it would be nice to imagine that, as we speak, he's up there in that happy hunting ground reserved for first-chop actors, the fungus on his back growing thicker and longer by the minute.

JON WILDE

He had it all: a voice like fresh cream poured on hot gravel and a back as hairy as they come

Nemo's barber ruled with a rod of iron

PHOTO: MOVIE STORE/ PICTURE FRAME COURTESY OF HERBERT JOHNSON

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SKIRT

TRIPPING YARNS

drugs news

Healthy eating
Hiding cocaine and heroin in fruit and veg is currently a favourite with the world's drugs smugglers. Recent seizures have revealed narcotics hidden in lemons, potatoes, coconuts, cauliflowers, tins of apricots and carrots (not together) and creamed rice.

Customs recently busted a shipment of cocaine that was concealed within a load of hollowed-out avocados. Officials were said to be disappointed as they'd already ordered a pizza.

He's Poteye the smoker man
An unusual hiding place proved to be the downfall of a Dutch restaurant owner, following his arrest for storing a sizeable amount of weed in his fresh spinach. Getting the two mixed up could have brought a whole new meaning to fresh herb salad.

Trippy licker
Australian police recently arrested a toad breeder for drug offences. Raiding his house on a tip-off, they found 137 hallucinogen-secreting Baron Greenbacks. Amphibians of a similar species made headlines last year when a number of drug-crazed frog botherers had been licking the animals' backs to get high. Further research on the subject is expected by Crown scientists in Britain, and some are already said to be planning a nice summer shooting the breeze and sipping some cold beers around the Chief Constable's pond.

High rollers
Silver Palm Leaf have a new range of cigarette-rolling machines in lurid colours and designs that arty Jim from the office assures us are very popular on the Continent. So is sleeping with your stepmother, but we won't let that get in the way of a good smoke. Call them for details about The Camberwell, The Joybox and the Futurola. 0181 964 9229

Stupid smack
A fresh variety of heroin called New Arrival has killed six users along the east coast of the States. Incredibly, despite making addicts drop dead like undernourished, asphyxiating spider monkeys, the news of the fatalities has only helped market the batch to a wider audience. Thank God this sort of reasoning doesn't extend to other aspects of life – like guns, fast cars and alcohol.

PIERS TOWNLEY

ILLUSTRATIONS: DOGGER

sex news

come again

Scared shitless is best for sex
A top American sexologist has come up with a new way of exciting the missus. Dr Galdino Pranzarone believes that instead of watching romantic films with perfect-looking people slobbering over each other, lovers should try a bit of gory horror instead. "Couples receive a rush of adrenaline from the horror flick and misinterpret it as sexual excitement", he says.

So cancel those tickets for the back row at *Titanic* and stay in with *I Got Licked By A Diseased French Monster With A Psychotic Decapitation Fixation And A Taste For Enema Discharge* on video instead. You'll be in like Flynn.

Move over, big boy
Forget *Buttman And The Crack, Anal Town USA* and *Nice Girls Suck Dick 3* – the new trend in US porn is for titles like *Grumpy Old Women* and *The Secret Life of Ms Richards* (she's 51). According to industry insiders, porno punters are staging a backlash against young studs with massive cocks and going for 'reality-based' films, where ordinary-looking and modestly endowed stars, usually middle-aged, shake their wobbly and flaccid bits in the name of sex.

Now films with boxes boasting "matrons", "mature mamas" and "geriatric groupies" apparently account for more than a third of the US porn business. Even the *Playboy* people are getting in on the act, releasing videos with titles like *Fabulous 40s*. One of their top suits commented: "We still love to see the blonde amazon who will always be the perfect playmate, but there is an inordinate curiosity as to what average people look like."

Why not just save your money and watch yourself in the bath?

Real blondes are more fun
Market researchers Mintel recently came up with some startling facts about the distribution of blonde birds in the UK. If you're on the lookout for one, you'd be best off in the south of England, where 24 per cent of respondents claimed it was their natural colour.

But only 16 per cent of women in Britain claim to be true blondes, and sales of hair dye have rocketed by 25 per cent in the last two years. So if golden locks are your thing, you'd better make sure the collars and cuffs match.

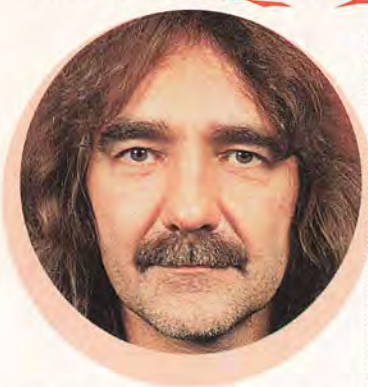
NIALL HAMPTON

Dave Player's Sitar School
HI, I'M DAVE PLAYER! THIS IS MY GOLF COURSE-CUM-SITAR SCHOOL.
OVER THE NEXT 14 MONTHS I'LL BE SHOWING YOU THE BASICS OF SITARSKILLS.
IT'S LIKE A GOLF CLUB, BUT IN THE FORM OF A SITAR!

to be continued...

MORAL DILEMMAS

This month: Geezer Butler from Black Sabbath



1 You finish with your woman because she couldn't help you with your mind. Do you feel at all guilty for getting rid of her for no good reason?

I'd shack up with my psychiatrist because she'd be able to help me with my mind and overcome my feelings of guilt.

2 You find out that Pete Townshend is writing a song about an iron man. You feel you should tell him that your band has already penned the definitive Iron Man song, to save him from embarrassment, but you don't want to sound big-headed. Do you call him?

No, I wouldn't bother. I haven't got his number anyway. I don't like meeting other musicians because they're all bloody thick idiots. I can't take their egos so I usually avoid them. The only down to earth ones I've met are the ones in Sabbath.

3 Iron Man is hard up for a place to kip down, but you know if you let him in your flat he'll crush your sofa bed to pieces. Do you turn him away?

In my house we've got a big boiler room so I'd let him stay in there. It's the dog's favourite part of the house, so he'd have some company.

4 You're in the supermarket with Iron Man, who clumsily knocks into some eggs and makes a mess. Do you take the broken eggs to the manager, or use Iron Man's intimidating presence to get away with it?

Hah, hah. I don't know how the hell you came up with these questions... Well, I wouldn't touch the eggs because I'm a vegan, so I'd avoid picking them up. I'd probably run outside and let Iron Man wreck the store. It'd be a good crack.

5 You're watching *Police 5* with Iron Man, and there's an item on it about a local village being terrorised by an iron man. Do report it to the cops or just change channels?

I didn't know *Police 5* was still on! The only thing I could do is call the police and tell them it's Pete Townshend's Iron Man.

A diamond Geezer

6 Iron Man is upset because Iron Woman isn't giving him much respect. But you've seen her kissing Pewter Boy in the park. Do you let on, or tell him he's just being paranoid?

I wouldn't like to see him down. I'd encourage him to go and beat the hell out of Iron Woman and Pewter Prick or whatever his name is. I'd let him kill them, then I'd get that bloke who defended OJ to get him off.

7 You and Iron Man are planning a holiday, but the hotel you like is near a magnet factory. Do you take the risk of letting Iron Man plan the holiday and end up in a scrapyard in Bermuda, or do you consign him to a grisly fate?

I don't think I'd have a favourite hotel next to a magnet factory, but if I did that's where I'd go because I wouldn't want to be seen on the beach with Iron Man. He could be holed up in the magnet factory while I took my holiday. I'd look a bit of a prat walking round a hotel with a big iron man, with shorts on and everything. I'd have the shorts on and he'd have spandex tights.

8 You have to book two seats on the plane because Iron Man's so big. Do you incur the extra expense, or just put him in the hold at the last minute?

I'd definitely put him in the hold because I think he'd feel more at home. The song 'Iron Man' was about an astronaut getting turned into iron as he re-entered the earth's atmosphere, so I if he was in the hold it'd remind him of being in a rocket. I thought it was a bit stupid at the time. Ozzy came up with the title and I wrote the lyrics around it.

9 You find Iron Man fiddling with some under-age washing machines in the back garden. Do you grass him up to social services or risk him being let loose on a couple of frisky spin driers?

I'd let him do whatever he wanted to do to them. Washing machines have been the worst things I've ever bought. And spin driers, they never seem to work. It's just an endless supply of guarantees and always going down to Comet to buy a new one, so I'd let him get his revenge on them for me.

10 Iron Man gets upset when he sees you ironing, because he thinks it's his job. Do you carry on, or go behind a curtain so as not to offend him?

I'd let him do it because the two things I hate most in life are ironing and making the bed. I'd write a song called 'Making The Bed Man' and let him live with Iron Man. I'll never get the hang of ironing. I've been living in hotels for the last 30 years and the maid makes the bed for you. Before that, I was living at home and me mum used to do it for me.

NIALL HAMPTON

Geezer Butler's LP Black Science *is out now. Sabbath headline Ozz-Fest at Milton Keynes on 20 June.*

A DOCTOR'S VERDICT

By a simple dissection of the Moral Dilemma questionnaire, a top medical bloke attempts to guess the name of the celebrity.

This is obviously Geezer Butler from Black Sabbath. I like him – he's clearly got a real sense of humour, unlike so many other so-called rock stars. I once had to go to a Black Sabbath gig, but it wasn't really for the music – I had to pump someone's stomach outside. They died later in hospital. Which was sad. But that's the job you see. It's not all making people well and spotting the mistakes on BBC's *Casualty*. Sometimes we have to deal with real disasters and dramas, the kinds that can change the course of people's lives, or even end them. That's what makes this job worth doing. That and the hand jobs I get off Sister.

PICS: LONDON FEATURES

NEWSAGENT PROVOCATEUR

cont'd...

CREATED BY TOM. PHOTOS: BILLY. SCRIPT: PETE, LITTLE GRAHAM, MICK, JON & JIM. STARRING: TOM. COUNTER CONSULTANT: MR PATEL. SUNGLASSES: CUTLER & GROSS

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Serious Bier

HOWARD MARKS

HOWARD MARKS HAS LEFT THE BUILDING

I looked at the Yellow Pages, between fanny and fuck, and found Fat Bloke Management and rang the number. "Hello, Fatty. What do you want?"

"Did you call me Fatty, Baldy?"

"Sorry, mate, but all me clients are fat. It could be why we're called Fat Bloke Management. And you called me Baldy! I am fucking bald, Fatty. Shut it or do one."

"What do you mean?"

"OK, Fatty. Open up and do one."

"I just want to ask a question."

"Sorry Fatty. I was thinking like a sheep. They're used to Welsh pricks."

"Don't get jealous, Baldy. I never met a Manc who didn't wank. What do girls up here do for blow-jobs? Eat Welsh lamb and dream of the spunk inside?"

"Fatty, I'll play woolly buggers with you some other time. Open up or shut it."

"I'm a Drug Warrior, holding the rank of Drug Enforcer. We are at war with the forces of the Drug Czar. Dedicated completely to getting ourselves and others wasted and shit-faced, we force-feed drugs to brainwashed Men of Straw and all other stupid fucking tossers. We are heads. We like heads. We're off our heads. We hunt heads."

I know you Fatty. We vomited together in Dublin. Remember? God you're ugly. So whose head are you after, Fatty?"

"The Drug Warriors have recruited highly-skilled professionals from the terrorist, criminal, and out-to-lunch communities. I am seeking one Drug Warrior in particular, Herman the Hermit. I have been told that in order to find him I should first make acquaintance with a member of the staff from Fat Bloke Management called Saint Anus or Satan. He's fat and bald, and he wears black body stockings and purple nail varnish."

"That's me. I'm Saint Anus. Hi."

Saint Anus is the patron saint of drugs, filthy sex, general mischief, bonding and bondage. Recent Biblical scholarship suggests that during Heaven's very early days, Saint Anus gave God some ecstasy and played tunes by the Brothers Chemical while the good Creator was struggling to perfect a human reproductive system. Confusion and chaos were inevitable. God's partner was an angel called Sue Pee-In-Your-Face, the patron saint of Blue Movies and Vibrators. Before God invented shagging, she was simply a middle-class, middle-aged, middle-of-the-road menopausal who wore suspenders and lime green knicker, incapable of the process later known as thought. She had no opinions but to live life in the wings with her head in the clouds. To her, God was just your run of the mill motherfucker.

God cursed the world and ensured that those who took ecstasy would get pissing and shagging confused

A wave of jealous E made God puke. Saint Anus then pulled out a hollow tube (now known as Jack-off Straw), stuck it up Sue Pee-In-Your-Face's arse, and blew up a couple of grams of pharmaceutical coke. She went mental. Her thighs pumped frantically, and her smile became the sun. This was way too much stress for God, who in two seconds made Sue Pee-In-Your-Face nine months pregnant and banished her to the Garden Of Eden, allowing her to keep only a broomstick, a warty toad and a black cat. Saint Anus was banished to the boilers of hell. God cursed the world and took vengeance: He wouldn't let ecstasy grow naturally and ensured that those who took it would get pissing and shagging confused with each other and suffer a three-day comedown.

The rest of the story is susceptible to various and conflicting interpretations. What seems certain is that Saint Anus abbreviated his name to Satan and headed via Sodom and Gomorrah for the Manchester shit canal, and that Sue Pee-In-Your-Face named her first born Charley (after the coke). All three were cursed with eternal life.

Satan was reported emerging from a sewer farting loudly and covered with Sankey's Soap. He decided to manage the careers of other obese hedonists.

Sue Pee-In-Your-Face and Eve got drunk with cider and wind made from forbidden fruit. Together, they gave Adam the world's first blow job. All wicked fairies, witches, groupies and hookers are direct descendants of Sue Pee-In-Your-Face. Her incarnations include Mona Pisa, Mother Teresa, Mata Hari, Alice in Wonderland and Clint Eastwood.

Charley has visited Earth in many incarnations: Moses, Merlin, the Venerable Bede, Bob Marley, the Dalai Lama, Al Capone and Linda McCartney. The cocaine-ridden Inca, Mayan and City of London civilisations were pioneered by him. Until his recent disappearance, he was manifested as Herman the Hermit and devoted himself to making straight boring stuff (oxygen, natural herbs and meditation) very attractive and addictive. Charley's kick-arse Angels supply clean drugs, Jack-off Straws, clinical sex and dirty minds.

"So where's Herman the Hermit?" I asked.

"He'll always be a line of Charley to me," said Satan, "but that's what happens if you're born with a silver coke spoon in your orifices and swallow all of them. Someone has to straighten that boy out. He's taken the Hermit's Vows of Invisibility. You won't see him, Fatty. I've been looking for him myself. I'm just dying to blow coke up his dread-locked arse. Apparently, he won't re-appear until Mantronix comes to Manchester.

"Mantronix! You mean that New York dude who kicked off all that house stuff in the '80s? I didn't know he was still at it. Oh well, there's no way he'll come to this dump."

"Tell you what, Fatty. If you've got the balls to publicly introduce him, I'll lure him here with all sorts of mischief."

"It's a deal, Satan."

On March 18, Howard will, indeed, be presenting MISHMASH, at which Mantronix, along with Manchester's finest DJs and other talent will appear at the Academy, Manchester. Info: 0161 736 4421. You can e-Mail Howard at howard@marijuana.co.uk, or visit his website at http//www.weaveworld.co.uk

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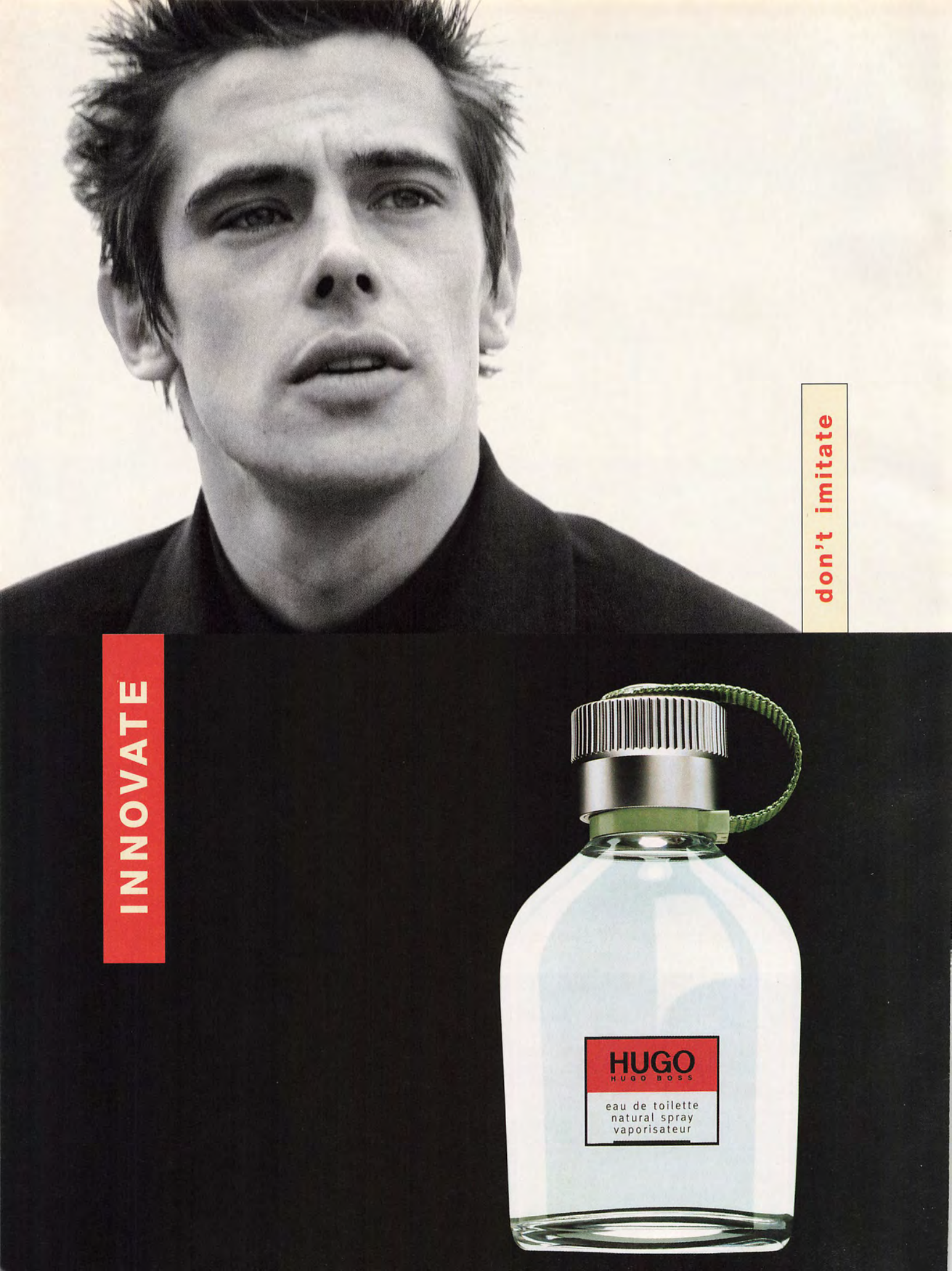
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WORST GREAT MOMENT IN LIFE

Blackouts

When you drink to forget and it works a little too well

Many of us will be familiar with the time-honoured by-product of a good night out that doctors and scientists politely refer to as memory loss. A condition that usually strikes the sufferer in bed, its chief symptom is total ignorance of how on earth they got there or where the hell they've been. Normally, full consciousness can and will be painfully restored courtesy of either a stain on the clothing (capable, on some occasions, of yielding more evidence than OJ Simpson's hall carpet), a phone call, or a verbal refresher course from a nearby female with all the forgotten facts at her disposal. And maybe, if you're lucky enough to have a job, a note on your desk that simply says you're fired. Each bad enough in its own way, but all just schoolboy cuts and grazes compared to the towering psychiatric misadventure that's known as the blackout.

Let's get one thing straight. This is not an invocation to drink yourself to death just to experience the singular hell of a waking coma. Not at all. This is just a recognition of the fact that some of us, at one time or another, will have been there – the irony being that few of us will remember anything about it. Nevertheless, it happens. "Man," said the poet Byron (who knew a thing or two about ale), "being reasonable, must get drunk. The best of life is but intoxication." True enough. But just as we all know one person who can drink 15 pints and still win at Mousetrap, we all know another who will fight pylons after a half of shandy. Ideally, most of us will fall somewhere between the two extremes. And at some point, innocence, circumstance or mere stupidity will cause us to push the limits of intoxication beyond our mortal capacity. This is when you have a blackout.

Medical types provide a handy chart for drunkenness, the last two stages of which are labelled 'unconsciousness certain' and 'death likely'. While hardened drinkers can live entire lifetimes in this liver-numbing twilight, one Liverpool GP noted: "It's quite common for us to visit patients in February only to find they still have their Christmas decorations up. They simply hadn't realised it was over." The average citizen is likely to feel the pinch somewhat sooner. Ask your friends if they have ever had a blackout and many will answer yes. But they haven't. Coming round in bed and just plain forgetting stuff doesn't count. A true blackout is when you emerge from the void and find yourself in the midst of something you don't remember doing, in a place you never knew you'd even been. Two fine examples from this office include the writer who came to half naked in the street holding a broom, thinking he was in a dream and therefore "capable of anything"; and another who walked out of a pub in broad daylight, then found himself walking across an airport concourse – at night, on the other side of the city, with pockets full of broken glass. Frightening, but these things happen.

He walked out of the pub in daylight then found himself walking through an airport, at night, with pockets full of broken glass

If you're drinking to forget, then having a blackout is the ultimate achievement. Not only do you forget, you never even knew what happened in the first place. While this might sound like fun – it is, after all, the nearest thing at our disposal to teleportation – it isn't. The tragic rejoinder to having no idea what you've done is the fact that you could have done absolutely anything. By which I mean *anything*. But never anything good. History teaches us that never in human history has a man in a blackout discovered penicillin, saved a child from drowning or accidentally run over Nicky Campbell. Indeed, one of the first things that occurs to a penitent blackout drunk is, "What the fuck have I been doing?" The possibilities are endless. Newspapers are read in fear, local news bulletins watched with a throbbing headache from behind the sofa. Clothing is checked for bloodstains and fingernails are examined for victim's skin. After a decent blackout, a baptist family-man from suburban Norwich could convince himself he was the Unabomber. If hangovers are synonymous with a sense of shame, then blackouts are distinguished by a sense of guilt and fear beyond any religious reckoning. You are out of control. You may well be a monster. And even though the chances are you have, at worst, been masturbating in a dress on your uncle's allotment, you try not to have another one.

Nature's masterstroke in blackout terms is to deny the sufferer consciousness but not ability. Though effectively a lumbering booze zombie, the sufferer is able to operate telephones and remember key numbers (in particular past, current and prospective sexual partners, and takeaways) with alarming ease. So when the average drunkard faces merely the shock of waking up in a tree, soaked with his own urine, the tragic blackout merchant is capable of rending social chaos that could take years, even a lifetime to unravel. On the plus side, it could be argued that a blackout is the nearest thing most of us will experience to a near-death experience. The downside is that, since we have no knowledge of what happened, it is ultimately altogether pointless. For yea, though we walked through the valley of the shadow of death, we couldn't remember anything about it. And where's the fun in that?

MICHAEL HOLDEN

A NEATER HARRIS

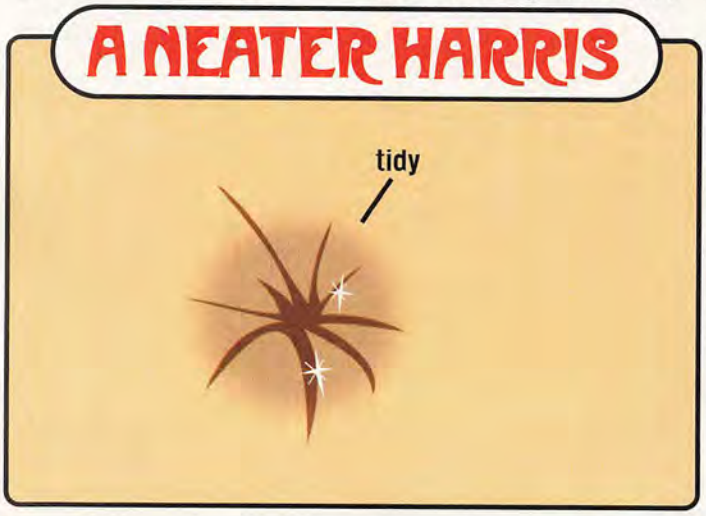
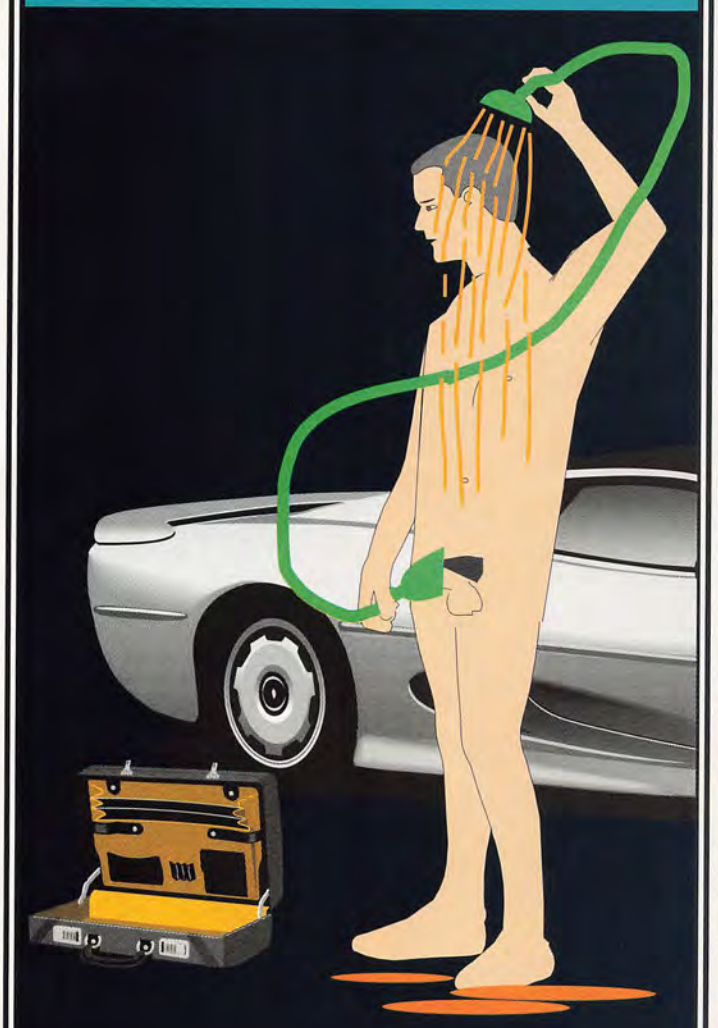


Photo by Zoei Di Lorenzo

piss & GO!™



piss & GO!™ and Awaken To Goldenwater

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The answer?

piss & GO!™

Just hook the tube on the end of the penis and cut wash time in half by pissing on your own head.

Disclaimers:
Warning: Piss & Go only simulates washing. Piss & Go may replace dandruff, oil and dirt with piss. The effectiveness of Piss & Go is reliant on the cleanliness of your own piss. Piss & Go is a registered trademark of the Goldenwater Corporation. Piss & Go and the Goldenwater Corporation deny any link to last year's Shit & Go, which is now banned in Germany. It is also illegal to buy Piss & Go or transport it within or across German Borders. A by-product of the Piss & Go manufacturing process may lead to miscarriages in wolves.

piss & GO!™

A PISS SHANK'S TUBES COMPANY. PART OF THE GOLDENWATER CORPORATION

the league of GREED

what we have received...

1 Rio Radiator
A radiator that isn't mysteriously pinned to a wall. And is able to move, room to room with you. Excellent idea.

5 Bribery
Just to get a mention, the band Dive sent in a connoisseur's collection of '70s porn. Did it work for them? Course it did.

2 Blavod Vodka
Sounding like a psychotic Norse god, this black vodka has a taste that could only have sprung from Valhalla.

6 Safeways food
Tasty savoury eggs, cheese and onion rolls and sausage bites. It's just like eating from the King's buffet in your own home.

3 Lynx
Perhaps the finest available English deodorant – pefect under the arm, or even dusted around the greying pant line.

7 Joe Bloggs
Hair and body wash, cologne, deodorant and body spray, all designed to freshen up the modern bloke on the go. Luvverly.

4 Havana Club Rum
A taste of Cuba delivered to us from Paul McHenry, Donna & Vanessa at Campbell Distillers, Cheers.

8 Jose Cuervo
Tequila and Margarita mixer from Jose Cuervo. Just add crushed ice. The only cocktail for true boozers.

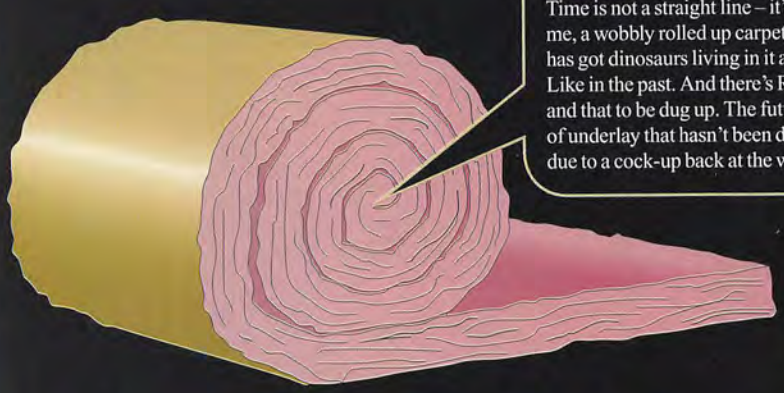
what we want...

Do you make any of this stuff? Want some free publicity? Then give us some free gear and we'll prattle on about how brilliant it is. Simple.

Budvar lager
Gas masks (working)
Top Trumps
Scalextric
10 Kenner Light Sabres
Free MOTs
New office fish
A nice Peugeot for Phil
Sun loungers, a BBQ and a beer brolley
A Bosch Microwave with Grill
'Top' quality TV Dinners
A mortgage for Billy Fags

BARNET UPDATE

Big up the Barnet massive. Yes, once more the mighty Bees are surging towards promotion. In fact they are not so much surging as inlargarising themselves crustnobulantly towards the sometime echeluppers of the league (as Shakespeare would have put it were he a Barnet fan). If no one panics and everyone keeps on booting the ball about in the right direction then everything should be all groovy. Currently the new **loaded** Hotel Village plc complex is going up in the area formally known as 'the park next to the ground'. In fact right about now the contractors should have put all the pegs in the ground and the groundsheet should be in place ready to accomodate the patio cooking facilities. Unhappily, as many of you will realise, the press has been full of reports about **loaded**'s controversial green afro wig policy. The idea that the players, in a remarkable marketing opportunity as we saw it, would all wear the aforementioned **loaded**-branded headgear was sensationally rejected by the staff, the board and the fans. Obviously there is little we can say at the moment as much of it is submarinacy, but if anyone needs 400 green afro wigs could they call Hair Is Rubbish on 0171 996 4877. Barnet's fixtures this month are: 14 Mar Brighton & HA (h); 21 Mar Torquay Utd (a); 28 Mar Hartlepool Utd (h); 4 Apr Darlington (a); 11 Apr Leyton Orient (h).



TIME
Time is not a straight line – it's more like me, a wobbly rolled up carpet. Each fold has got dinosaurs living in it and stuff. Like in the past. And there's Roman coins and that to be dug up. The future is the bit of underlay that hasn't been delivered yet due to a cock-up back at the warehouse.

HOW IT WORKS No3

THE COSMOS

"Round like a circle in a spiral, like a wheel within a wheel. Never ending nor beginning, like an ever-spinning wheel. Like a clock whose hands are sweeping past the minutes of its face. And the world is like an apple turning silently in space." Wise words indeed from Dr Doolittle's son, Noel. For what is the universe but a massive, borderless, stellar fruitbowl perched on the sideboard of time, with our planet as its humble citrus hostage!? It starts nowhere and it ends nowhere. And while it's going nowhere fast it's also going nowhere so slowly you hardly notice. You can't see it with your eyes or touch it with your hands. And it just keeps moving. Like some grumpy, ethereal intergalactic tramp, seeking the comfortable park bench of hard facts.

But hard facts are not its lark. This see-through trickster! Space is its final frontier, illusion its off-licence. So how do we pin it down? Do we have pins long enough? Are pins the right thing really? Perhaps we'd be better off with a net. Or a jar. But what would be outside the jar if everything was in it? Look, forget the bloody jar, alright?

Yes, since time immemorial, man has looked to the heavens with their majestic canopy of bright night stars, their subtle orchestra of colours, their seductively moody allure... and wondered aloud to himself, "Now how in the name of piss does that lot work?" The Chinese thought they'd got it figured. It was all operated by a big dragon. The Greeks said bollocks to that and claimed that, if anything, it was a horse. The Romans had a look at it and wandered off. God reckons he was in on it at the start but is refusing to let any experts in for a good look round till they agree to stop taking the piss. It's a kettle of fish. So here's our tuppence worth.

SPACE FACTS

◆ Scanners at Jodrell Bank once received a very clear message from a planet over 10 billion light years away. Sadly, no one thought to write it down!

◆ Neil Armstrong, the first man to step on the moon, had to carry 14 weeks' worth of his own excrement around with him in a big plastic bag.

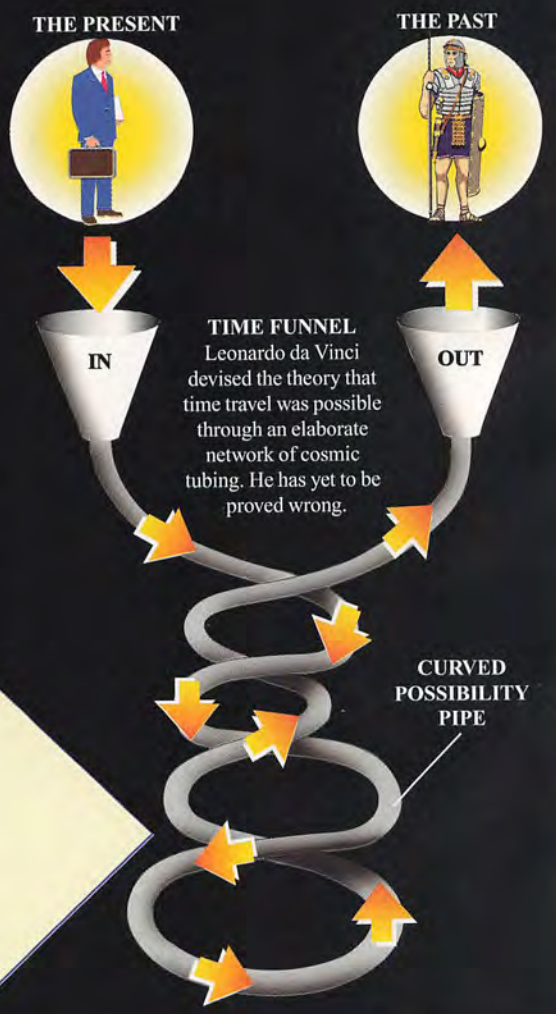
◆ Astronomer Patrick Moore had a £140,000 telescope installed in his conservatory, only to realise that a block of council flats opposite completely obscured his view of space.

◆ Even after top officials at NASA briefed the crew of Apollo 11, navigator Buzz Aldrin still didn't want to go.

◆ William Shatner, who played galaxy-trotting Captain Kirk in the hit series *Star Trek*, never set foot out of his home in Burbank, California, except once to post a letter to his mum in Derby.

◆ Until 1947, scientists believed the universe was held together by something they called 'string'. Since then, however, they have re-appraised the situation and now maintain that what they actually meant was 'superstring'.

◆ What is a black hole? A black hole is just what it sounds like: a massive, big black hole. Except this one's in space. Which makes it twice as dangerous. Not surprisingly, no one has ever seen a black hole. A Danish scientist claimed to have seen one in 1923, but it turned out he was just bullshitting to impress a girl.


THE PRESENT
THE PAST
IN
OUT
TIME FUNNEL
Leonardo da Vinci devised the theory that time travel was possible through an elaborate network of cosmic tubing. He has yet to be proved wrong.
CURVED POSSIBILITY PIPE

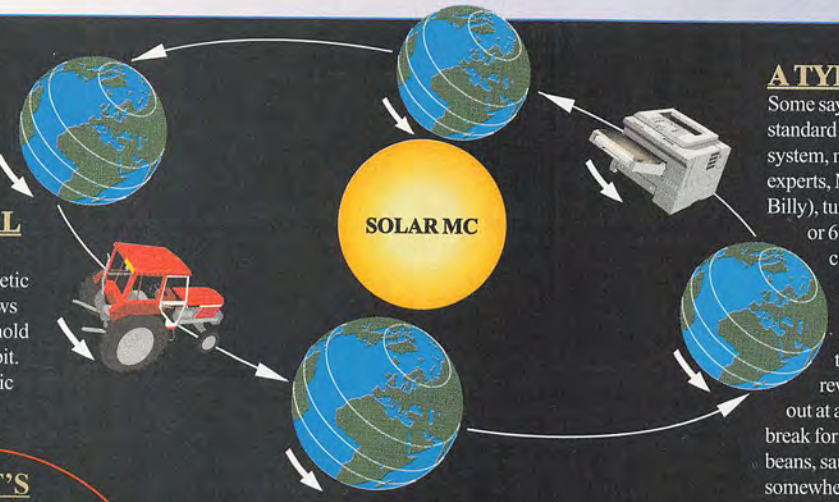
IS TIME TRAVEL POSSIBLE?

Yes. Since the dawn of time, man has imagined himself trotting backwards and forwards through pasts and futures like some fat kid in a sweet shop with his mother's purse. But is it a realistic possibility? Can we nip back to the time of Louis XIV's Court of Versailles for a royal knees-up, or would our modern-day trousers simply dis-invent themselves along the way, leaving us stranded in just our pants? Or would our clothes travel back in time with us, becoming the equivalent fashionable garb of the day? Fancy suits turning into shreds of old sackcloth tied up with string? Fuck knows. Perhaps our bodies would grow younger as we travelled back to a past ruled by medieval knights. In which case, by the time we arrived we wouldn't even exist yet. We'd be just a vague idea of something in the future. Something hideously pre-foetal. Not much point in that, is there? Christ, it's a minefield isn't it? Hmmm. Have a go anyway.

WORDS BY MICK BUNNAGE. ILLUSTRATIONS: ADRIAN BROADWAY

THE CELESTIAL WALTZ

The powerful electro-magnetic vortex around the sun draws light machinery and household items into its relentless orbit. "Won't you join my cosmic dance?" it seems to say.

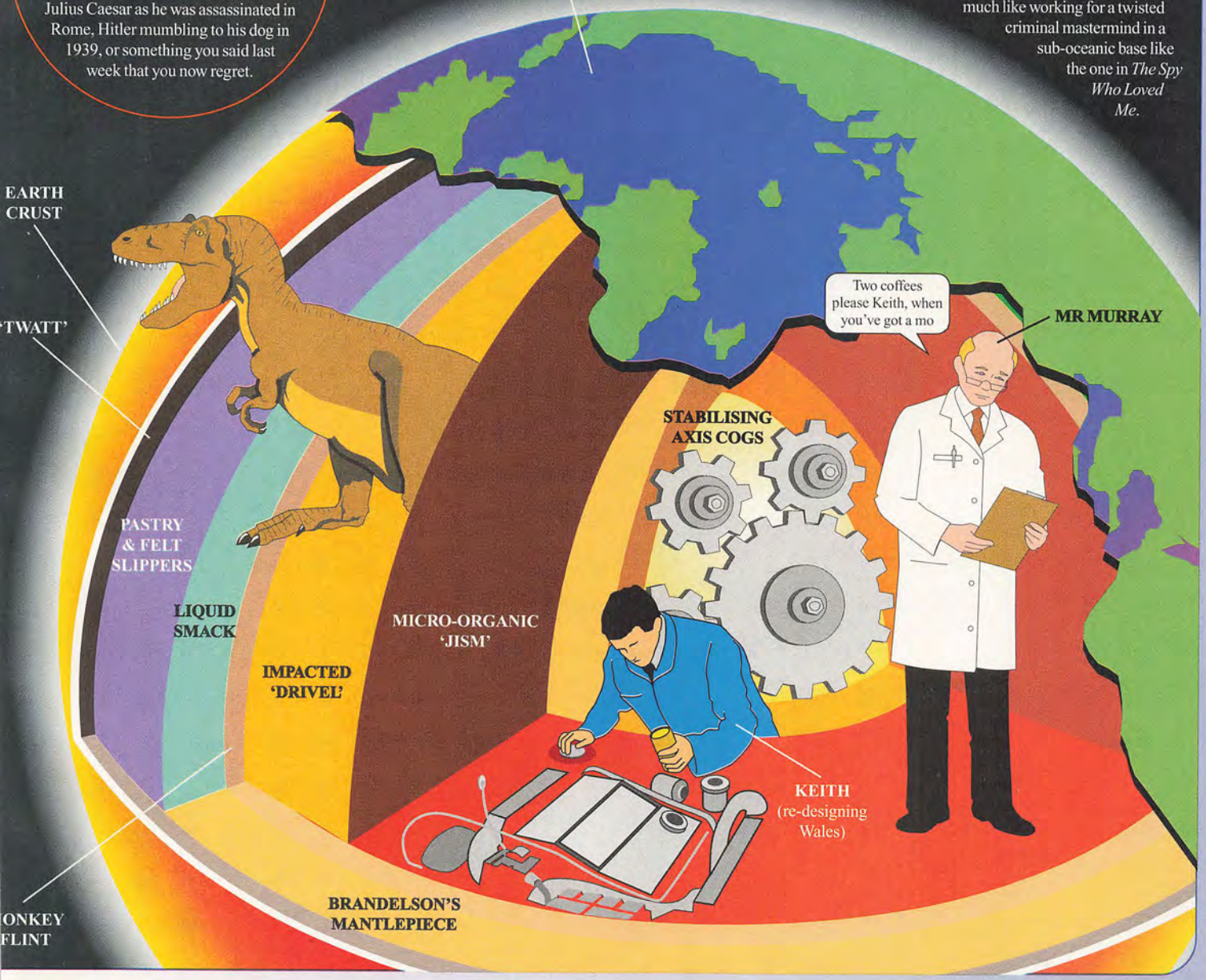


A TYPICAL DAY

Some say the universe, for all its mystery, works on a bog standard two-gear multi-ratchet pressure-valve release system, much like a large kettle. Two highly qualified experts, Mr Murray and his assistant Keith (plus their cat Billy), turn up every morning pretty early – say, around 6 or 6.30 – and switch all the lights on. Obviously the cleaners have been in and put any old leftovers from late night curries, beer cans etc into huge plastic bin liners and dumped them in the back of a hi-tech deep-space waste projectile. By breakfast time the whole operation is in full swing. Planets are revolving round each other and the sun's banging it out at about 300 billion heat wattage. 12 o'clock means a break for lunch. Usually sausages and chips, maybe some beans, saucer of milk for Billy. If something's gone wrong somewhere – say, Pluto's not firing up properly or sulphur dioxide levels have wiped out a colony of ants on Saturn's outer ring – then it's a quick cheese sandwich and back to work. If everything's tickety-boo by 6pm it's a steak pie and mash, a couple of pints and lights out. Naturally, if an inter-global nuclear war breaks out in the galaxy next door it's all hands on deck. Occasionally God may drop by to make sure nobody's nicking stuff out of the stationery cupboard. That aside, its much like working for a twisted criminal mastermind in a sub-oceanic base like the one in *The Spy Who Loved Me*.

WHAT'S IN SPACE?

In the same way that your back garden is full of junk you've thrown out of the house, so space is full of words which have been spoken over the centuries. Scientists call them 'echoes'. If you could travel fast enough out into space, you could eventually catch up with and record the actual words spoken by Julius Caesar as he was assassinated in Rome, Hitler mumbling to his dog in 1939, or something you said last week that you now regret.



EDDIE LITTLE

True-life stories from the LA underworld

The spray paint and PCP had homeboy all the way in another dimension, seeing five and six of everything. The words Eternal Damnation ringing in his head like a mantra run through an echo chamber. The snub-nosed .38 in his side pocket felt like it was as big as a cannon, so huge that surely anyone who looked could see it bulging through his baggies. As he tried to Quick Draw McGraw the motherfucker, the hammer caught in the heavy fabric and he knew he was dead. The guy he was after was going to get off first. Slowly the piece ripped free. His perception was so warped that the smog-laden air had turned into caustic jello, making the hand and the piece in it rise in slow motion. Finally, what seemed like eons later, it came level with the head of the pinche barboso who'd dissed his hood and him personally. The other guy was frantically pulling at his piece, trying to get it into play when the first .38 hit him over the right eye; the second shot made his nose disappear. The dude spun and hit the ground like a broken breakdancer and the rest of the bullets turned the back of his head into real raw, real wet, real red chorizo. That was Spider's first hit.

Growing up tough is the normal thing for a blue-collar family Chicano kid. Pops busted his ass trying to keep his wife, five daughters and three sons fed, clothed and housed. By the time he got home from putting in 10 to 12 hours on the site it

was all about cold cervezas and as much peace and quiet as possible.

Three bedrooms: one for the girls, one for the boys and one for mom and dad. A living room where the TV is going damn near 24-7. The tequila pops downed on weekends was as medicinal as any yuppie fuck's Prozac.

Mom was in charge of cooking, cleaning and doing her absolute best to give the kids a good Catholic upbringing. The pad was always clean and there was always food for the table. Mass every Sunday, mom and dad did the best they could and way better than most.

His older brother turned Spider onto sniffing paint and smoking PCP, and if you're anything in the neighborhood that is as much a part of Spider as he's a part of it. You're a righteous vato laco; down for yours and down for the hood. A trap that has existed since day one. Kill one of ours and we'll kill three of yours. Want some, get some and fuck you if you don't like it. If your turf is big enough you're a patriot, otherwise you're a gangster. And the victor does determine what's history and what's not.

Spider is a soldier who will never get a medal of honour. Unless he can beat the odds, what he'll end up with is a lethal injection or life

By seventh grade, Spider was sniffing paint and smoking dust every day. When he was 13 his brother and his homeboys gave Spider the ultimate compliment: they jumped him into their fraternal organisation. A Bar Mitzvah, LA gangbanger style. From that point forward it was like *Donkey Kong* – give no quarter, take no prisoners. School was a drag, he tried working regular jobs and didn't like it a bit. Says he doesn't like taking orders.

Can't blame him, because what you have here is a guy that can call shots and give orders, kick ass and take names. The kind of guy who made this land of ours so great, love it or leave, fuck with Spider and you'll do your leaving in a box. In the tradition of the guys who built this blight on the landscape we all live in, he runs a construction crew, says he drives them like fucking donkeys. Works them into the ground.

I asked him, "No mercy, huh?" His response was, "Hell no, fucking border brothers, work 'em till they drop and you got 10 more lined up begging for a job."

You look at Spider and you see a big, easy-going guy; you talk to him and what comes across is that what you got here is more than what it seems. Just below the surface, placidity, the manana attitude, is a whirlpool of swirling emotions. This is a guy on the edge of going 51/50 at any moment. The hard knocks and hard times have taught him restraint and a certain amount of diplomacy, but given the right circumstances a Mexican-American Hulk will make an appearance, wreak havoc and then morph back into Senor Placido.

Some guys have a talent for sales. Stocks, bonds, heroin, crack, cocaine, it's all sales. The same principles apply. Some guys are good drivers, they got that hand-eye co-ordination whether it's at the Indy 500 or turning the wheel on a getaway car. Some are administrators, be it for a Fortune 500 company or organised crime, it's the same talents and morality. Buy low, sell high and eliminate your competition. Some guys are soldiers. Spider is a soldier who will never get the medal of honour or a handshake from the president. Unless he can beat the odds, what he'll end up with is a lethal injection or life without.

His folks tried but the eight kids stacked the odds against them. Six of them have either gone to college or started careers. Spider is so proud of them his whole face changes when he talks about them and their lives that are so different to his. When asked how he feels about his own life, he says, "Too fucking old and beat up to leave a good-looking corpse. Know what I mean, homes? Going to keep swinging till I win or they take me out of the box."

Spider and his brother have gone the other way. His big brother is doing long time, multiple summers, and Spider has done more than his share of days, seasons and years behind the walls and concertina wire fences. His first real contract, a murder for hire, was done while wrapping up a manslaughter beef. He'd been down for over five years and was getting short, could hear the street calling him.

It's not that he hates doing time, he'd just rather not. It gets real boring – even when you're part of a big car it still gets old. The group or car that Spider hangs with is big, huge even, and along with membership come benefits. Drugs, privileges, power and certain responsibilities.

When his road dogs told him he had to kill the black guy that had stabbed one of their crew, it wasn't open for negotiation. The fact that he was only a few weeks from hitting the bricks didn't matter. Just when and how.

Spider says it's a lot different killing a guy up close and personal. Pulling a trigger is easy. Ramming a knife home and watching the life leave a guy's eyes as his guts spill onto the floor is different, intense even. I've heard macho morons wax poetic over killing a deer. They should meet our friend Spider, who became not only intense but incredibly eloquent as he described slamming his bonecrusher home, right above the belt, then ripping it all the way to his target's sternum; the whistle the blade makes when it's slashing through the air in a roundhouse, and the way it feels sinking into the side of a neck. I can't understand why shooting a deer or murdering a bull would validate a motherfucker. But homeboy has bragging rights. Whether you consider him good or evil, he did it. Rolled on a confirmed killer who had a sixty-pound weight advantage and homeboys for days, and took his life – rode the beef and beat it because nobody saw anything and everybody was covered.

After that his life got better. Big prestige on the yard, along with a couple grams of good tar heroin and multiple cartons of Camels. He says he even got a case of Snickers bars thrown in as a bonus. And celebrity status when he finally hit the street.

His first wife and the mother of his two children was in CIW for multiple petty thefts and his kids were in foster homes when he got out. The first thing he did was party hard and long, then send his ex a money order so she'd have smokes and commissary. Then he looked up his children. He found out one of the foster parents believed in corporal punishment. Black eyes, busted lip. You know, spare the rod and spoil the child.

As a good Catholic, our man Spider knows it's better to give than receive. When he got done giving the foster father some of what he'd been giving Spider's kids they called up an ambulance to load up what was left, then called the police.

Spider's PO was not a happy guy. A foster parent works for the state and has to apply discipline. They felt that Spider's reaction was excessive. Back to the pen. Spider said he should have just killed the motherfucker. Can't say I blame him.

One more contract done during that little jolt, and when he hit the bricks this time he started filling contracts. As high as 12,000 dollars in one case, and as little as three grand in another, when a friend of his needed a discount and Spider knew and didn't like the target anyway. The average was somewhere around five or six gees.

Like any astute entrepreneur, Spider saved every penny he could and started investing, got a truck and tools, then another truck. Working hard at getting to a point where he feels life is comfortable. He's been back in the world for a while now, got his little construction outfit, three trucks and two full-time crews, and he's doing better than getting by – actually has a decent lifestyle. Has a new old lady, with two kids by another guy who is currently doing a 10-year bit. Sometimes they talk when the dude calls collect from the pen. Spider says there's no hard feelings; the last guy she was with beat up on the kids and treated her like shit. Spider ran him outta town.

He says life is pretty simple now. His current old lady has one in the oven and will be giving birth in a couple of months. They're excited about having a baby. His other half cooks and cleans, has breakfast ready every morning and a nice lunch packed. Dinner on the table when he gets back to the pad. Play with the kids, watch the tube, have a brew or two. Not a bad life.

He hits his Bud Light and says, "But having a baby is expensive, you know? Clothes, doctor bills, the whole motherfuckin' enchilada – an extra five K would come in real handy. Know what I mean, homes?"

Ed Little's debut novel Another Day In Paradise *is available to* **loaded** *readers at the discount price of £8 incl. p&p (rrp £9.99). To order a copy call 01621 819596 and quote* **loaded** *Ed Little offer.*

ILLUSTRATION: CHRISTOPHER KASCH

NOW YOU'RE STALKING

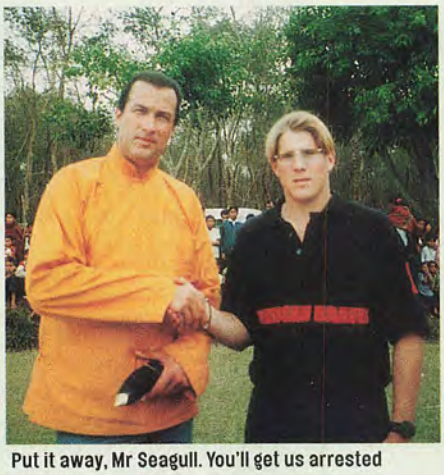
To encourage you to take decent pics we're giving away an Agfa ePhoto 307 digital camera to this month's winner. The camera has its own Adobe PhotoDeluxe software, allowing you touch up your pictures to your heart's content. Everyone else wins a video of *Grosse Point Blank* in its own video-sized box for ease of use. Good film, good box. Make copies, keep 'em coming.

It takes more than three slightly gormless earthlings to separate a Cyberman from his copy of loaded

Now you're as famous as Jim Bowen, Gary

Ollie Reed's never looked better. He's the one on the right

Michael meets that woman off the telly



Put it away, Mr Seagull. You'll get us arrested

How come Nicola looks more thrilled than Darren by this encounter?

Helen only popped out for some herbal laxatives

Just carry me to the oche and I'll be fine, lads

Tsk. They'll let anyone in the Winchester these days

PUTTING THE APERTURES UP THE RICH & FAMOUS THIS MONTH ARE: Matt Buxton of Norfolk, Paul Noble of East Sussex, Sean Martin of London, G Cuthbert of Surrey, Michael Pannell of Wiltshire, Thomas Pearson of Guernsey, Simon Cracknell of Hampshire, Richard Evans of London and Darren Mills of Hertfordshire. Send your pictures to: Now You're Stalking, **loaded**, IPC Magazines, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS. Don't forget to put your name and address on the back.

Agfa The complete picture.
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PHOTO: KEVIN CUMMINS

john lydon loaded

michelle norkett loaded

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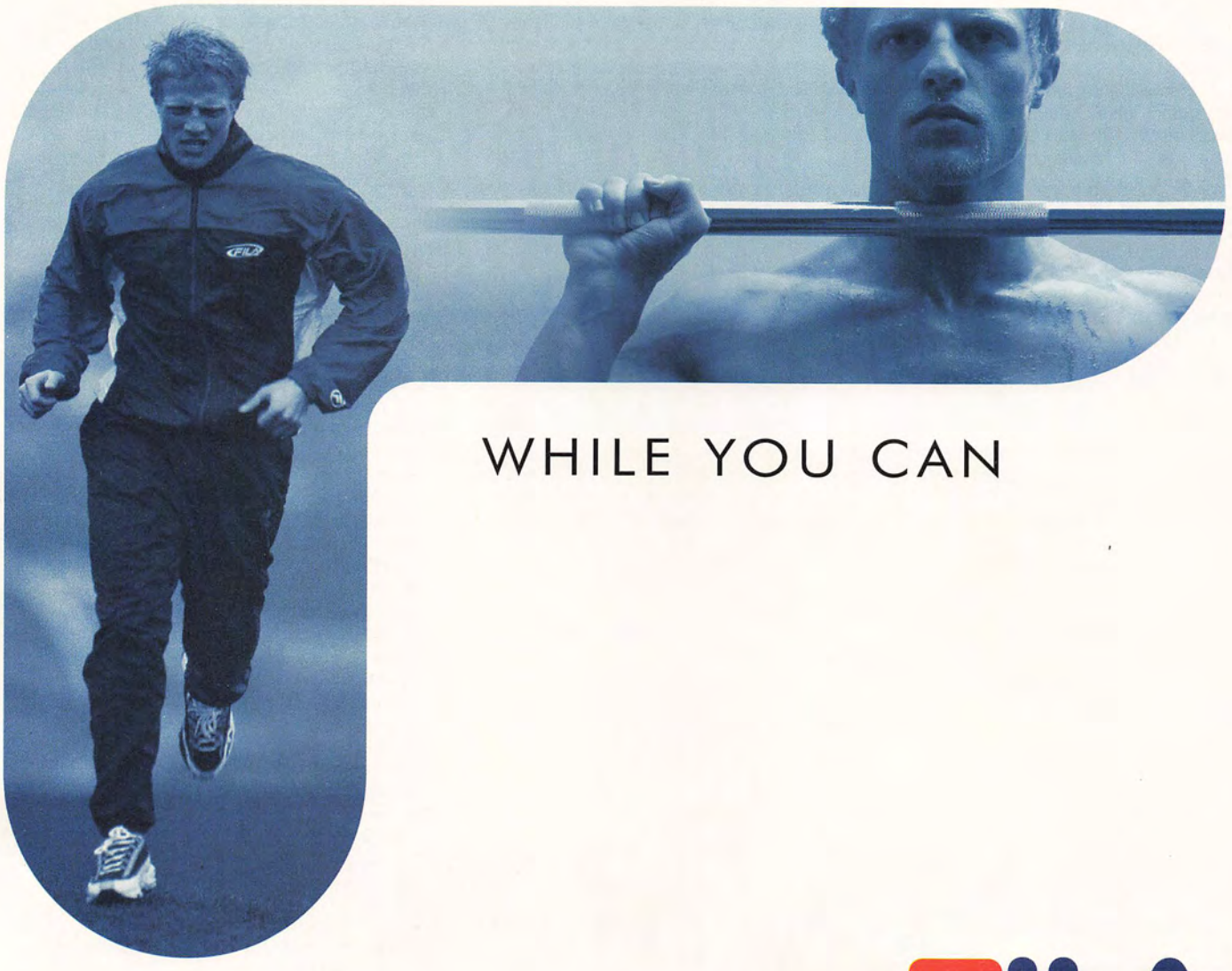


WHILE YOU CAN

FILA

Change the game.

Brain the size of a planet

Hitch-Hiker's Guide author Douglas Adams. Quite clever, really

Creator of the cult radio , book and TV series *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide To The Galaxy*, Douglas Adams refuses to be too serious for too long. His latest creation, the *Starship Titanic* CD ROM, adapted from the book, has all the weird sci-fi surrealism you'd expect from someone who hangs out with the Monty Python team and has members of Pink Floyd round for tea. It's an interactive adventure that has you talking to traumatised robots, mentally unstable parrots and, by about half way through, yourself. Adams has come a long way since his stint as a bodyguard and scriptwriter for *Dr Who*, and seems to have survived it all relatively unhinged. There's a film of the *Hitch-Hiker's Guide* series due for the year 2000, and hopefully loads more from The Digital Village, the computer company he co-founded.

What prompted The Digital Village and *Starship Titanic*?

I had painted myself into a little bit of a corner. I started out doing lots of different things – radio, TV, theatre and the like – then the first book came along. I did another and another and I found a decade had gone by and I was still alone typing. Everyone else was living their glamourous lives as best-selling authors. So the fun bit was beginning to escape me. It's a case of the grass being greener. For a while at least. Then you move on to something else.

Are you always restless, then?

I think so. The way *Starship Titanic* works is that it brings together elements from everything but it's the opposite end of writing books. The great thing about CD ROM is that you're collaborating with the audience in a weird way. Nothing happens until the player immerses himself in it. I'm just moving from the least collaborative medium to the most.

Will you be doing more CD-ROM stuff?

I have an incredibly full plate at the moment. This has taken me a lot longer than I'd anticipated; two years when I only expected it to take a year. I'm not in a hurry to do the same again straight away. At the end of a process like this you know so much more about what to do and what not to do, so it's tempting to take that information and do something much better.

Do you miss the days of your radio work?

Sometimes. To be honest there's a bit of me that thinks that if radio paid a living wage it would have been a great place to work forever. The reason I did the Hitch-Hiker series on radio was that no one was interested in doing it on TV. There's also the image that radio is some kind of poor relation to television which wasn't the case at all then. Radio is a good medium for reaching a book-buying audience. You can look back and say what would have been sensible, but you never do what's sensible in this life.

Do you have good memories of working on the *Dr Who* series as script editor?

I loved it. You cringe at the special effects, but it was the best that you could do with the resources. I loved it for a bit because I had grown up with *Dr Who*. I remember watching the first ever episode and that was shown on the same day Kennedy was shot. It had to be screened a week later because no one noticed the launch episode. At the same time, though, producing 26 episodes a year without enough resources became frustrating. *Hitch-Hiker's* on television went a similar way.

Do you get sick of people asking you about the *Hitch-Hiker's Guide*?

I did for a while. When I hadn't really done anything else. It may well be that that's the biggest thing I ever end up doing. In the end you have to be grateful for something like that. I was talking to Pete Townshend recently and I made some sly remark about only being known for *Hitch-Hiker's Guide* and he said, "You should be grateful, I have exactly the same thing with the *Tommy* film.' It can actually open the doors to more opportunities.

"If it turned out there was a God, I'd feel the universe was playing silly buggers"

Is it true you were branded as a problem child?

It is, but in those days I came from a troubled family background where my parents divorced in an age when very few people did; troubled background meant troubled kid. Nobody was ever quite certain whether I was stupid or brilliant. But then this could be a problem people have at any time of their life.

Are you philosophical?

I do tend to spend a lot of time thinking...

Pessimistic thinking?

It depends on how much sleep I've had. There are two things that absolutely determine my mood. One is sleep. I'm terrible on not enough sleep, almost a Jekyll and Hyde. Eight hours it's got to be, and just to warn you, I only had four last night... The other thing is the weather. I remember reading a line that said, "London was like a small, grey room". That sums it up. I get really fed up, really twisted. And it's bleak outside at the moment! I'd like to get away more but I'm tied up here at the moment and I've got a three and a half-year-old baby.

Not called anything weird like Moon Unit is she?

She has one slightly odd name in there, she's called Polly Jane Rocket Adams. It has nothing to do with *Hitch-Hiker's* though. It's just that her mother, Jane, had a feeding fetish for rocket lettuce when she was pregnant.

Are you religious?

I'm a radical atheist. I thought hard about it and I'd say that, if it turned out there was a God, I would feel I'd been the victim of a monumental confidence trick. I'll wait and see but I won't lose any sleep over it. If I suddenly discovered that there was a God I'd feel that the universe was playing silly buggers.

Did you do anything special for your 42nd birthday?

We had a big sit down party, but not loaded with the infamous Hitch-Hiker number of 42. The number that haunts the series. I was given a great present by Dave Gilmour, though. He invited me to play one number on guitar with Pink Floyd at Earls Court. It was pretty good to do that. There's a bit of me, quite a big bit actually, that always wanted to be a rock star. I'm nearly old enough to be one now.

Didn't you get enough of all that as a young author; the fame, the girls?

I'm not going to answer that question! There were no groupies at my publisher's door, if that's what you're getting at. I'm keeping schtum about it. Actually there's very little I have to tell in that area, but what little there is shall remain unpublished.

You won't like this one then; were drugs responsible for any parts of the Hitch-Hiker series?

Absolutely not. The occasional glass of red wine, maybe! I tend to think that structure and logic are crucial to what I do, and if you throw drugs into the equation then those things go out of the window. Occasionally I've sat down and written something when I've been blind drunk, but you read it the morning and think, 'My God!' and you tear it up in embarrassment. It always seems such a good idea at the time!

What unfulfilled ambition bugs you the most?

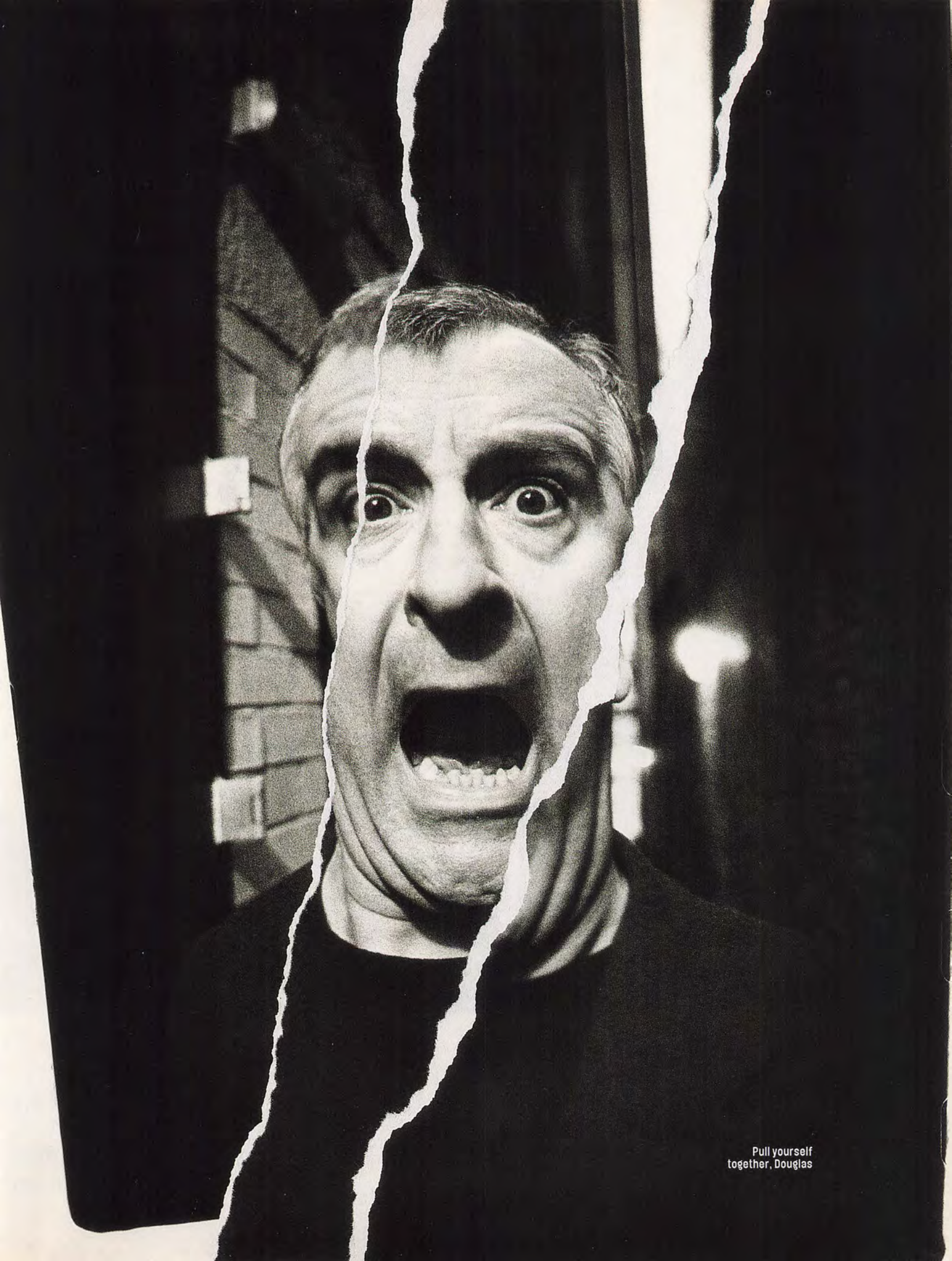
I really *do* wish I'd been a rock star. Not just for the fame and the money and the sex, and what's the other thing... oh yes, the drugs! I've never really been a fan of drugs actually, but I passionately believe that cannabis should be legalised. Well, I believe everything should be legalised. At the least to get the pushers away from the school gates. Other than a few joints, I've never been a drug taker, so I might actually have survived a career in rock'n'roll. Or maybe a zoologist? A sex god would have been a good career move!

PIERS TOWNLEY

Starship Titanic *is released in early April and the* Hitch-Hiker's *movie should be out in time for the next millennium.*

(l-r) Marvin the Paranoid Android, Arthur Dent, Slartibartfarst and Zaphod Beeblebrox (*Hitch-Hiker's Guide To The Galaxy*)

PHOTOS: DEREK RIDGERS/ BBC



Pull yourself
together, Douglas

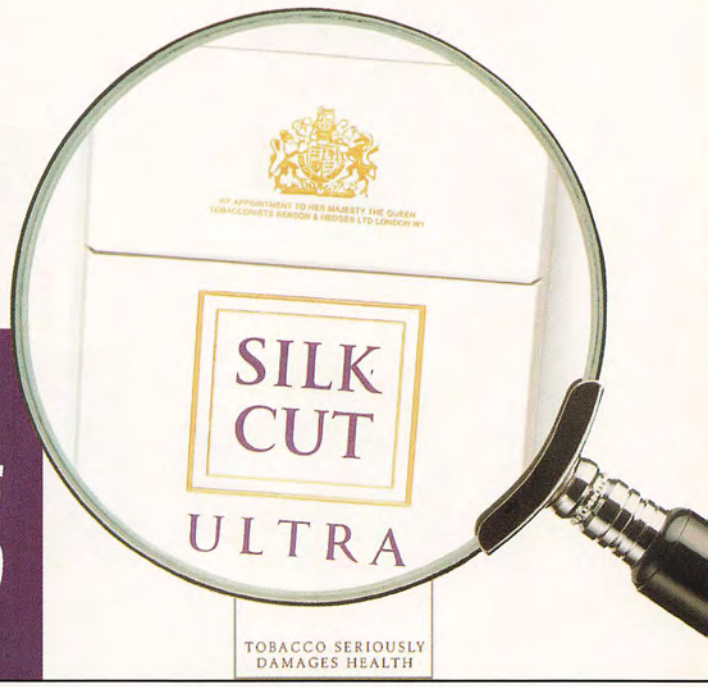
SMALL

SMOKING

Chief Medical
1 mg Tar

ONE

1 mg


BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
TOBACCONISTS BENSON & HEDGES LTD LONDON W1
SILK CUT
ULTRA
TOBACCO SERIOUSLY DAMAGES HEALTH

KILLS

Officers' Warning
0.1 mg Nicotine

Have you run so long you don't have to make yourself?

Would you say it's one of the most important things in your life even though you don't talk about it? Do you think you are more disciplined than the rest of the world because you run? Are you inclined to wear the same shoes, the same gear and do the same run every day?

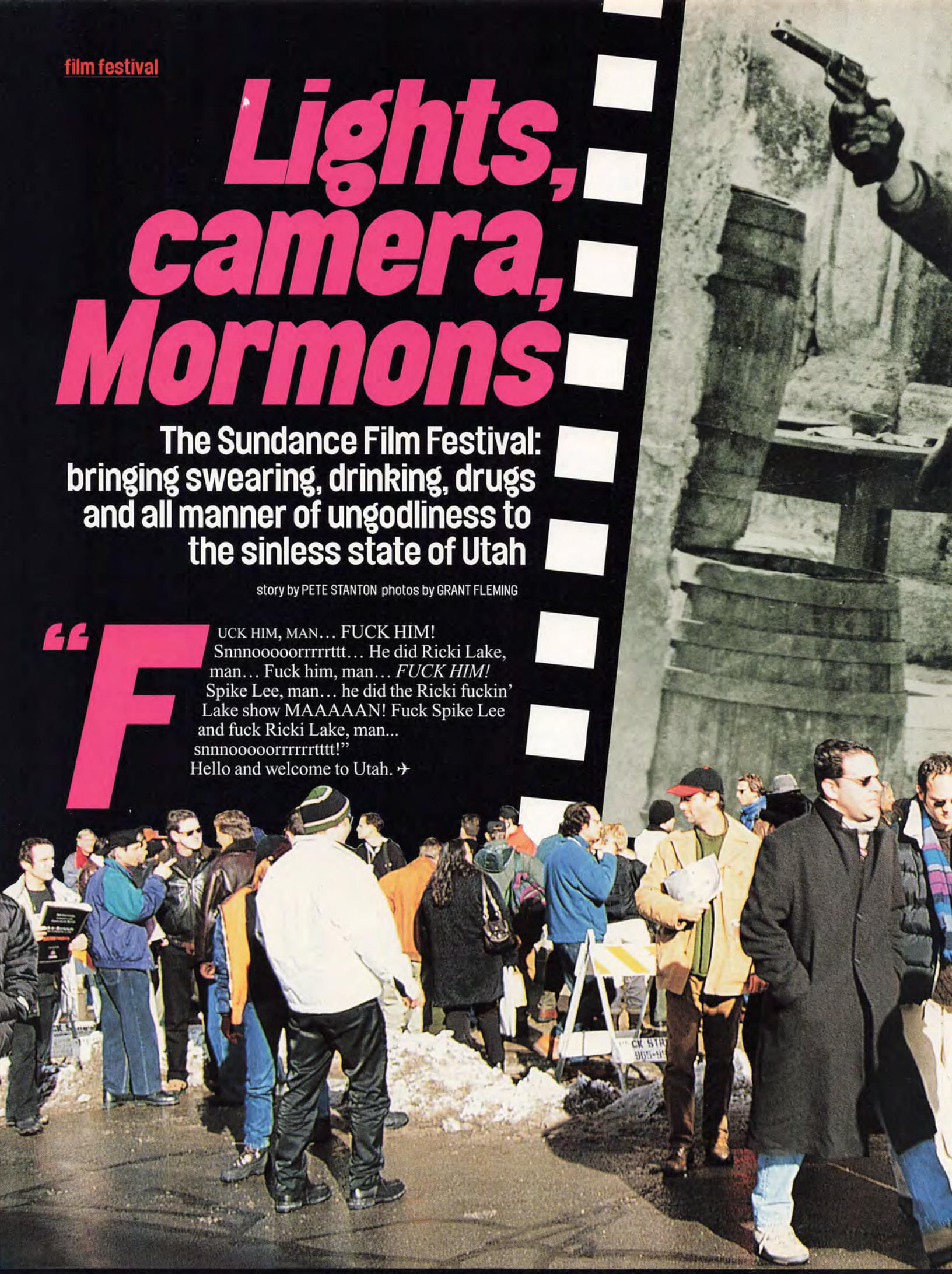
Would you agree that a non-runner won't understand? Did it piss you off when you realised you overpronate? Did it really piss you off when you realised you should wear a different shoe because you overpronate? Were you relieved when you found the Air Structure Triax? Will you write nasty letters to Nike if they ever stop making it? Will you run until you can't anymore? Will you wish you could long after you can't?

Lights, camera, Mormons

The Sundance Film Festival: bringing swearing, drinking, drugs and all manner of ungodliness to the sinless state of Utah

story by PETE STANTON photos by GRANT FLEMING

"FUCK HIM, MAN… FUCK HIM! Snnnooooorrrrrttt… He did Ricki Lake, man… Fuck him, man… *FUCK HIM!* Spike Lee, man… he did the Ricki fuckin' Lake show MAAAAAN! Fuck Spike Lee and fuck Ricki Lake, man... snnnooooorrrrrrtttt!"
Hello and welcome to Utah. ✈



This film's crap, let's slash the seats
Let's get killed

The semi-finals of Sundance's own projectile vomiting contest

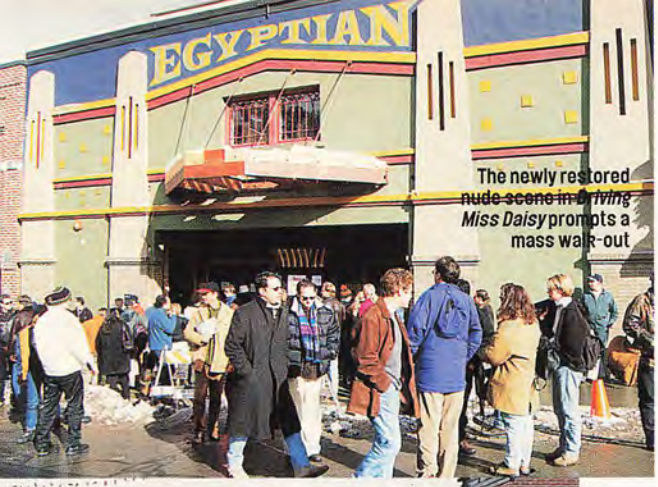
loaded man angers Holmes and bloke with his nasal hairs

"Which film festival are we at again?"

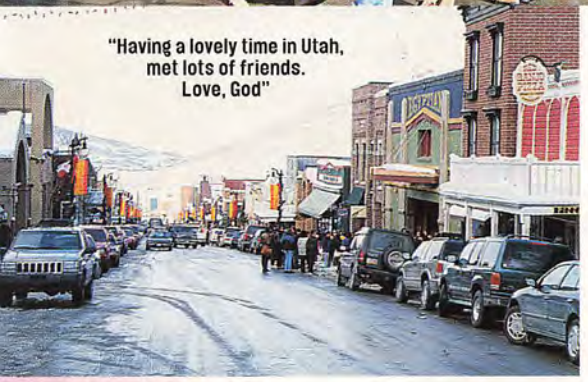
Or rather, welcome to the toilets at a party for a film showing at the Sundance Film Festival in Park City, Utah. An irate American with what we can only assume are nasal problems is sharing a cubicle with his friend. In the next room, a blitzo-hey-bonk crazy disco is taking place, fuelled by Belfast DJ/ soundtrack bloke David Holmes. Outside, a blizzard is sweeping across western America like a fat man on a motorbike knocking down houses and plonking seven inches of snow everywhere. Cannes may have the porn-monkey-backdoor-sex-tequila-fandango-beach-parties, but Sundance has the snow. And maybe a bit too much snow at that.

Old Sundance Kid himself, Robert Redford, started the Sundance Film Festival as a showpiece for independent film-making back in 1984. Set up as a counterweight to the Hollywood system, Sundance was a place for young directors to show works made without the pressures of a big studio. "This place is for the film-makers," Robert Redford once said of his pet project. Meanwhile, Hollywood scoffed at it from its showbiz perch. Then, in 1989, *Sex, Lies And Videotape* happened. It debuted at Sundance and went on to make $65million. Hollywood became interested all of a sudden. Now, with *Fargo*, *Shine* and *The Full Monty* all having played here first, the Hollywood executives are camped outside screenings with their large wallets open, waiting to pluck the next big movies for pig-all money. Sundance, within the space of a decade, has become a competitive, high-stakes market place. Unfortunately for Mr Redford, these are exactly the beliefs it wasn't started for.

THIRTY MILES FROM SUNDANCE AND 24 HOURS prior to the party, I arrive in the capital of Utah: Salt Lake City. A picturesque place nestled within a valley of breathtaking snow-capped mountains, and right by the side of a lake noted as being the second-saltiest body of water in the world. My guide book says two million people live in Utah but I can't see any of them. Maybe they're hiding. Huge mirrored skyscrapers line every street, but there are no



The newly restored nude scene in *Driving Miss Daisy* prompts a mass walk-out


"Having a lovely time in Utah, met lots of friends. Love, God"

people walking in or out of them.

It's only when I venture from my hotel to an adjoining mall that I see my first inhabitants. Loads of them too. Scurrying like ants from department store to department store, buying up all the cheap Levi's, probably. On each of the three wedding cake-like floors, a pianist is playing something by Gershwin. Security guards laugh with shoppers. Youths huddle in packs of four in oversized jeans, looking about as dangerous as a cheese waffle. People smile a lot. After my own childhood – practically every weekend spent in Manchester's Arndale Centre – it seems oddly safe. If someone smiled in the Arndale it usually meant they'd a) just stolen something or b) worked at WH Smith's.

To understand the mall, you have to understand that Utah is 70 per cent Mormons. Or Church Of Christ Of Latter Day Saints, as they like to be known. They're a powerful lot too. Mormons virtually control the Utah government. They have odd drinking laws (ie: booze is bad), they like wide roads, and they're dead against homosexuality and people snogging if they're not married. Contraception is also not good (which explains the Osmonds), nor are abortions (it's a capital crime in Utah). And every Mormon insists on visiting every home in America to preach the word of Jesus. For me, the Mormons mean as much now as when I was a kid. Namely, if you take the middle 'm' from their name it makes them sound funny.

Once outside the mall, I cross the street and inadvertently find myself in the Mormon lair, Temple Square in downtown Salt Lake. Its centrepiece, the main temple and holiest of holy places, is a fantastic structure, 210ft high, multi-spired and seemingly straight out of Disneyland.

"Good morning, sir. And how are you today?"

An elderly woman in a garish yellow jumper appears as if by magic from behind a wall with a handful of leaflets. She gives me a smile I could only recreate if I jammed a banana into either side of my lips. "Fine," I reply, "and how are you?" The woman in the yellow sweater does not reply. She still has the smile though. She hands me a leaflet.

"And how are you?" I enquire again, louder this time.

She looks at me slightly startled. It's the look someone might have if they were just about to be hit by some lead piping. Protocol in Utah, I later find out, is never to enquire after someone's health if they asked you first.

"Pardon me?" she jitters.

"How… are… you?" I ask again, slowly this time, like the way old people talk to foreigners.

"Oh," she smiles, "I'm fine…"

She then pauses, maintains her brilliant smile and without flinching asks, "You're English, aren't you?"

I nod and make a mental note to say 'no' to everything from now on.

"Have you visited our temple in Hyde Park?" she enquires.

"No," I say.

"Oh," she sighs, then gives me that smile again. "Well… you will, my dear… you will."

And with that she's away. Off to put the shitters up some other hapless tourist. The scene reminds me of that film *Invasion Of The Body Snatchers* (the Donald Sutherland one), where the inhabitants of a city have had their bodies taken over by expressionless aliens. Sutherland ✈

"Hollywood executives are camped outside, waiting to pluck the next big movies for pig-all money"

HOW loaded MADE IT TO SUNDANCE

We see him like this all the time

Cut to: Lansdowne Bar, the Bronx. Man at bar. Smoking a cigarette. Man watches TV. Man drinks slowly, but surely, from a tumbler of whisky. Aaaaaaaaand…*CUT!*

It's a piece of cinematic history. **loaded** on celluloid. Right up there with Johnny Boys' snooker-cue table-top rumble in *Mean Streets* and Tony Montana's head-down hoover-up in *Scarface*. Bring me my Oscar!

Maybe I'm being a little optimistic, seeing as I'm only on screen for seconds, wedged between the two protagonists, and the focus doesn't quite fall on me. But hey, you gotta start somewhere. My big moment came in the movie *2 By 4* (by first-time director Jimmy Smallhorne). It eventually won best cinematography award at Sundance, although I heard it was swung by 'the bloke in the bar bit'. So how did it happen?

A few moons ago, I was in New York and stayed (or rather dossed down) on the floor of an old pal, the infamous far-gone Doctor John. During the course of a bar-to-bar trawl we bumped into Jimmy Smallhorne and Terry McGoff, who were touting a script based on the experiences of the Irish in New York. Not your traditional wet romanticism and jolly bonhomie of the Tom Cruise style but a tough, realistic tale that hurt. A *Trainspotting* for the Big Apple. I fell in love with it.

John helped them raise the cash, Jimmy directed (and starred), I hung out in the Bronx doing stills and then the call came. I did my scene with nothing but steely-eyed professionalism, then shot off in the limo for the clubs of Manhattan. "What do you mean, am I a member? Do you know who I am?!"

2 by 4 should be over here later this year. And that's **loaded** at the movies: blink and you'll miss it. Or, as in the case of my companion, you could sleep through it. "Loafer… Loafer… Oi, Loafer!"

GRANT FLEMING

Thanks to the producers John Hall and Ginny Biddie for a floor yet again, and to Virgin Atlantic for getting me safely back to New York.

pretends to be one of them by looking miserable too, until he gets collared smiling one day and they have him. The same's happening to me here, only in reverse. To be honest, I'd prefer to be in Sutherland's shoes. "*Stepford Wives*, innit?" says **loaded** photographer Grant back at the hotel. He knows full well what the people of Salt Lake City are capable of after an escapade in 1986 involving himself and most of the Utah police force. It's a story too long to go into in detail here. Suffice to say that on arrival at Salt Lake Airport he went by the name William.

BACK IN THE TOILET WITH THE COKE-SNORTING Yanks, I realise I feel more at home here than I did in the mall. A sad question mark on my own life rather than the Mormons', perhaps. The party itself, to which the toilet is adjoined, is for a film called *Pi*. Shortlisted in the top 16 films being shown at Sundance this year, it's produced by a couple of fellas from New York called Jonah and Tyler, who are throwing the shindig tonight. The party itself is in a snooker hall/ labour club at the base of Wolf Mountain, two miles outside Park City. Celebrities are Nigel from Dodgy, who's done a soundtrack to a film showing here called *2 By 4*, and that's about it.

In one corner of the dance area, surrounded by two giant speakers, is David Holmes: six feet tall, hair in mid-bleaching stage, ginger stubble on his chin and an old man's overcoat on. Holmes is currently the hottest property in music since Tchaikovsky, and filmmakers are turning to him to theme their movies. *Resurrection Man* is the most recent film to boast a Holmes soundtrack. Tonight, though, he is a DJ and he's going down well. The dancefloor is awash with slush-gibbons tripping on his concoction of tunes. People in snowboots who didn't come here to dance are shimmying about the floor like Shetland ponies on rollerskates. Outside, a blizzard is knocking chunks out of the Utah scenery, while in here Holmes is doing much the same thing. "I've been playing for fucking three-and-a-half hours," he says to me in the toilet queue later on. "Some blokes came up to me when I'd just started and asked me to turn down the music because they were trying to do business."

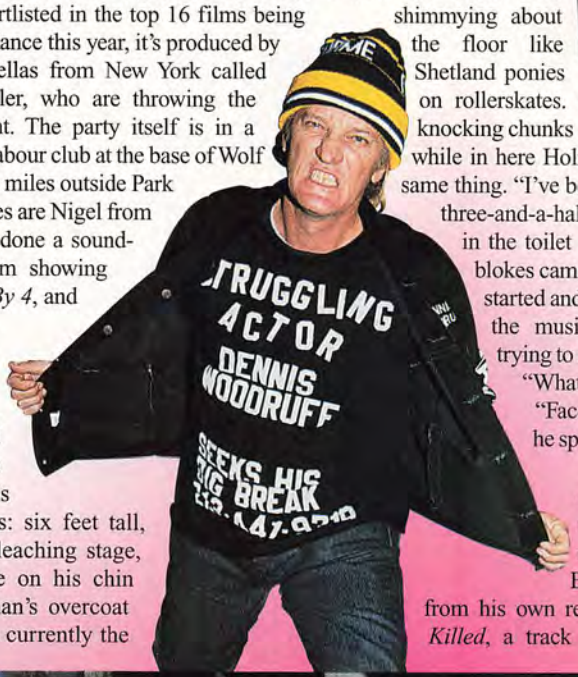
"What did you say?" I ask.

"Facccckkkk aaaarrrrrffff!" he spits.

On the decks, he chucks in a bouncing mix of break-beats spiced with Hendrix, Beatles and excerpts from his own recent album, *Let's Get Killed*, a track from which makes a woman in a large snow hat go into convulsions on the dancefloor. David looks over the sweaty mass of sub-continental snowboard dude disciples and smiles. It's a long way from Belfast.

"I'm fuckin' surprised about last night," he continues the next day over a coffee in a Park City cafe. "They are good-minded people, the Americans. I was playing Radiohead alongside Aphex Twin, Led Zeppelin alongside obscure funk. And name-dropping a Paul Weller record. They went fuckin' crazy! When I started last night I was playing a Brigitte Bardot track. What the fuck is that all about?"

"John Cusack expertly picks the largest bogey I've ever seen appear from one nose. Especially a celebrity nose"



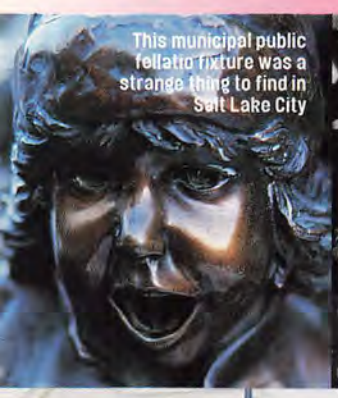
Holmes is fast becoming a big name in the film world. Prior to Sundance he'd been in LA, discussing a possible soundtrack to a major movie. A film called *Accelerator* out soon has his musical stamp on it. While we were here, *Rolling Stone* magazine were following him for a story, and the day after tomorrow he will be in Rio for 10 days on another DJ-ing stint.

"LSD and music go hand in hand, you know," he says as we discuss the inspirations behind his sound. "If it's done properly it can be used in a creative way. When we were doing *Let's Get Killed* in New York, anything could have happened. We'd done acid so good that we were being chased by crack kids who were melting in front of our fucking eyes.

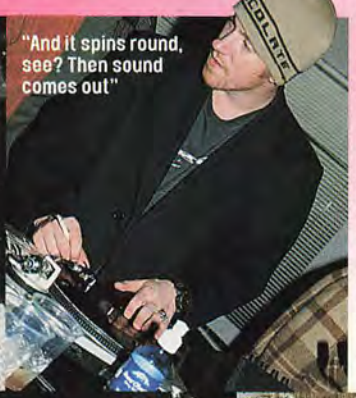
"When I was doing these mad interviews with people on the street it was more or less dictating the way the music should be. In the studio, I threw in stuff that had inspired me as a kid. I was going through all me old seven-inches and finding the maddest samples I could get me hands on. Then I'd stick them through a blender with the '90s, dirty sort of rhythm and soul, R&B, '70s dub, fuckin' the whole psychedelic injection, so it just builds into this pure soundtrack stuff. Ends up with like blissed-out fuckin' 30-piece orchestras that are just fuckin' lush."

He laughs when I describe him as the new Ennio Morricone.

"I remember crying my eyes out," he


This municipal public fellatio fixture was a strange thing to find in Salt Lake City

This qualifies as group sex in Utah, and it's a hanging offence


"And it spins round, see? Then sound comes out"

Suddenly the bloke who'd started the blizzard appeared

Unwittingly, they'd made huge strides in Velcro technology

recalls, "I mean literally crying my eyes out to his soundtrack to *Once Upon A Time In America*. This was about 1989, coming off about four Es if I remember. My eyes would well up if a sad bit appeared on *Coronation Street* as well, though."

As we chat, a skier resplendent in an electric blue striped snow suit trundles in as best he can in his idiotic boots. He is your average Joe Skier, except I recognise him as John Cusack. I'd only seen *Grosse Point Blank* the other week, and Cusack was surprisingly good in it. Unfortunately, before I can consider praising him on his performance (and standing next to him for a goofy photograph), Cusack sits down on a stool by the counter, flicks open a *New York Times* and then expertly picks the largest bogey I have ever seen appear from one nose. Especially a celebrity nose. I decide against saying hello.

"We had that Tia Carrere girl sat behind us on the plane over," says David, on the subject of celebs. "In LA I had the room next to Sean Penn. And the condo here is next to John Kennedy Jnr. It's a different world, isn't it?"

For him, maybe. I'd only seen Nick Nolte (being blown along Main Street in a gale) and that pug-faced daughter from *Roseanne*. Robert Redford himself is never spotted around these parts. He usually appears at the start of the festival, does a few "You're all doing very well" speeches like Mr Grace from *Are You Being Served*, then buggers off. Time to take in a film.

"You should have applied in June," shouts an irate Japanese girl dressed like a Sisters Of Mercy fan, barring Grant and me from the *Pi* screening. "Where you from, anyhow?"

Having no press credentials at Sundance is like running a cake shop without any cakes.

"**loaded**," I say. "Men's mag, huge in Britain, Sundance would look pretty good in…"

"No way, it doesn't matter, you can't see this film," she says. A jobsworth and an annoying little shit with it. Fortunately, Jonah, the producer of *Pi*, spots us having difficulty and ushers us in through a secret back door. Before I go in I ask him what the film is actually about.

"It's a sci-fi thriller," he says earnestly, "about a renegade mathematician trying to find a miracle order on the New York stock exchange… but it's more involved than that – you have to see it to understand it."

I'd already seen Scots knob Richard Jobson claim his seat in the auditorium, and assumed that maybe this film would be a winner. I was wrong. *Pi* for me proved to be nothing more than a melange of mind-fucking noise, light, screams, mathematics and more mind-fucking noise. I overhear the bloke next to me saying to his mate: "This reminds me of a nightmare I had once". Not good. I emerge from the screening room feeling slightly nauseous. I see Jobson again. He looks happy.

"What do you reckon then?" asks the producer, meeting me at the door.

"Brilliant," I say. Five days after this, *Pi* will win the prestigious Best Director award and the film itself will be sold to a major buyer.

I didn't have much luck with the second film I saw at Sundance either. Grant's mates from New York had their own film, *2 by 4*, in the last 16 (the one with the Nigel Dodgy soundtrack), which Grant himself appears in. Unfortunately, the movie's late screening time plus a head full of flu and a body clock saying 'MORNING!' found me asleep within 20 minutes. The 20 minutes of it I did see looked great, though.

The final night of our stay in Utah finds myself, Grant, David and the *Pi* people all invited to the Polygram party up in a condominium in the mountains. There's been a buzz about town for this party for weeks. Not sure why, though. The place reeks of cash from the outside and stinks of un-talented pony-tailed movie boffins inside.

After an initial battle with a bouncer to get in, we barge through a gap in the crowds and find ourselves horribly out of our depth. Business blokes spin deals, Meryl Streep sweeps past me looking like a friend of my mum's, a man dressed like Ian Botham is massaging a semi-naked woman in a sitting room. Within 10 minutes of arriving David is accosting Colm Meaney (the Irish father in *The Commitments*) for selling out his Celtic roots and "being at a fuckin' party like this an' all". Outside the condo, the death blizzard continues its sweep across western USA, the President is being accused of having a five-inch penis which bends at the end, and America itself is under threat of being at war with Iraq at any moment. In here though, Botham is massaging some bint and Streep is queueing for the bogs.

Twenty minutes into the party, a glass falls from the first floor, down the stairs and onto some bloke's head. A commotion breaks out and fists start flying.

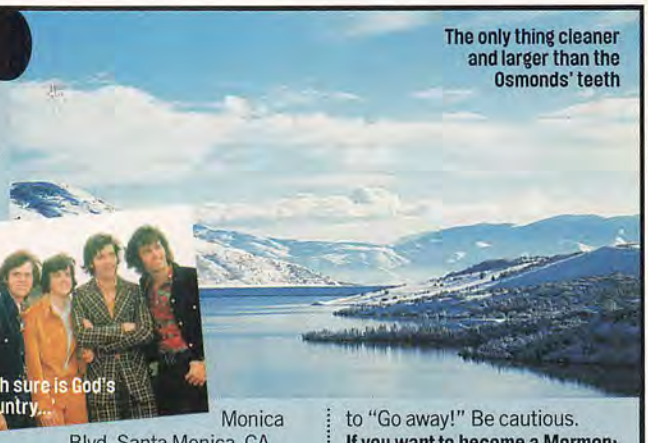
"It's like *Trainspotting*, man," shouts a Yank. "It's like goddamn *Trainspotting*!"

Five minutes later we will all leave the party.

Sundance, for some, is better than Cannes. It's not really. For the small independent film makers it's their Oscars. Buyers come from big studios in Hollywood with packed wallets. Ordinary blokes become stars. Underground movies have gloriously emerged from the smoke-filled 20-seaters in dingy back streets onto the 10-screen super-duper-multiplex cinemas. And Sundance has rapidly become something it was never supposed to be. As Redford rides off into the sunset, his parking space is replaced by the limousines and the blonde bimbos with their breasts out lining the streets. And here's one tip for them: wear a sweater, dear. ■

David Holmes' new single 'My Mate Paul' is out March 23 on Go Beat. The album Let's Get Killed *is out now. Thanks to Kate from Polydor for paying for everything and driving three drunks home 30 miles through a blizzard.*

TRAVEL INFO



How to get there: You can fly to Salt Lake City with Delta Airlines. They have two flights a day from Gatwick priced between £500 and £650 return depending on the season. Phone Delta Airlines on 0800 414767 for details.

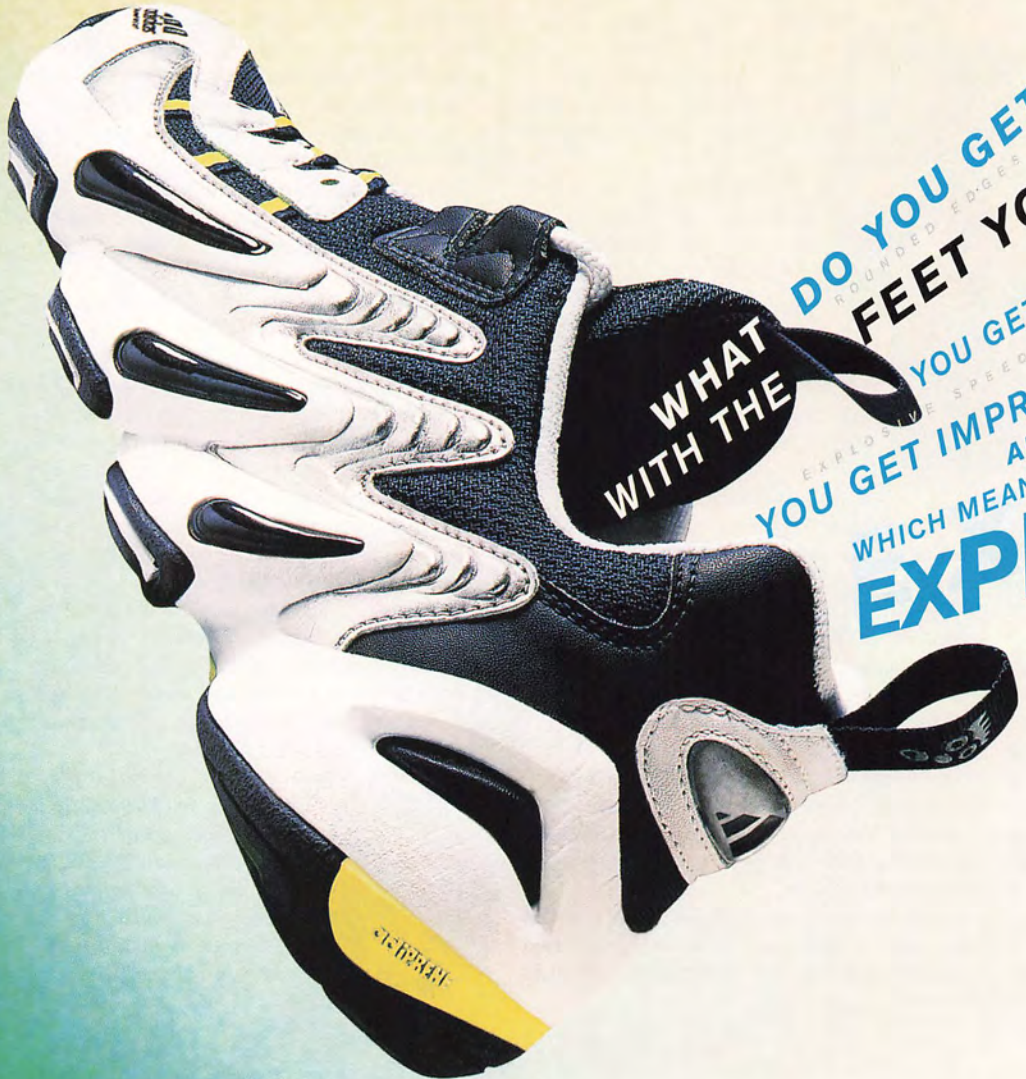
What to do in Salt Lake City: Sod all. There's loads of churches to look around, tons of malls to run around and spit from the top floor, and you can get your dry cleaning done at Dirk's Fine Dry Cleaning at 1871 South 700 East.

If you want to show your film at the Sundance Festival: Write to the following address for details: Sundance Film Festival, Eighth floor, 225 Santa Monica Blvd, Santa Monica, CA 90401. Your film has to be finished before October.

How to spot a Mormon: Your average Mormon is a fan of plain, loose fitting clothing. They like pastel shades. All mormons smile like Bob Monkhouse even if you tell them to "Go away!" Be cautious.

If you want to become a Mormon: Phone (US) 1 800 453 3860 and ask for the missionary department.

A Mormon joke: Q) Did you know that John the Baptist was a keen marathon runner?
A) Yes, he came fourth out of the wilderness.



DO YOU GET OUT OF A SHOE BASED
WHAT WITH THE FEET YOU WEAR® EQUIPMENT
YOU GET AN OUTSOLE WHICH KEEPS YOUR
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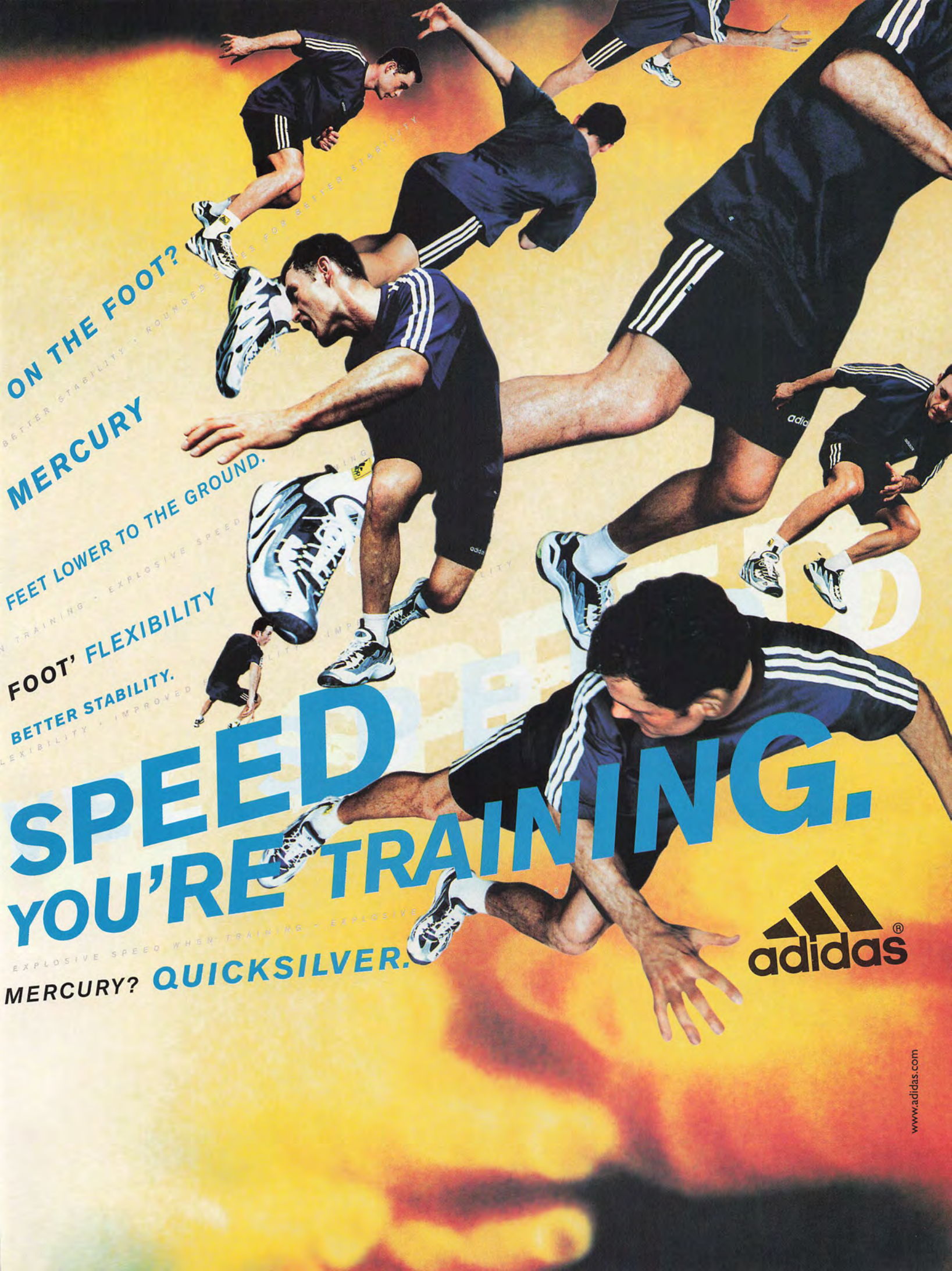
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Hi! I'm Michelle Norkett, welcome magic ashtray ride over the next eight pages,

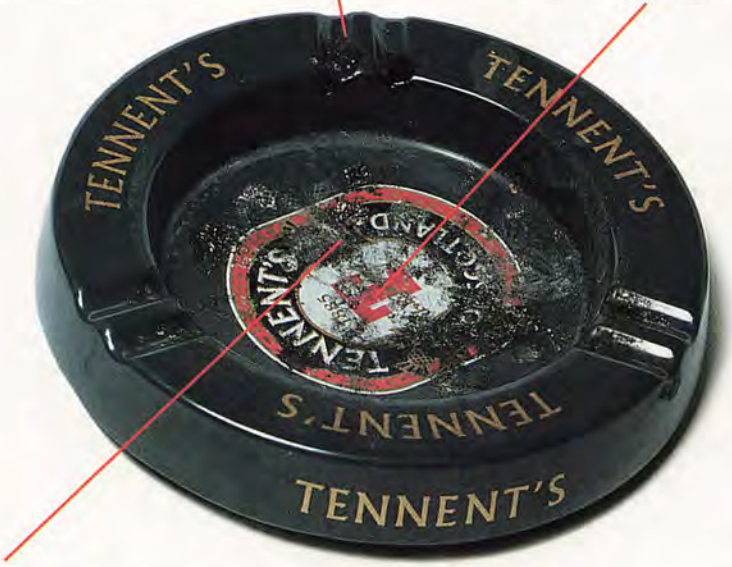
to my ashtray world. Let me take you on a using my 48-inch legs as a visual aid. *Hold tight!*

THEY DO SAY THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A COINCIDENCE. BUT THEY, WHOEVER they may be, are clearly talking through their hats. Take inventions, for example. In the world of gadget creation, amazing coincidences are a dime a dozen. F'rinstance, Davy's safety lamp was invented by a bloke called Davy. Now, if that isn't something to write home about, I don't know what is. I mean, the chances of a bloke called Davy noodling around in his back yard and coming up with Davy's safety lamp... that's a million-to-one shot if ever there was one. Likewise, the fact that it was a geezer called Thomas Crapper who thought up the idea for the crapper. Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle! And what odds would you have got for a chick called Dora Gusset inventing the gusset? Or her mate Amelia Bloomer hitting upon the brilliant idea of bloomers? And the chances of Sigmund Turbo-Generator hitting on the idea of the... yes, the turbo-generator? ✈

story by JON WILDE photos by JEANY SAVAGE

HOW IT WORKS:
THE ASHTRAY

Just how the modern ashtray functions is a question few smokers ever bother to ask. With today's most popular ash cans resembling nothing more than a gaudy, oversized clay pigeon in the middle of a pub table, it's easy to overlook the science involved in effective dead-fag containment. The elite of contemporary ashtrays feature "multi-smoker fag gullys" which enable groups of up to four smokers to sit really close to one another and plan a robbery or tell an obscene anecdote without outside assistance. Another important feature is a rigid, fireproof "killing floor". This is where the cigarette dies. Even the frailest of smokers should be able to "break the back" of the fag with the minimum of effort. A raised safety girdle should also be featured, preventing rogue butts from flying to safety by somehow redirecting a careless smoker's stub energy. A good girdle should also form the basis of "Benson's pit", the central cavity and nerve centre of today's ashtrays.



GULLY REST
Essential

"BENSON'S PIT"
The elephant's graveyard but in cigarette form

KILLING FLOOR
They say cigarettes kill? Here's where you get your own back!

ATTILA THE HUN CHOPPED THE HEADS OFF VISIGOTHS AND USED THEM AS HANDY URNS

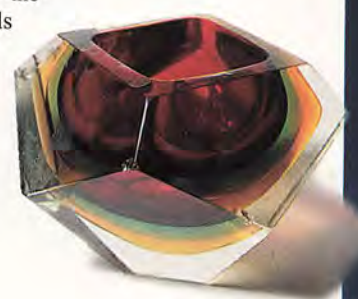
With all that in mind, it wouldn't be surprising to learn that the ashtray was invented by a Cornish farmer called Ned Ashtray back in the 18th Century. Strangely though, this was not the case. For all we know, there might well have been a briar-hopper called Ned Ashtray who ran a cowshed in Cornwall a couple of hundred years back. But there is no evidence to suggest he had anything to do with the invention of this great device.

Popular opinion has it that Sir Walter Raleigh had a hand in the discovery of the ashtray. Having returned from his travels in South America with a crate of tobacco, he convinced her nibs, Queen Liz, to roll the foul stuff up and smoke it. In no time at all, the old crone was going strong on 160 tabs a day. Nothing wrong with that, you might say. Nowt wrong with the occasional fag, after all. Fair enough. But Her Majesty couldn't for the life of her figure out what to do with the mountains of ash that accumulated. Then the light-bulb flashed above Sir Walter's bonce and he came up with the idea of flicking the ash into a small, purpose-made receptacle. Early prototypes made out of cheap paper failed to make the grade, for obvious reasons to do with expensive furniture catching alight in the palace. Finally, the brainy chap settled on a small bowl made out of tin. And what thanks did he get for coming up with this ingenious gimmick? They tried the poor old sod for high treason and stuck him in the slammer for 13 years.

Still, not to worry. During his years in confinement, on a strict diet of live rats and dirty water, Raleigh would have had plenty of time to reflect on the possibility that the ashtray had, in fact, been around for a good few centuries already. Like most things, it goes back to Jesus. A bright spark if ever there was one, it was the man known to his friends and disciples as JC who hit on the idea of stubbing out his fags in a small pudding basin. Which was fine and dandy until his ma (the Virgin Mary) decided she wanted to rustle up a tapioca pud for Sunday tea and found her favourite bowl strewn with used-up Woodbines – or at least the 18AD equivalents. Result: the rough end of a slipper across the arse of the Lamb of God.

Through the ages, the ashtray went through all kinds of dramatic changes. Attila the Hun, for example, came up with the beezer idea of chopping the heads off Visigoths, boiling the skin off, drilling holes in the skulls and using them as handy little urns for stubbing his lung-dusters out in.

However, it wasn't until the early 20th Century that the ashtray truly came into its own. By this time, smoking fags had become one of the world's most popular hobbies. As it mushroomed in popularity, people became a whole lot pickier about what they used for depositing their ash. In 1909, Felix Farleigh (a small-time designer from Doncaster) introduced fish-shaped ashtrays to the civilised world. Kippers, haddock, turbot, trout, sticklebacks – take your pick. Needless to say, they went like hot cakes. From that point on, the floodgates opened. See-through ashtrays, frosted glass ashtrays, triangular ashtrays, Muppet ashtrays, ashtrays that play 'Rule Britannia' whenever a cigarette is stubbed out in them, ashtrays in the shape of buxom women, Spice Girls ashtrays, ashtrays the size of coal bunkers, glow-in-the-dark ashtrays, Braille ashtrays for blind smokers, invisible ashtrays, and the now mercifully defunct self-emptying ashtray. You ✈



C'mon Trisha, 'urry up and drink yer Coke. Bell's gone

MICHELLE NORKETT

She's a model, her legs are half a mile long and she knows a thing or two about smoking fags

"I'd be a horse. If I was an animal I'd be a horse. They're long and elegant with the most amazing muscles. They're not brilliantly intelligent, but there's a cleverness there, a mystery. They'll push a rider to see how well they can ride. I'm like that as a woman."

Sitting in the photo studio's kitchenette, I find myself playing with images of sex with Champion the Wonderhorse – and I'm desperately trying to avoid visualising any man-on-horse broomstick action. Happily, with the equine 22-year-old Michelle Norkett sitting in front of me tuggin' so hard on a rollie that she's probably seeing stars, this isn't much of a chore. Raised in Chicago, she started in the beauty business after winning a talent contest at 16, shot to fame in New York and now travels the world modelling glad rags and smoking her own. She even finds time to make her own clothes, speak Italian and polish her hind legs, which are rumoured to be a good yard longer than Naomi Campbell's.

Does she have a favourite thing in a man? Is it smoking? "Not really. General respect, understanding and support are probably more important." Not awkward skull shapes, whispering noses or limps then?

"Well, no. I dated an English guy recently. I find English guys are ready to snap at any time. I don't know what that is, whether it's the war in Ireland or not."

I think it's probably the weather.

"I think English guys are nice people, but I find a lot of them have big problems."

Really, it's the inconsistent weather... She looks at the ceiling in an unbelieving manner, two thin plumes of smoke issuing from her long, proud snout.

"I've been smoking rollies for a couple of months. I like rolling my own because I can determine how much tobacco I put in there, and I find that I don't necessarily smoke the whole thing. There's not a lot of added crap in loose tobacco either. Every now and then I'll have a Marlboro, and I'll feel it a lot more in my lungs and head. I pick up a Marlboro and I feel fatigued and short of breath."

When did she actually take her first drag?

"I've been smoking for five years, since I was 17. I started by rolling up and smoking paper."

Just like Silk Cut then...

"I really got into it when my old man brought home some shit-kicking Russian cigarettes that he got off some guys in Mexico. I pulled a couple of those out of his packet, got lightheaded, felt a bit ill. I've never smoked pipes, but I do cigars and I've dipped a couple of times [*chewing tobacco*], stuff like Skoal. It's what baseball players use – you rub it against your teeth and spit. Bwwwwwwwp, you spit it out. It gets in your gums and it's the most incredible high. The nicotine goes straight into your blood."

You couldn't really take it to meetings at posh restaurants, though. Turn round to that lot from Gucci and go "Anybody like a chew?" It might go down the wrong way.

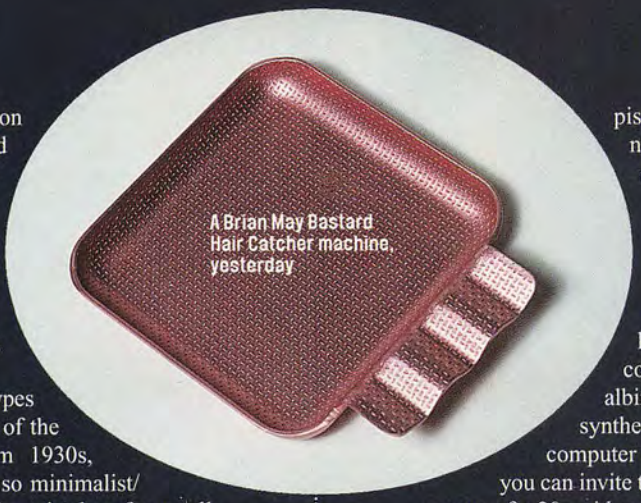
"Yeah, you could. Bwwwwwwwwwp-*ding*, straight into the pot. Easy. No trouble."

Fair play...

PHIL ROBINSON

Woof!

know the ones: you pressed the handle on top and they spun round a lot, made loud grinding noises, hit you in the mince pie with last week's fag butt, and made your couch look as if it was just dragged out from the bowels of Vesuvius – did everything, in fact, except empty themselves. Because if there's one sad fact about ashtrays, it's this: eventually, some poor sod has to empty them.


A Brian May Bastard Hair Catcher machine, yesterday

All in all, you can choose from more types of ashtrays than you could throw at one of the Queen Mum's flea-bitten corgis: from 1930s, minimalist/modernist designs that were so minimalist/modernist that they could quite easily be mistaken for small panes of bevelled glass, to 1950s ashtrays that resembled miniature Lincoln Continentals and Harley-Davidsons; from Paisley 1960s ashtrays, to their even gaudier 1970s cousins that had lava lamps stationed in their base; from 1980s ashtrays that went in for trendy matt-black finishes that signified conspicuous consumption, to today's non-existent ashtrays (available, or rather not, in every bar and restaurant in every nicotine Nazi state across the Big Pond).

"No home is complete without a vast collection of ashtrays," remarked the chain-smoking PG Wodehouse in a more enlightened time. Never a truer word. But not everyone gets the point. Take your non-smokers: a bunch of cheapskate spoilers at the best of times. Wet blankets the lot of 'em. To whom a full ashtray signifies not a puffing good time had by all, but a bunch of deviants, misfits and psychopaths with a death wish. These are the same people who shamelessly use pub ashtrays as mini-rubbish bins, clogging them up with crumpled crisp packets and bits of ragged, snot-ridden tissue. Drop round their gaff, light up a gasper, and are these skinflint maggots on hand with a shapely ashtray to provide you with a place to park your ash? Not a bit of it. The very worst of them tell you in no uncertain terms to fuck off and smoke somewhere else. At best, the numbskulls reluctantly hand over any receptacle within reach: a tea-caddy, a jam-jar, a chamber-pot. Anything will do, they appear to think, so long as it's got a hole in it.

Well, that philosophy might suffice for some on a rainy Friday night when it's last-smooch time down the local disco and you find yourself piss-proud and empty-handed. But it does not cut the mustard when it comes to ashtrays. As any serious smoker knows, a smoke's not a smoke without the right kind of ashtray within reach. I mean, for crying out loud! The universe is 12 fucking billion years old. We've come a long way from the dinosaurs. Empires have risen and fallen. Revolutions have come and gone. We now live in an age of albino frogs and traditional real ale, synthesised that very morning by Japanese computer scientists in white coats. An age when you can invite the entire world into your living room by means of a 20-quid modem. You'd think that, by this time, one and all would be able to grasp the idea that there's no substitute for a good ashtray. So, the next time your mate invites you to stub out your tasty B&H in a jam-jar, or even expects you to use your own hand to gather your ash, just wait for him to pop round your place and take your revenge by using your prick to stir his nice hot cuppa. That'll teach the cheeky bastard not to mess with tradition.

Get a fucking ashtray. That's the first rule of ashtray etiquette. There are no substitutes, no acceptable stand-ins. If it walks like a duck and quacks like a duck, then it's a duck. If it looks like an ashtray, then it's a sodding ashtray. It's as simple as that. Don't even think about employing your ma's upturned Royal Doulton Henry VIII figurine as a makeshift ashtray. Or the remnants of your dad's fry-up, a cold cup of tea or your granny's Axminster (and don't ever consider using your own bed – for that way lies disaster). In the most dire of emergencies you may have no alternative but to use a carpet for stubbing out your tabs. For instance, when you've just been called to an urgent meeting with the local tax inspector, when you're picking up your remaining gear from your ex-girlfriend's pad, or when you're standing in an American lift.

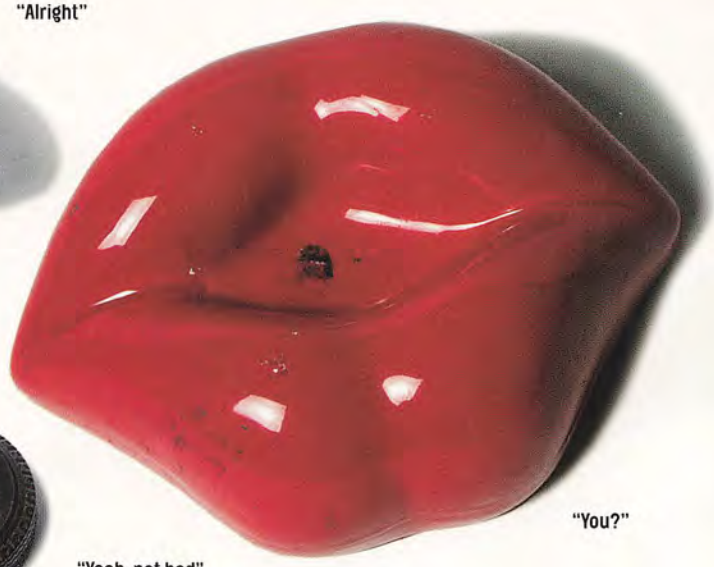
Another no-go area is the urinal at your local tavern. It may seem like a good idea at the time. But the next thing you know, the bloke next to ✈

IF HE ASKS YOU TO USE A JAM-JAR FOR YOUR B&H, USE YOUR PRICK TO STIR HIS CUPPA

"Yeah?"

"Alright"

"Yeah, not bad"



"You?"

BEFORE YOU KNOW IT YOU'RE WALKING BACK TO YOUR MATES WITH ONE LEG COVERED IN PISS

you is amusing himself by propelling the discarded butt to and fro by means of his lager-fuelled urine jet. Before you know it, you're walking back to your mates at the table with your left leg covered in some other bloke's piss. Difficult to explain at the best of times.

And that's not all. Lager cans are another quite unacceptable substitute for the real thing. The moment when you perfect the art of delicately flicking your ash into the mouth of the near-empty can is the moment just before you end up with a mouthful of lager-marinated tobacco. Let's face it. The only people who view the ashtray as an inconsequential hiccup in the history of industrial design are either to be found in secure accommodation playing Snap! with some other chain-smoking clinical cretin. Or the sort of bloke for whom the Renaissance, the Industrial Revolution and the silicon age are things that happened to other people.

After all, an ashtray is an ashtray. And it always will be. An ashtray in every home, that's all we ask for. And a chicken in every pot. You can't say fairer than that, can you? Get it sorted, Mr Blair, you braying puritan, or it's back to the dole queue with you and your mad hen of a wife. ■

"No, not really. Bit down in the dumps"

SLACKERS' GUIDE

An at-a-glance ready reckoner step-by-step doodah for the spineless scum out there who still refuse to fork out cash for the real thing. Namely, an ashtray

The Bin:
Always an option. The ultra lazy should be advised that since they haven't got an ashtray then the odds of them having a bin are slim. Can cause fire.

The Hand:
A classic. Using your hand as an ashtray has been the calling card of desperate men and the mentally ill for centuries. Why? Because it works!

Plate:
There's nothing better than smoking straight after you eat. So why not complete the cycle of decadence by putting it out on a plate. The ideal prelude to nodding off and pissing yourself.

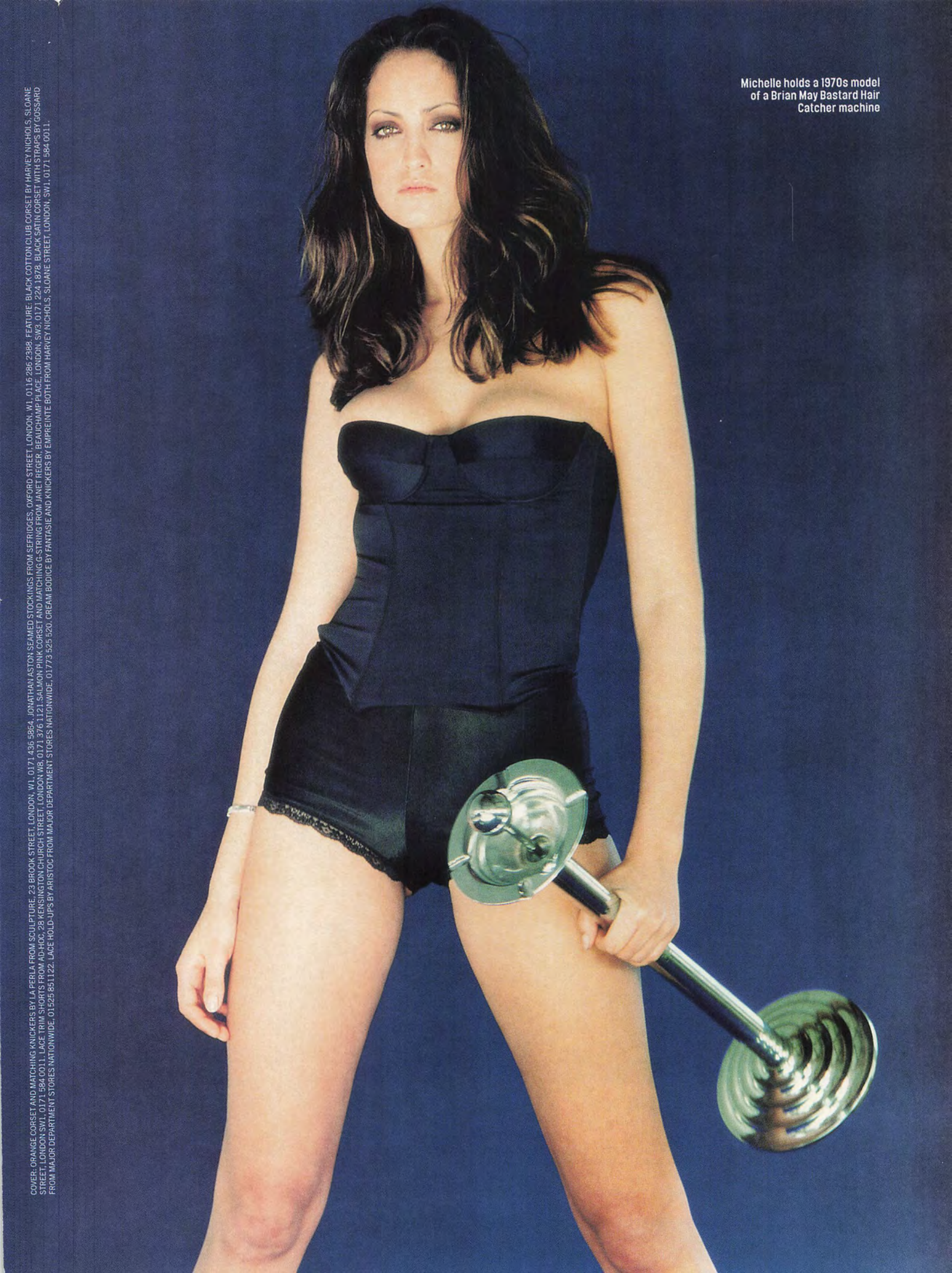
Cups:
Timeless. The prince of the ersatz ashtray game because they may contain liquid. Can be used again to create something akin to a miniature urinal, filled with tar.

Milk Cartons:
The tiny access hole makes a milk carton the discreet alternative to the cup. Partially extinguished cigarettes create a kind of model chimney. A big favourite with the kids.

Lids:
Pure folly and rife with danger, unless filled first with a bed of spittle. Only recommended for those in the midst of a serious crime or depression.

Cans:
Subtle but unpredictable. All too easy to take a swig from in haste and also capable of becoming an unextinguishable mini-furnace under the wrong circumstances.

Packets
The glue sniffer's excuse-me. To be shunned at all costs. Strictly Ash Only. A mug's game.



Michelle holds a 1970s model of a Brian May Bastard Hair Catcher machine

COVER: ORANGE CORSET AND MATCHING KNICKERS BY LA PERLA FROM SCULPTURE, 23 BROOK STREET, LONDON, W1. 0171 436 5864. JONATHAN ASTON SEAMED STOCKINGS FROM SEFRIDGES, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W1. 0116 286 2388. FEATURE: BLACK COTTON CLUB CORSET BY HARVEY NICHOLS, SLOANE STREET, LONDON SW1. 0171 584 0011. LACE TRIM SHORTS FROM AD-HOC, 28 KENSINGTON CHURCH STREET, LONDON W8. 0171 376 1121. SALMON PINK CORSET AND MATCHING G-STRING FROM JANET REGER, BEAUCHAMP PLACE, LONDON, SW3. 0171 224 1878. BLACK SATIN CORSET WITH STRAPS BY GOSSARD FROM MAJOR DEPARTMENT STORES NATIONWIDE. 01525 851122. LACE HOLD-UPS BY ARISTOC FROM MAJOR DEPARTMENT STORES NATIONWIDE. 01773 525 520. CREAM BODICE BY FANTASIE AND KNICKERS BY EMPREINTE BOTH FROM HARVEY NICHOLS, SLOANE STREET, LONDON, SW1. 0171 584 0011

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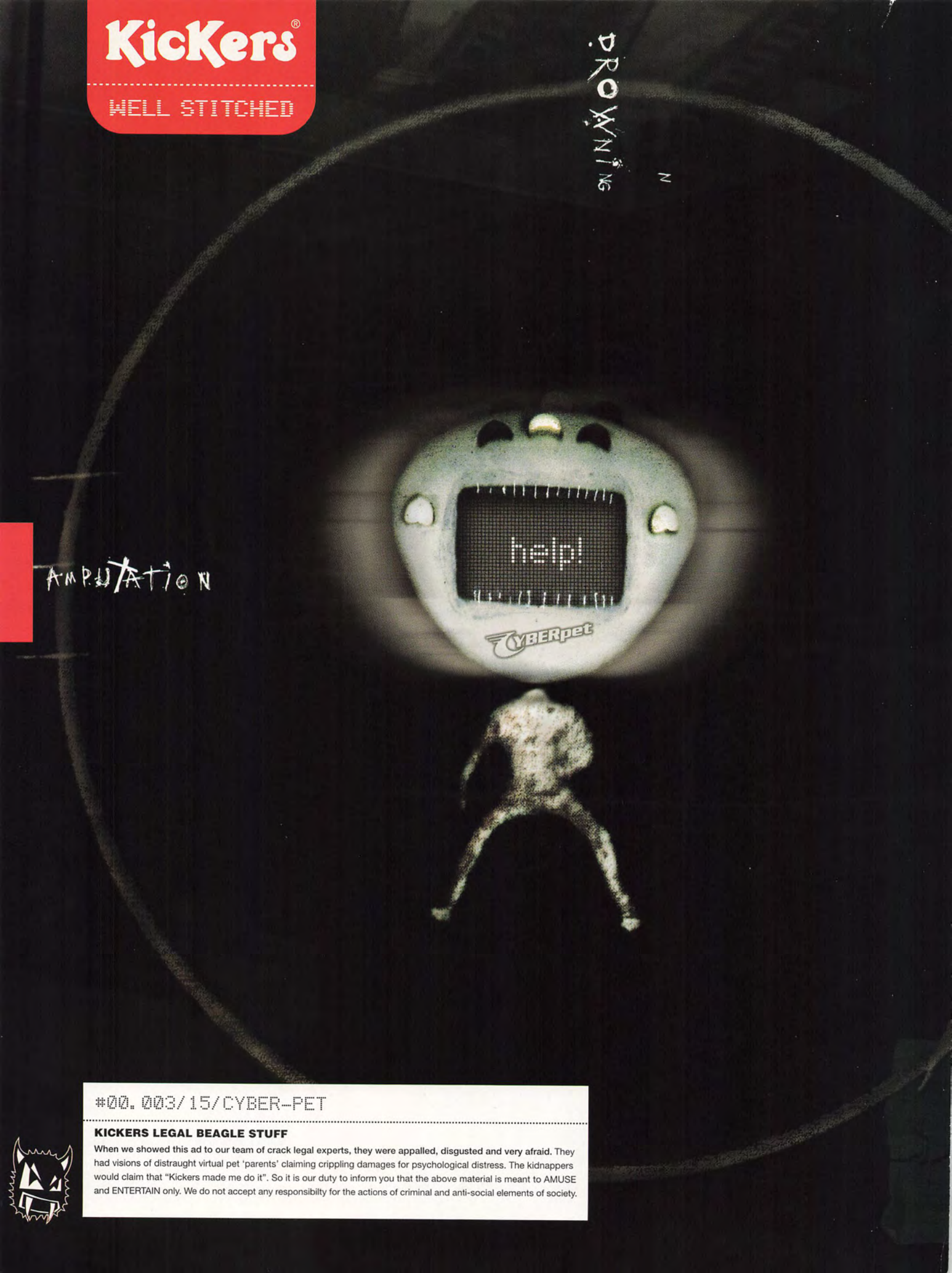


#00.003/15/CYBER-PET

KICKERS LEGAL BEAGLE STUFF

When we showed this ad to our team of crack legal experts, they were appalled, disgusted and very afraid. They had visions of distraught virtual pet 'parents' claiming crippling damages for psychological distress. The kidnappers would claim that "Kickers made me do it". So it is our duty to inform you that the above material is meant to AMUSE and ENTERTAIN only. We do not accept any responsibilty for the actions of criminal and anti-social elements of society.

must DESTROY

the plastic toy

THE SICK AND TWISTED WORLD OF CYBER-PET TORTURE KID NAPPING EXTORTION MURDER

ASPHYXIATION

Recently, a new form of kidnapping has evolved out of the ~~Cyber-Pet~~ CYBER-PET craze. ~~Extortionists~~ are swiping the electronic pre-natals from their sad and idle-minded owners and demanding sums of money to be payed as ~~ransom~~ RANSOM or face rather unpleasant reprisals. Showing pangs of compassion, the owners are informed that their "LOVED ONES" are in safe hands and will be kept alive for as long as necessary.

CYBERPET TORTURE

TELEPHONE THE OWNER AND MAKE IT'S "LOVED ONE" BLEEP PITIFUL BLEEPS DOWN THE RECEIVER.

SEND OWNER A PHOTO SHOWING VIRTUAL PET IN A PATHETIC STATE CRYING, SITTING NEXT TO A STEAMING PILE OF VIRTUAL POOP

REMOVE CHAIN AND SEND TO OWNER (WARN THEM IT WILL BE A SEVERED BUTTON NEXT)

SEND THE OWNER A "DEAD" CYBERPET JUST TO SHOW YOU MEAN BUSINESS.

disc scuse
INFERNO

"Please Satan," pray Mersey based pop troupe Space, "make us really successful and you can have yer 'ubcaps back"

SPACE, A LIVERPOOL BAND WITH A TARDIS FULL OF INFLUENCES AND THREE TOP 10 hits. **loaded** invited Jamie Murphy, their lead guitarist, and Tommy Scott, the singer, to measure Space against four popular effigies from Time. We chose the wild, electric paisley land that Time won't forget, hailed as the '60s. And four hot canons of influence, two bands and two musician heros in tight trousers, were selected for scrutiny. Alas, in sympathy with the old demons, we burnt these ancient minstrels and scattered their ashes on Strawberry Fields. ✈

story by ROWAN CHERNIN
photos by ROB WILSON

The Beatles – a sort of early Oasis

The Beatles

Tommy: They've been an influence to us because they've made us not want to copy them. We love the stuff, like, but there's such a stigma about them in Liverpool. So we've just deliberately tried to stay away from it, you know? There's a lot of bands from Liverpool who basically try and copy, like, '60s retro.

Jamie: I don't think we've deliberately done it.

Tommy: In a way we're more like the Beatles than bands like Oasis are. We're experimenting.

Jamie: They used every bit of technology going, the Beatles.

Tommy: We use all the latest samplers, all the latest keyboards.

Jamie: 'I Am The Walrus' never had one guitar on it. We've got a track on our new album which is four-on-the-floor techno.

Tommy: The Beatles got their originality from psychedelia and whatever drugs they took. We get it more from imagination, from watching movies and listening to film soundtracks or weird things that happen to people. For me, it's the Berlin cabaret scene. I love it 'cos it's so seedy. On the LP sometimes I try and get that style of music across, especially the voice sound. A lot of people think I'm trying to sound like Noel Coward but I'm trying to sound like Marlene Dietrich, which I can't, because I'm a fella. The only way the Beatles have influenced us is that I wish we could stop playing live and just be a studio band. The only reason why we can't is, first of all, we're never gonna get big enough to get screamed at like the Beatles. But like, as I've always said, the Beatles were one of the only bands from Liverpool who were really that good…

Jamie: You can't knock Gerry And The Pacemakers, man.

It had been a long day at the Polo factory

"I'M TOMMY SCOTT THE WHISTLING ARSE

"Don't play with me and you won't get burned," sang Jimi on his song 'Fire'

The Rolling Stones

Jamie: I don't like the Stones.

Tommy: I love the Stones, I think they're an amazing band, because they're the first sort of rebels. I know you had Elvis, but he wasn't really a rebel, he was sort of like…

Jamie: …a polished rebel.

Tommy: I love Elvis, he's like my favourite in the world. I like the Stones, they were trying something a bit different at the time. They were like the opposite to the Beatles; they were posh and the Beatles were working class. The reason I don't, like, follow that time is 'cos so many bands nowadays put me off them. I can't listen to '60s music. Bands like Ocean Colour Scene and Oasis and all that, they've got some good songs but they just copy, they're just living that dream.

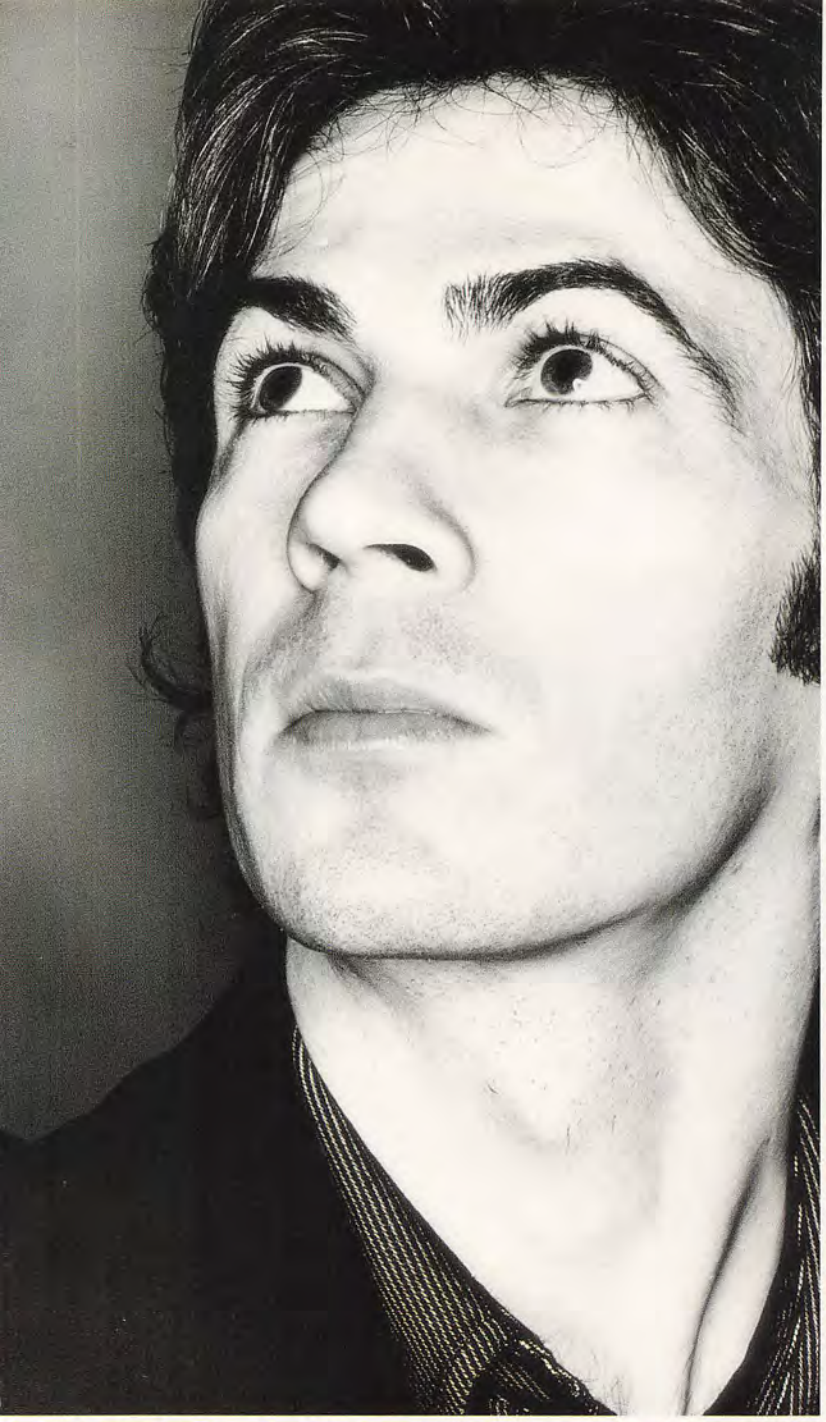
Jamie: There's really no point in being like that. You can never be as good as the original, can ya? It's as simple as that.

Tommy: I love the Stones' new single. I think it's brilliant, they're still there, they're on *The Chart Show*, they're smart.

Jamie: That's the thing about the Stones, you've got to hand it to them, mate. Because *I'm* not gonna grow old gracefully.

Tommy: You won't see Oasis there, I'm telling ya, still coming up with a good, credible song when they're 90.

Jamie: Brian Jones was boss, like. All the best fellas died, though.



Jimi Hendrix

Tommy: He was a genius.

Jamie: I used to love him.

Tommy: 'Cos, like, he fucked around with the guitar. He treated it like it was technology in a way, but from his own fucking brain. Let's fuck with this guitar and make this fucking do something different. No one ever really goes on about his voice, though, and his voice was pure soul.

Jamie: He had a fucking great voice, la. And he was a brilliant songwriter as well, he was up there with the best of them, like.

Tommy: He was cool. He reminds me of all that, like, Vietnam soundtrack stuff, like cool and sexy.

Jamie: I've always loved him. I haven't listened to him for ages. I have been a bit jaded with it. It's like The Who. They were my favourite band of all time. When I listen back to them now, I'm thinking, 'Fucking hell.'

Tommy: Other people have murdered it. No one can play like Hendrix.

Jamie: You should have seen the size of the hands on that cunt. He had fingers like fucking legs, mate. He had his knob done in plaster by that woman. Did you ever see that on telly? He's got the main lash, la. The fucking size of it. And his fingers… his whole thumb could go right around the guitar.

Tommy: It's funny when you see them old pictures and he's just the backing guitarist…

Jamie: With a suit. Doing a dance.

Tommy: In a doo-wop band, you'd see him at the back with a guitar.

Jamie: Doing a little Shadows dance. A couple of trips later, he's fucking up there.

"Now look what you've done"

HOLE. I CAN WHISTLE OUT OF MY ARSE"

And he was right...

Tom Jones

Tommy: I just love him to bits. Apart from Elvis, he is Mister Las Vegas. I always remember seeing his TV show, *This Is Tom Jones*, and he was singing a duet with Sam Cooke. It was a Beatles song, 'Let It Be', and they actually matched each other, voice for voice. And that's hard for a white fella to match a soul singer.

Jamie: He puts a thing down his trousers.

Tommy: I often think I'm Tom Jones when I'm on stage. I just run all over the stage and jump up on monitors. It's all really cabaret and I try and croon. But not in a Pontins way, more in a Liza Minnelli, Las Vegas way.

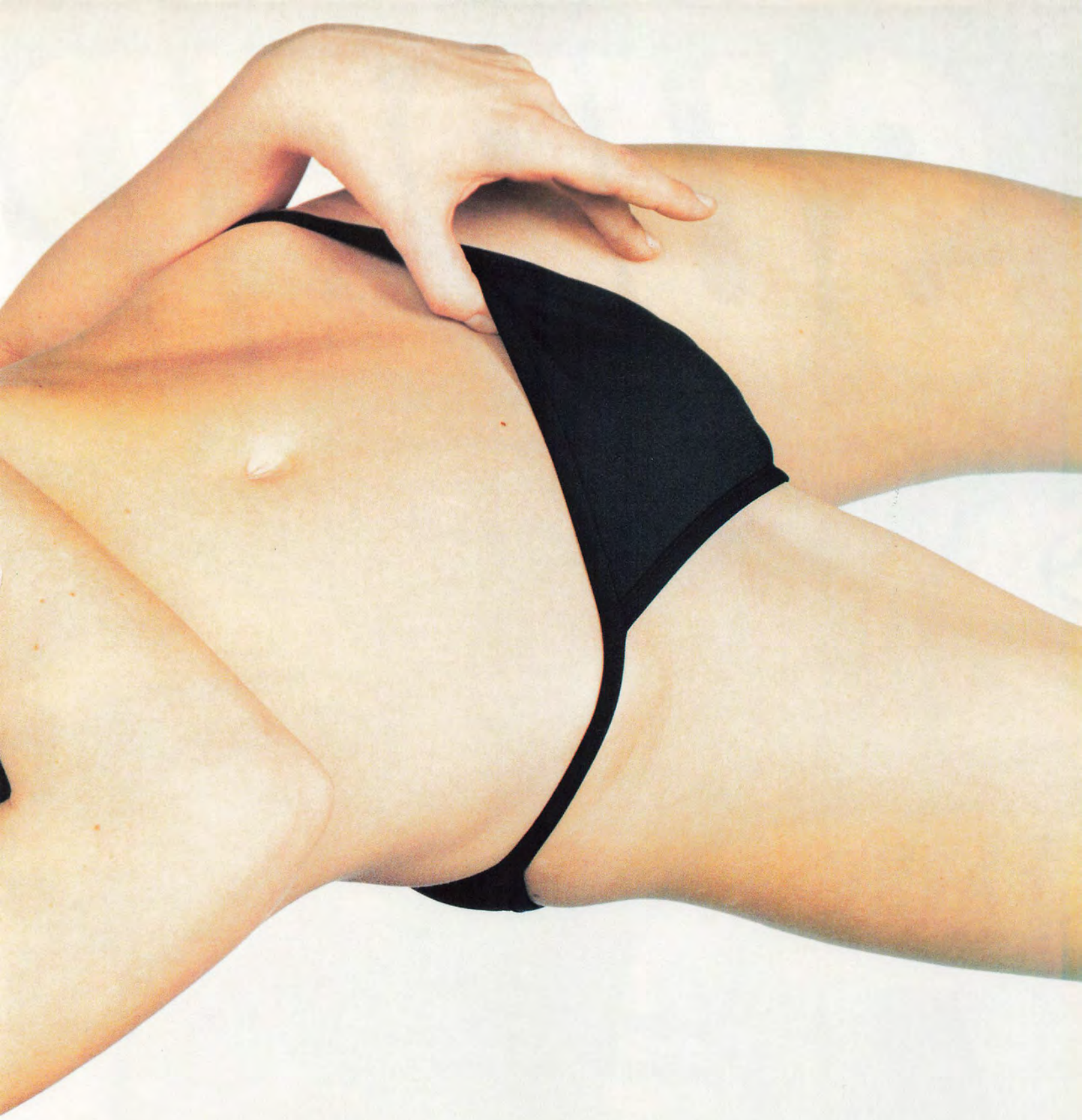
Jamie: This last tour, when we're playing on stage, you don't see Tommy any more. He's always on top of a fucking monitor, he's like 40ft in the air.

Tommy: I'm sick of bands just standing there looking fucking depressed, like really muso, just stuck into the guitar. We used to have this song, 'Me And You Versus The World' and it mentions knickers in it, so, like in Tom Jones's heyday, we used to get knickers thrown at us.

Jamie: Dirty, crusty ones.

Tommy: Tom Jones's first stage name was the same as my name, Tommy Scott. He used to be called 'Tommy Scott, the whistling singer'. I've got something in common with him like. I'm Tommy Scott the whistling arsehole. I can whistle out of my arse.

Space's new LP Tin Planet *is out now on Gut Records.*



THIS PICTURE IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY BLOODY ROAR. THE GAME THAT TURNS MEN INTO CRAZED, SLOBBERING ANIMALS.

Ever mutated into a punching, kicking, biting gorilla? No? Then welcome to Bloody Roar. Official Playstation Magazine gave it 8 out of 10 and called it 'an absolutely top-notch beat'em up.' Playstation Plus said it's 'fast and sexy' and 'top class' and gave it 93%. But then they could have been talking about the girl, not the game.

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HUDSON®

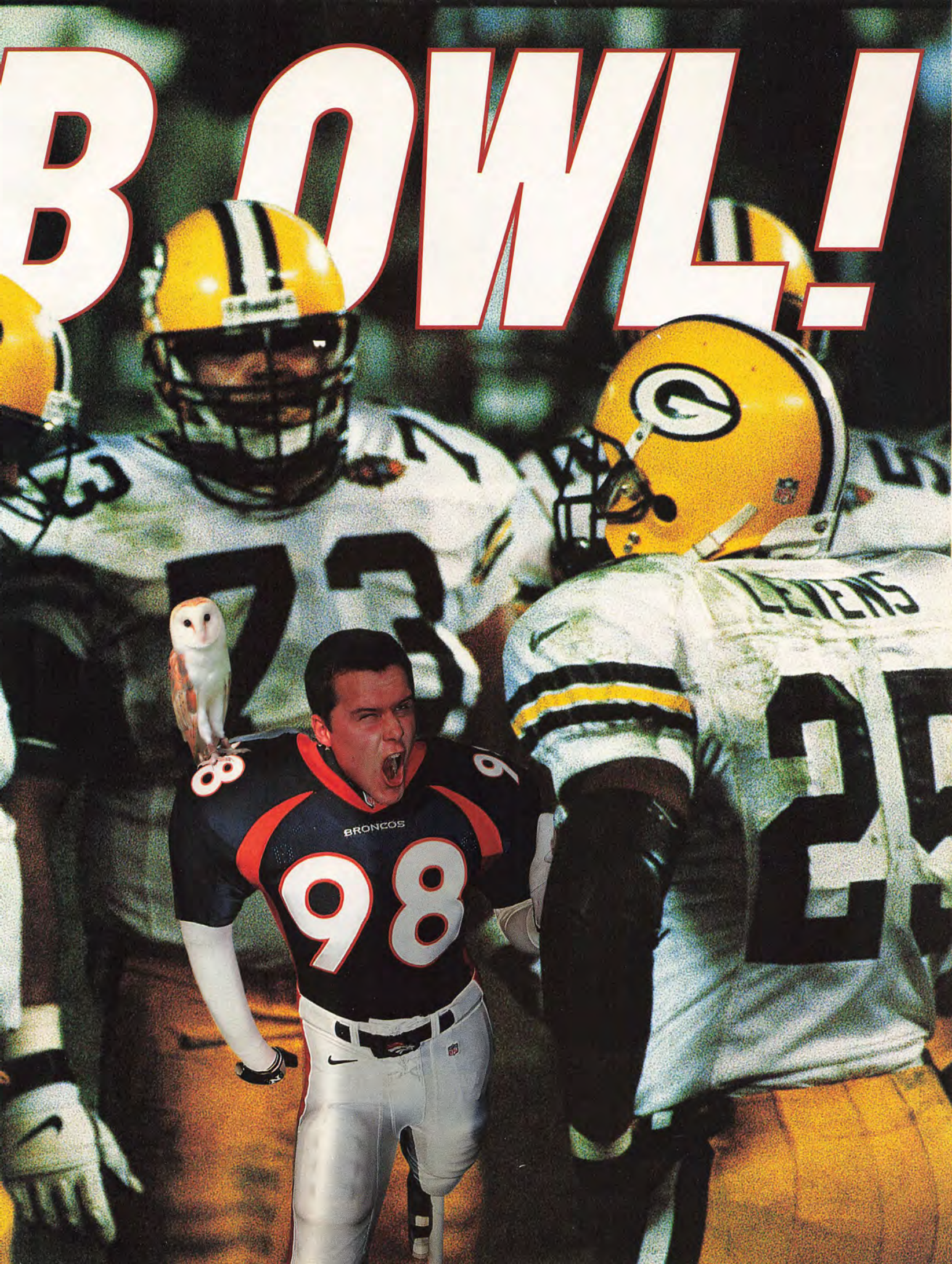
SUPER

Geddit? Please yourself. Whatever, a tenth of the world's population tunes in to see these helmeted retards fight over yardage. Here's why...

JANUARY 1977: AN OUT-OF-TOWNER WALKED INTO A Denver bar during a big game and made the mistake of sticking a couple of quarters into the jukebox. "Turn that crap off!" screamed one of the Denver Bronco fans drinking at the bar. When the outsider refused to comply, the sports-lover put two high-calibre shots into the jukebox and a couple more into the stranger. The gunman was unrepentant when he was led away by police: "Nobody's going to mess with me while I'm watching the Broncos." In a town where you can buy quarterback John Elway's signed shirt for $799, or buy his car dealership for a reported $80,000,000, you should know they're going to take their sport seriously.

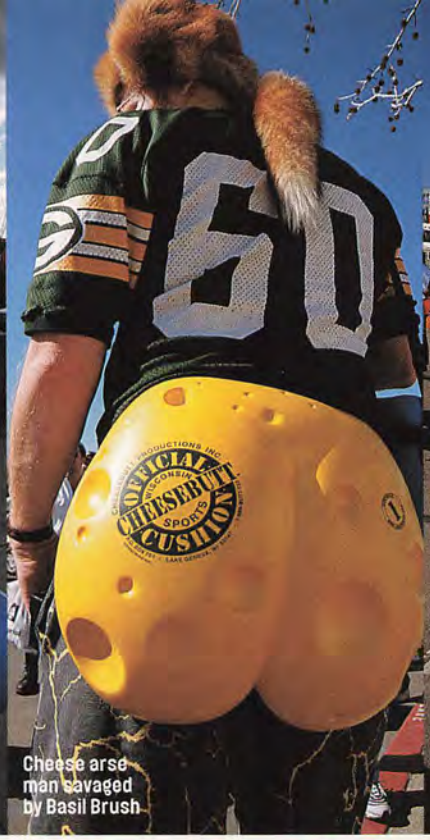
And because of that, there doesn't seem to be any better place in the whole world. **loaded** has been shoehorned into one of the packed booths in the Jackson's Hole Sports Bar in Denver to see the home team beat the much-fancied Pittsburgh Steelers in the finals of the American Football ✈

story by PHIL ROBINSON photos by ANTONY MEDLEY


B OWL!
BRONCOS
98

Hairpiece gets scared and makes bid for freedom

Barrel Man? More like lard bucket



Cheese arse man savaged by Basil Brush

He looks a right twat with that moustache

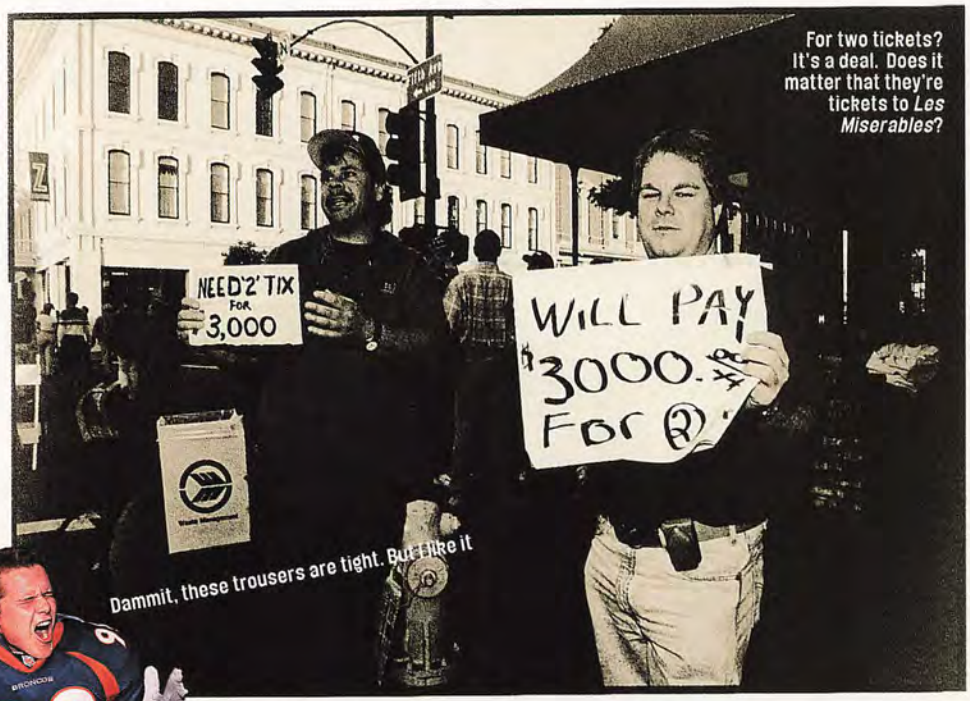
JESUS WOULD GO TO THE

Conference (AFC) championships. The prize is to meet the best team from the National Football Conference (NFC) at the biggest sporting event on earth, the Super Bowl – which Denver have reached four times before but never won. This is the sporting equivalent of getting Sharon Stone into bed and then deciding to hide in the toilet for a wank.

The Pittsburgh game turns out to be one of the greatest in play-off history. As the seconds fall away, the air is filled with an ever thickening swarm of chucked beer mats. Cigars are smoked to the quick. Waitresses slide their trays onto the bar and stare at the big screen TV. As the clock's numbers drop to zero, the tension ruptures and the room jumps together in a single motion. We're at the epicentre of a Denver earthquake.

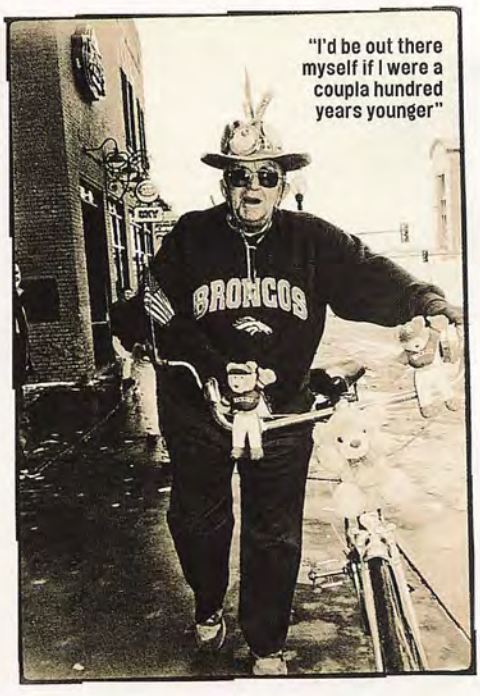
Later, the city watches the Green Bay Packers (Man United to Denver's Spurs) beat the San Francisco 49ers convincingly. Except for the odd Green Bay fan wearing a 'Cheese Head' hat and shooting his mouth off, there's no braggadocio here. Some Denver fans are even realistic enough to admit that the Broncos could lose to Green Bay (who go to the Super Bowl as last year's winners and this year's big favourites). Even the friendly commentators believe that, if Denver win, it will be a miracle.

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA. SUPER BOWL WEEK. Press day at the stadium. Me and **loaded** snapper Tony crawl out of bed after being removed from the city's excellent Supper Club A-Go-Go for drinking with tramps. Following that charade we also managed to get thrown out of our dump of a hotel (The Clarion Bay View) for being suspected ticket touts. Our drinking buddies, real touts from New York, wanted to buy our tickets for $3,000 each. A couple of minutes of basic



For two tickets? It's a deal. Does it matter that they're tickets to *Les Miserables*?

Dammit, these trousers are tight. But I like it



"I'd be out there myself if I were a coupla hundred years younger"

SUPER BOWL, BUT ONLY BECAUSE HIS DAD COULD GET TICKETS

bar-stool accountancy led us to the brink of pissing the whole story up the wall, just so we could spend a month living like robber barons in Mexico. Making matters worse, we also recalled Hunter S Thompson once saying that you should cover the Super Bowl without leaving your hotel room. Thinking straight, we realised he probably only said this because he had shit-kickers' tickets that had him stuck behind a pillar.

More relevantly, the most important day of the media week happens while we are drunk. At 6am, the rest of the world's media – 2,500 Beavis-like cockroaches – scuttle into the gigantic Qualcomm Stadium to harangue the players of both teams. As we only ceased being harangued by the hotel security staff at 4am this morning, we don't quite get there on the dot. Come 11am, we meet for a **loaded**-style power breakfast, during which Tony throws up his Spanish omelette and professional guilt makes us call a taxi to the stadium. Still pissed, we catch the last 20 minutes of the Green Bay press call. It seems wise to keep a low profile. Inside the stadium are nine separate booths, each holding a key player, and 2,000 yobbos in cheap suits asking the questions. Even sober it's impossible to make sense of the frenzy. Next to Bill Clinton's knob getting its own 16-week run on Broadway, this is the media event of the year. Last year's game was the fourth most-watched programme in television history, with 128.9 million viewers in the United States alone, as well as being beamed to another 147 countries and an estimated 800 million homes worldwide. That's a lot of people watching a game they don't understand the rules of.

One linebacker, not impressed by my questions about sharp cheese, flips and begins to rant about how he's sick of journalists' inane patter: "Man, you fucking come up to us and say shit like 'Has this been a good year?' Well of course it's been a good year, you dumb-ass – we're at the Super Bowl, what's better than that?"

Taking the hint, I shelve all my questions about cheese bras and pants, and get away on my toes.

Outside the stadium, waiting to ambush the leaving journalists, are The Barrel Man and Rocky the Colorado Leprechaun – the Broncos' most obsessive fans. Both have their own websites, information phonelines and press releases. If you try to ask them a question that's even slightly sarcastic, both are liable to flounce off like movie stars and look for their next, hopefully more appreciative, audience.

Tim McErnan, aka The Barrel Man, hasn't missed a game since 1967 (by the look of him he hasn't missed any dinners either) and turns out in all weathers wearing nothing more than a barrel.

"We try to get the crowd going and sometimes we holler at the referees. Of course, the biggest disadvantage to living my life as The Barrel Man is that I can't sit down at games."

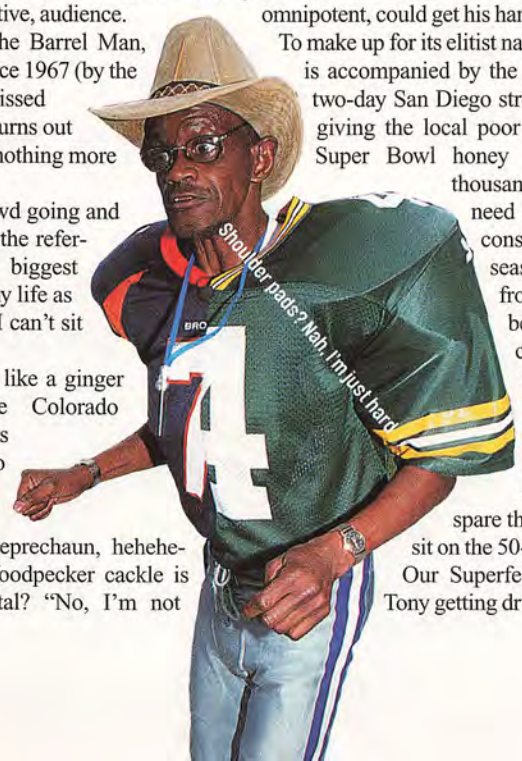
Hovering around him like a ginger locust is Rocky the Colorado Leprechaun, a man as authentically Irish as two pints of Caffrey's.

"He he he heee! I'm Rocky the Colorado Leprechaun, hehehehee!" His Woody O'Woodpecker cackle is unnerving. Is he mental? "No, I'm not mental, but I'll try to bring luck to the kids this weekend to be sure." He stares at me with wide eyes, ruby cheeks and straight-to-video menace. I ask Rocky where his pot of gold is, betting he doesn't have one.

"I have a pot of gold, but I'm not telling you where it is!"

You're a liar. You haven't got a pot of gold, you're a bloke dressed up as a leprechaun.

"He he he hee, I'm Rocky the Colorado Leprechaun." Yeah, that got him. Loser.



ONE SPORTS COMMENTATOR NOTED THAT IF JESUS were alive today, he would be at the Super Bowl. This is true, but only because his dad, being omnipotent, could get his hands on tickets.

To make up for its elitist nature, the Super Bowl is accompanied by the Superfest. This is a two-day San Diego street festival aimed at giving the local poor a little lick of that Super Bowl honey pot. Two hundred thousand will attend. They need a party when you consider that only 8,000 season-ticket holders from either team have been allotted tickets at cost price ($275) via the club's own ticket lotteries. The rest of the tickets are held by the sponsors – and anyone who can spare the $5,000 required to sit on the 50-yard line.

Our Superfest party starts with Tony getting drunk, setting fire to ✈

my Cheese Head and stabbing it with a flick knife. This is bound to have been picked up on of one of the many secret cameras the FBI have set up to catch rogue bombers and tea-leaves – though the only thing they're really likely to find evidence of is gluttony. The Superfest kicks off with a giant cheese taste-off between Green Bay (Wisconsin) and San Diego (California) – the two states sell respectively £2.1billion and £1billion of weak, fatty cheese a year. Since Americans wouldn't know good cheese if it raped them in a forest, this is a bit rich. Another competition involves eating a 1lb block of sharp cheese with the help of nothing more than a 12oz glass of water. The winner takes home a year's supply of cheese, and ultimately two years' worth of mucus.

The festival seems overrun with the yellow and green of Green Bay. Having won last year, they are enjoying a fan renaissance. Everybody likes a winner. Known fondly and otherwise as Cheese Heads, the fans are mostly obese and can be identified by their triangular fake-foam cheese hats. Statistically, Green Bay residents exercise less than the rest of America. But they love their football. If proof of this were needed outside their daft attire, there's a 5,000-year waiting list for season tickets.

The only violence arises out of a small right-wing Christian demonstration that spends two days waving Grim Reaper-style placards: "Fornicators, drunkards, money-lovers, pot-smokers, homosexuals, trash-talkers, adulterers! Fear God because judgment is coming to all!"

The crowd is incensed at the homosexuals bit, but mostly happy to own up to being all of the other stuff and more.

"You know," says the head vicar out of somewhere near Seattle, "I love homosexuals but I hate their sin. You know it says in the Bible that homosexuals, idolaters and drunkards will not enter the kingdom of heaven."

Yes, but at least homosexuals can get into the Super Bowl. "That's the problem!"

"You fuckin' nerds!" shouts the congregation. **loaded** agrees.

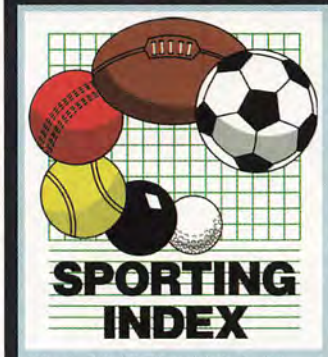
Helicopters are strafing the crowd with powerful spotlights as the tension builds. Both sides' fans are too tense about tomorrow to have fun. The news and police choppers buzzing the crowd add to the chaos. On the main stage, the Violent Femmes whip the crowd up and fights break out all over. Portaloos get demolished and the beer tent is ripped down. We even see a pissed-up disabled bloke try to run someone over. The crowd turns into a furious rabble, one half worshipping John Elway and his car dealerships, the other holding cheese up as a false idol. Inside the Christians' diseased and psychotic minds, the whole scene must look like Babylon.

QUALCOMM STADIUM SEATS AROUND 71,500 and, in true Californian style, has two unisex toilets – supposedly for confused transvestite football fans and visiting Man United supporters. The NFL have also set up a free-speech zone in the car park so religious and political minorities can talk to the fans. Yesterday, San Diego's Free Speech Movement launched a lawsuit against the NFL on behalf of 'Jews for Jesus' for sticking them in what turns out to be the nutcase corner, filled with people who eat their own fingers, and coach drivers.

It's about 11.30am on Super Bowl Sunday, the game doesn't start till after 3pm and already half the crowd is arse-holed. Most won't be going to the game, they're just here for the party. The smell of charred brain-grey bratwursts pervades the parking lot as the legendary tailgate party commences – row upon row of whale-like RVs have pulled in from Denver and Green Bay like modern-day wagon trains.

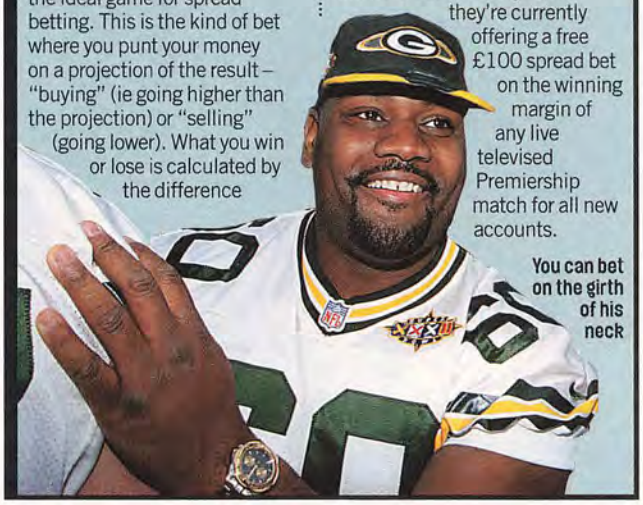
The RVs come complete with huge bars filled with spirits, mixers, liquors and bathtubs full of beer and ice. Shitfaced and suffering from heat-stroke, massive farmers play pinball, chuck footballs and shout at each other. It's as friendly as a fumble in the dark and there is no need to

SPREAD BETTING



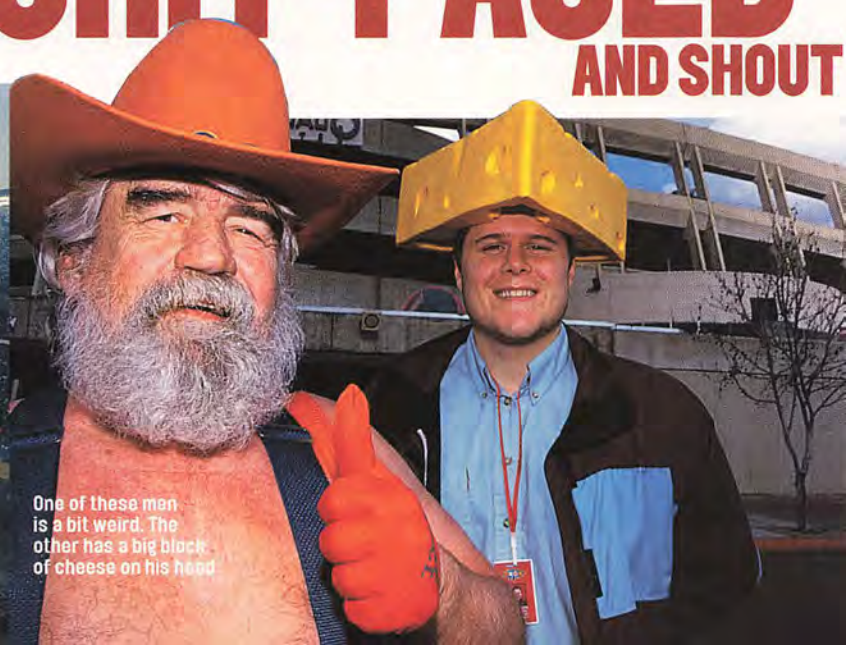
What with it being riddled with statistics and slightly more complicated than the stock market, American football is the ideal game for spread betting. This is the kind of bet where you punt your money on a projection of the result – "buying" (ie going higher than the projection) or "selling" (going lower). What you win or lose is calculated by the difference between the bookies' prediction – which will almost always be wrong – and the final result, multiplied by your stake. But if you want to make every play count, you can bet on the yardage (the distance the ball moves on plays), the time of any given event (like the first touchdown, or first completed pass), which players score or fumble... if there's a statistic for it, you can put your money on it, and there's a statistic for just about everything in this game.

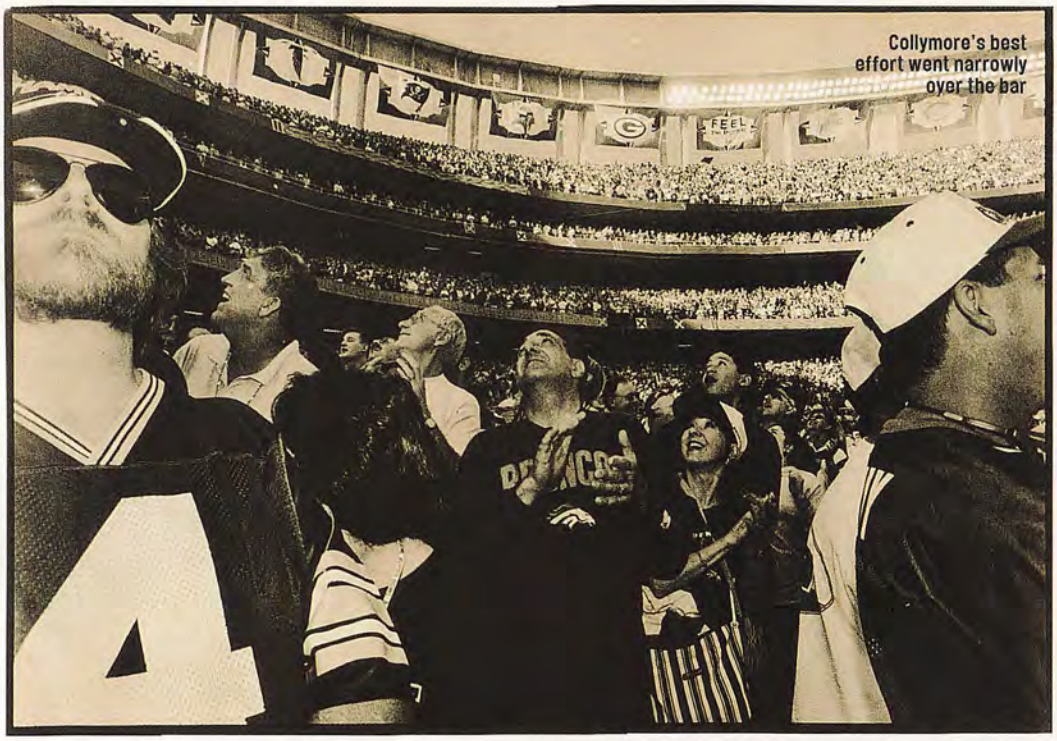
If you want to know more, call spread betting specialists Sporting Index on 0171 820 8500. The American football season doesn't crank back into life for a few months yet, but they're currently offering a free £100 spread bet on the winning margin of any live televised Premiership match for all new accounts.


You can bet on the girth of his neck

MASSIVE, SHIT-FACED AND SHOUT

Four or five cheerleaders spontaneously combust each year


One of these men is a bit weird. The other has a big block of cheese on his head



Collymore's best effort went narrowly over the bar

Would this be Rocky the Colorado Leprechaun, then?

segregate the fans with mounted police and baton charges. Inside the stadium, the show kicks off with a flyover by a Stealth bomber – which, with war in the Gulf looming, couldn't have been better received if it was dropping laser-sighted lager bombs. Next, President Clinton gets booed off and the Marines pull a gigantic flag across the entire pitch for the national anthem.

Green Bay win the toss and opt to receive the ball. Both teams run off, slapping each others' helmets in a 'we're all in this together' kind of way. With the AFC's representative teams having lost 13 straight Super Bowls to the NFC's – Denver being defeated four times – Broncos quarterback John Elway has a big job on his hands. By the end of the first quarter it's obvious this game is not going to be the pushover for Green Bay that the Vegas bookies thought. It turns out to be the first time in Super Bowl history that both sides score with their first possession (Elway chalks up the first touchdown himself). The Denver offence, with running back Terrel Davis, makes the Green Bay defence look like a bunch of glue-footed dancers. Everything goes right for Denver. Usually Super Bowls are one-sided affairs, but not this time. This is an old-style underdog rout. Denver lead 17-14 at half time and everyone is screaming, even the peanut lady. Smokey Robinson and Martha Reeves and the Vandellas are the entertainment. Then the teams run back on and by the fourth quarter it's tied again, which is good considering the handicappers expected Green Bay to finish up a good 12 points ahead. With 1.45 on the clock, Terrel Davis runs in his third touchdown and it's all over. Elway has finally won and it releases a mountainous, 13-year-old sports orgasm in the crowd. In the press box, some commentators are already calling it one of *the* great Super Bowls. For the Cheese Heads it's a long ride back to Wisconsin. They would have been wiser to sell their tickets for $4,000 and buy a large cow.

In the RV lot, the Broncos fans, voices hoarse from shouting at dejected Cheese Heads, drop to their knees, crying with joy. A 20-year-old Denver fan stands aside from the yellow exodus and screams: "I love to see you Cheese Heads go! Go! Go back to your frozen tundra! Go back!"

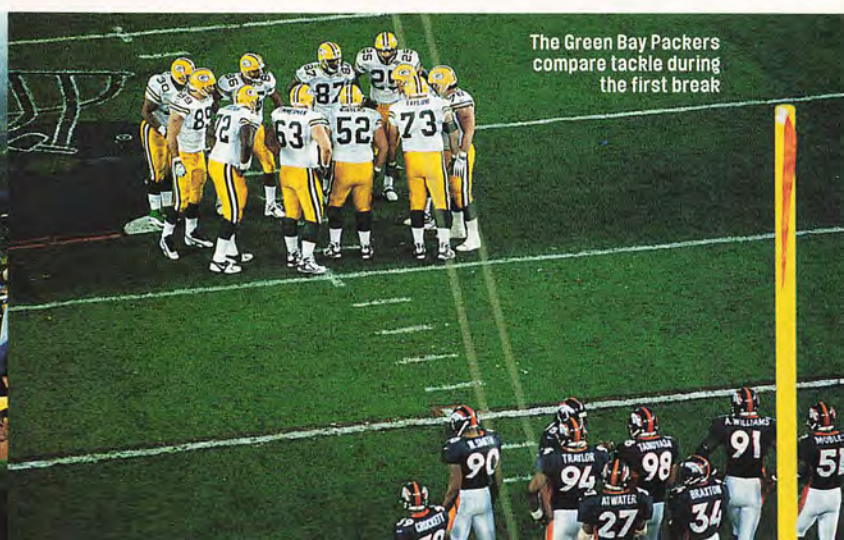
And on their way home, I'm sure they all took a moment to consider which cruel twist of fate might have allowed a bastard like Rocky the Colorado Leprechaun to have the last laugh. He he he he he he he he he heeeeeeeeee heeeeeeeee! ■

loaded resists the obvious mascara/ it's-rugby-for-girls joke

FARMERS CHUCK BALLS

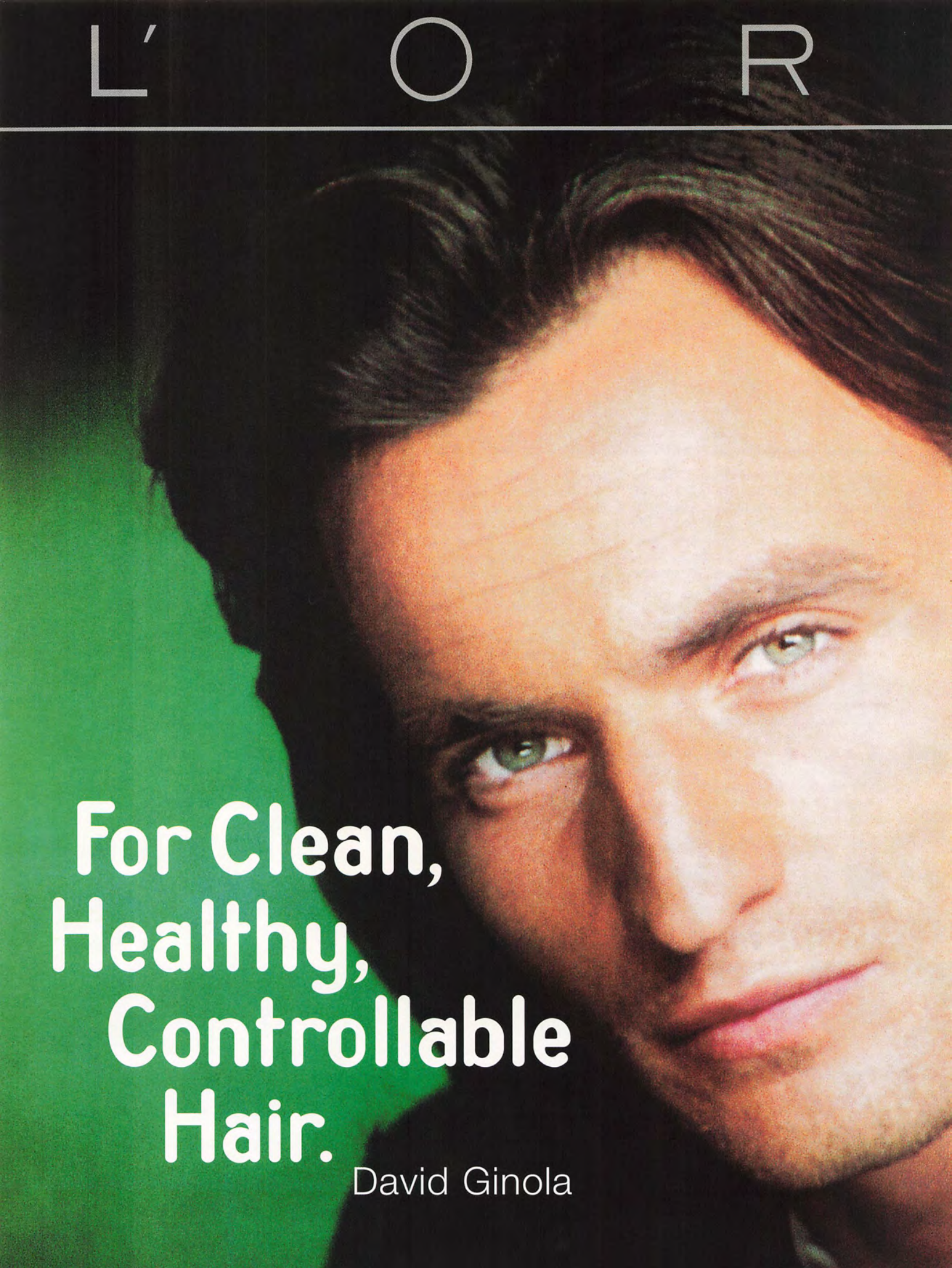
AT EACH OTHER. IT'S ALL AS FRIENDLY AS A FUMBLE IN THE DARK

"Come and have a go if you think you've lard enough"



The Green Bay Packers compare tackle during the first break

L'ORÉAL



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...because I'm worth it.

antichrist

Punk?

Hardly any animals were harmed in the making of this interview with punk legend John Lydon

IT'S THE SPITTING THAT COMES AS A SURPRISE. "AROOOGAGHCH!" HE GROWLS, HURLING another ball of mucus, fused in a suspension of full-strength Marlboro tar and Guinness residue, towards the Californian pavement. John Lydon, a legend whose name was made in the phlegm deluge of the punk era, knows the value of a good spit. Along with belching, it is one of the few things he allows to interrupt his conversation. Fortunate, then, that all three are things he does very well. Very little of what comes from Lydon's mouth is wasted. "Bleeerrcha!" roars his stomach as he treads his phlegm into the ground and prepares to speak. "I never did like *Terry And June*," says the antichrist. "I couldn't relate to the accents." ✈

story by MICHAEL HOLDEN
photos by JAKE WALTERS

It's been more than 20 years since the young Johnny Rotten and his band, The Sex Pistols, hit the music scene with the impact of a well-aimed frying pan in the face. The British music industry – and some might say the world – is still vibrating from the impact, and a good thing it is too. "I've no 'eroes," Lydon said at the time, "they're all useless." And so became one himself, not just for the adolescent Gallaghers and Cobains of the world who bore the Pistols' influence so openly in their own work, but for many of us ordinary folk as well. While much of what passed for punk descended into pantomime, Lydon formed Public Image Limited and, with a handful of ground-breaking records and the odd venomous public appearance, retained his credibility as an iconoclast. Something that few of his surviving peers seemed able to achieve.

For over a decade now, Lydon has lived in exile in California. We found him at lunchtime in a dilapidated Irish bar in the LA suburb of Santa Monica, sporting a relatively tame haircut, a jumper, trainers, voluminous trousers and a fiendish grin. As he's clearly a man who doesn't suffer fools at all, let alone gladly, we were relieved at his willingness to meet up for a drink in the first place. Thirteen hours later, his unwillingness to stop had taken its toll. The interview that follows took place during the first part of that meeting. What happened after that, including the pictured act of public indecency with a domestic cat, was not so much off the record as off the memory. It started with the suggestion that LA was a rather perverse place for a man of his obvious intelligence to spend his time.

"Sheep-shagging, that's culture. And what grows on the end of your penis afterwards"

"Yeah," sighs Lydon. "And I think the same about England too. Ro-yal fam-ily," he says with a manic gleam in his eye, breaking the words up into their syllables and delivering them with a voice like Kenneth Williams reading hate mail from Albert Steptoe. "British govern-ment. Pubs closing early. All these things make England stoopid to me. You make your choices and you stick with what you've got. I'm here because it was much more convenient, and I quite frankly got sick of the police raids. And the lack of support from within the industry itself. That kind of harassment was, if not outrightly condoned, then mildly tolerated by the music press. I know things have changed since. You've got that Oasis singer, for instance, getting arrested with drugs in a doorway while drunk on, was it Oxford Street? And he gets off! Well, my! How times they have a-changed. How nice for *him*! But what about the rest of civilization? Including me! We'd all be in jail now. The favouritism that goes on there really pisses me off. That's a class system. Whether Liam knows it or not he's become bourgeois, though he pretends not to be. And living in England will do that."

There are people in England, I suggest, who believe we are living in an age of unbridled freedom because Liam can get off with a caution and we've got a Labour government. Not so, says John.

"No, no. He can get away with it. It's unbridled freedom for *him*. It ain't for the rest of us. Learn your lessons well. Just visit the law courts. Check that one out. Reality ain't what you read in the *Daily Mirror*, or even **loaded**!"

We try to keep reality out of it.

"Exactly. Which is why I'm talking to you! We've circumnavigated an absurdity called reality. Ha ha!" laughs John, who, it seems, is never very serious for long. "In modern-day life, reality just means opinion, and who gets his opinion in first counts most. And it's the same on the Internet – whoever gets their dig in first, counts most. People wanna believe the worst anyway. I know I do."

How much English culture do you subject yourself to?

"Is there such a thing? *Seaside Special*? Is *Seaside Special* English culture? What is English culture? Is it Blackpool? It's pretty sorry, isn't it? It's all TV-orchestrated – that's not culture at all. That's media manipulation."

Give us an example of culture then.

"Sheep-shagging. That's culture. You can do it with a cow too. What grows on the end your penis afterwards, that's culture."

If you were 16 in England now, what do you think you'd do?

"Just for the sheer halibut, I'd be in the Spice Girls. Well, into the Spice Girls. Ha ha! They're the perfect sham, they're exactly what England needs. They're vacuous, talentless, and what on earth does girl power mean?"

At this point, various patrons of the bar – who have formed something of a court of King John – shake their heads in unison, unable to fathom the true nature of Spicedom. "And it's not questioned, it's just accepted. I've only gotta fart and there's police sirens." At this moment a siren wails down the boulevard. Lydon grins: "Which I think rounded off that sentence perfectly."

Did he happen to see the Spiceys with Nelson Mandela?

"Oh God, well please, Mandela… I said my bit about him years ago. I think he's a complete fake. Anyone that condoned killing and slaughter and all those things that he went to jail for originally. How can he now be a man of peace and wisdom and wonder?"

But isn't that the history of the world? The 20th Century at least?

"Possibly. But if murder was your game way back when and you've found a better way since, that doesn't make you any better. Yer still guilty! Yasser Arafat's in there, any member of the IRA, the lot of 'em. Once you accept that other people's lives don't count half as much as your opinion – you don't 'ave an opinion."

On a tide of Guinness, conversation turns to that old chestnut, the class system. "You're never really accepted," sighs John. "I know poor old fatty Elton John has finally got his Lordship [*knighthood*], which he's been after for years. But look, he went in through the back door – literally – to get it, and that's so sad. I agree in a weird way – I never thought I'd say this – with Keith Richards when he asked what Elton John's doing writing songs for dead blondes. It's naff. 'Candle In The Wind'! What an insult, really. Was she really that? Was she really that vacuous? I happen to know she was even worse than that. Bluurrghar!" he belches. "She was a candle without a wick. Ooh, I'd love another Guinness, and a quick piss." He skips off, only to return moments later, eager to resume. "Well, shoot me for saying it, ha ha ha." He leans closer to the tape recorder: "She was a thoroughly useless spare tit. Watching that ridiculous funeral, and particularly here in LA watching people crying over their TV sets over someone they didn't understand at all… they just didn't get it. And who payed for the funeral? This has always been my point with the Royal Family – while I'm paying for it I have every right to yap on about it. It's my money as much as anybody else's, and if they don't like it, give me back my tax and you won't get my opinion."

As the afternoon draws on, Lydon's conversation returns from time to time to his beloved Arsenal. It's during a discussion about plans for an exclusively gay toilet facility in Islington that talk turns to Tony Blair. By this point, it should be noted, your correspondent is feeling the pace, and questions begin to lack some of their previous Radio 4 sobriety.

"I hhhhhhhhhhhate Tony Blair so much! Ha ha!" he cries. "I cannot bear him. I want to strangle him slowly to death. I think he's vile. I cannot explain, there's no real one way, other than the way he talks. Really pisses me off. He's like a supply teacher. It's so clear – how come no one sees it? Or is that what people want? I'm all for the Labour Party being up there, ✈

Christ, imagine having to see this every night...

but not *that* Labour Party. And not the old Labour Party, where it was all cloth caps and union officials from somewhere up north. 'Cos I had no connection with them at all. Belligerent bleedin' pen-peckers! Something in between that makes sense. And he hasn't done that, bridged that gap. He's vile, he's awful, he's so Marks & Spencer's."

The mention of M&S brings to mind thoughts of food, but not for long, as Lydon, now in sole financial control of the situation (**loaded** having run out of money long ago, much to his amusement – "Should call yourselves un-**loaded**, skint!") secures another flotilla of pints. Seemingly unaffected by his own consumption, other than saying "Arsenal" louder and more often, his thoughts turn once again to music. Chiefly because I have "made a mistake" by using the word "punk".

"Was there ever such a thing?" he laughs. " I never understood it. I knew there was a Pistols, then you got that very nice middle-class copy called The Clash [*he belches in a deafening way that is impossible to relay on paper*] which was really a band all about sloganeering. Oi Oi for the upwardly mobile! And then you get all this other stuff, I dunno. I don't 'ave any punk records. Pistols yes, but not punk. I do see a difference… I love a good dance ditty. God, I love disco. I see no problem admiring the Bee Gees and being in The Sex Pistols. But that was apparently a no-no to *NME* or *Melody Maker* at the time because they just couldn't accept that you could have it all. You were supposed to have these little categories and ignore everything else… Reggae became fashionable, therefore that was allowed to be reported on. But disco was never fashionable for the likes of those so-called music papers at the time. And it should have been. It's all music, it's all entertainment for your benefit. If you turn your ears off to something just because it's a genre that doesn't fit into your lifestyle, then you don't have a lifestyle at all. You're a slave to a system."

Who, you begin to wonder, does John look up to?

"No one," he says emphatically. "I don't look up to anyone. I look dead level. And then I see what I find, and if I find dishonesty or fakery then I'm out. That's it."

Why should he still subject himself to those standards after all these years? "Because it works. It means I'm not easily led, not easily fooled and my life is a hell of a lot simpler. And I don't have to be pretentious or fake to

"God, I love disco. I see no problem admiring the Bee Gees and being in The Sex Pistols"

"I fackin' hate microphones"

"I fackin' hate getting gob in my hair"

GOB-SOAKED PEARLS OF WISDOM

"Nancy's influence on Sid was one of the main reasons why the Pistols broke up. I do feel sorry for Sid – but then again, he's always been a failure." **October 1978.**

"There never was a great punk movement. There was The Sex Pistols. And then a torrent of idiots just followed us. They made us into a toy-town epic." **November 1978**

"I never saw a penny from The Sex Pistols. So I learnt, didn't I? I got fleeced. I got tax bills for money I never saw." **March 1979**

"I intended The Sex Pistols to be the end of rock'n'roll. But I never thought we'd be successful. Not for a minute. It was just supposed to be a big laugh." **April 1979**

"People still recognise me – and react with expressions of shock and horror. I think they're surprised I'm still alive." **May 1979**

"I have no qualms about making money. But I won't sell my soul for it. Stardom is a joke." **October 1983**

"We did it because we were shit scared most of the time." Lydon explains why the Pistols gobbed at their audiences. **November 1983**

"From now on I just want to look after myself. Does that make me selfish? I've done my bit for the world. Now I want to be rewarded." **September 1984**

"People don't like me, you see, but I won't go away." **March 1986**

"Michael Jackson plays the wounded puppy very well. He goes around telling everyone: 'I must be the loneliest man in the world.' Well, you're not a man and your loneliness is self-inflicted, so sod off!" **March 1992**

"I was spouting off about the Royal Family 20 years ago and now they're tearing themselves apart, and quite rightly so. They're doing my job for me!" **January 1996**

"I fackin' hate corridors!"

impress anyone around me because they all know exactly what I am. A big fake cunt." And other people? "Smaller fake cunts."

Then, at last, it happens: "Ooh," says John. "This Guinness is getting to me." About time.

"No. I mean I'm just about to start. Eh he he! I need a few kick-offs, then I'll do lagers, then wine." Which is more or less what happens. We have a row, of sorts, over whether or not "you" means "you" or "you" plural, in which I am dismissed as "a really annoying git", before reaching the next subject marked for death on the Lydon gallows: live music.

"It's uncomfortable," reveals John. "It's badly done and it all relates to a PA system and a bad engineer. How to get sweaty with people you don't know, bad toilets and a long line at the bar. I can tell you, it ain't good for the band or you the audience."

So it's all rubbish?

"Course not, it'd be absolutely fine, let it trundle on. But don't tell me that's the new thing. 'Cos it ain't. That's the old thing. It never worked then and it's never gonna work again."

So it's impossible for anyone to enjoy themselves at a gig?

"Yes. That's what I'm saying. I'm talking about my gigs. I'm going to make sure. I will end this evil millennium of live music once and for all."

How?

"One live performance," he crows. "You just don't know how bad I can sing. Ha ha, well, you've got a good idea." He reaches for a cigarette and, in blatant contravention of state law, LIGHTS IT IN A BAR!

"I'll 'ave it here 'cos I'm the devil," he mutters. A middle-aged Scouse woman throws us out into the street.

"I don't believe in all that washing shit," he muses, watching the rush-hour crawl past. "I found this stuff called lime juice cordial. You just splash it on all over! Here they're into summer washing. I think it's not healthy. They destroy their natural skin bacteria. If you're gonna crawl into bed with someone they've gotta have that sliminess. Bit of lubrication."

As if by magic, he is spotted by a female admirer who introduces herself in typically twisted Californian style. "You're so funny," she screams. "I have good bloodlines… Sir Oliver Cromwell, bad English blood."

"No blow jobs for us," barks John. "We don't trust yer teeth."

"My teeth are very good, very wide," she says.

"Oorrgarhdagh!" burps Lydon, pulling away from her.

"You're such a nice married man," whines Cromwell.

"I'm not nice, I'm real. Aren't you jealous? Look at you!"

"C'mon Johnny," she pleads, offering her neck. "Gimme a bite right there. C'mon, don't be a pussy."

"Anyone got a rubber glove?" he calls back into the bar. "I don't do that animal fing."

"You fucker."

"Won't 'ave it. Stop it. Hack off, baby."

"C'mon, just a little bite."

He walks into the bar, notices Arsenal on the TV, and – much to the puzzlement of his latest victim – holds his Guinness towards the ceiling and yells, "Seaman!" As the sun begins to set on Los Angeles, Lydon's silhouette resembles a statue of an exiled radical, a courageous free thinker, a man of vision. "Orrgargaa!" he belches suddenly. "Anuvver Guinness?" I doubt if revolution ever tasted so sweet.

"I'd be in the Spice Girls. They are the perfect sham, just what England needs"

"This is good, though"

DISCOGRAPHY

The Sex Pistols – Singles: 'Anarchy In The UK' (1976); 'God Save The Queen' (1977); 'Pretty Vacant' (1977); 'Holidays In The Sun' (1977) **Albums:** *Never Mind The Bollocks – Here's The Sex Pistols* (1977); *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle* (1979)
PiL – Singles: 'Public Image' (1978); 'Death Disco' (1979); 'This Is Not A Love Song' (1983)'Rise' AKA 'Single' (1986); 'Don't Ask Me' (1990) **Albums:** *Metal Box* (1979) *This Is What You Want, This Is What You Get* (1984); *Album* (1986); *Happy?* (1987)
Leftfield & Lydon – Single: 'Open Up' (1993)

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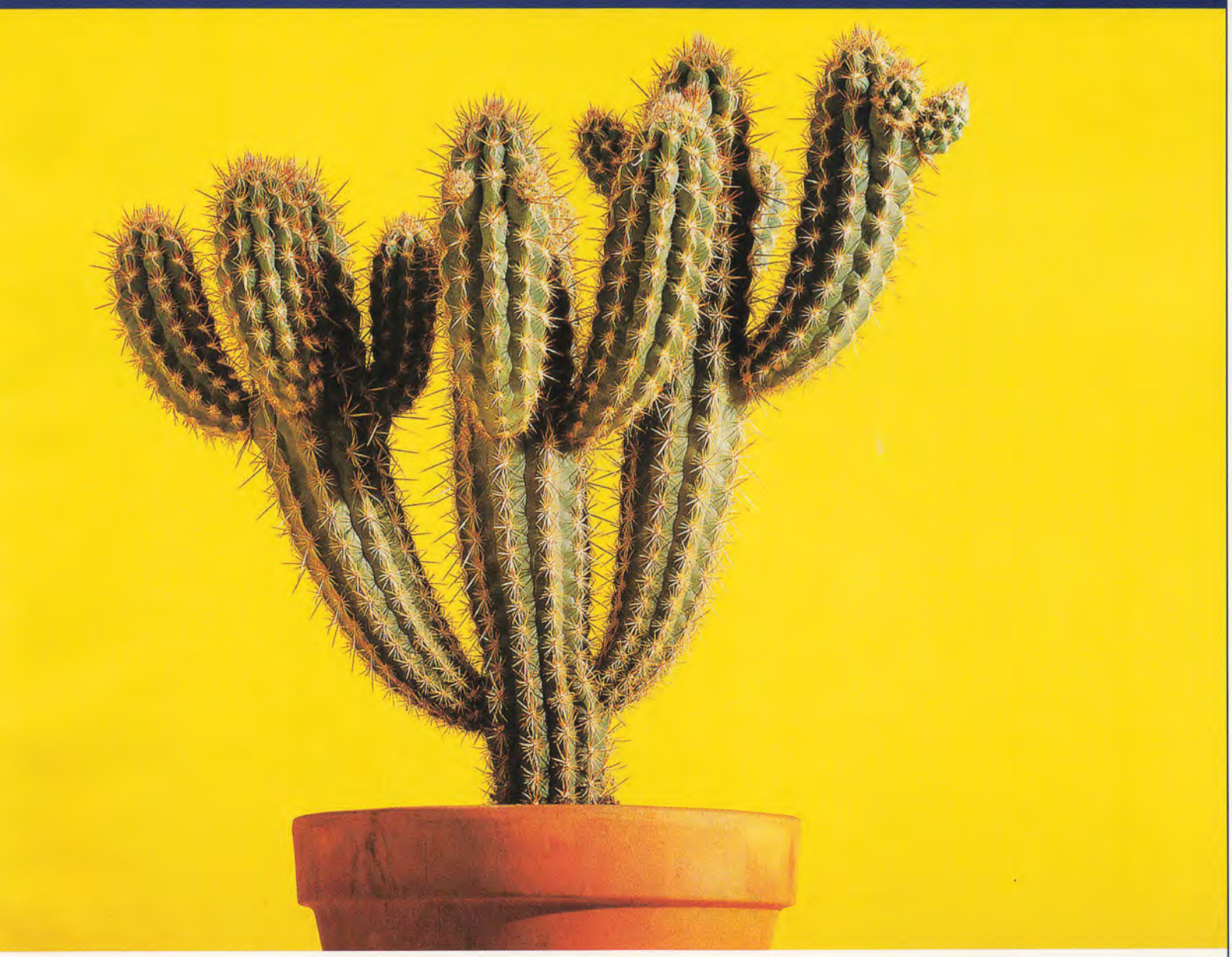

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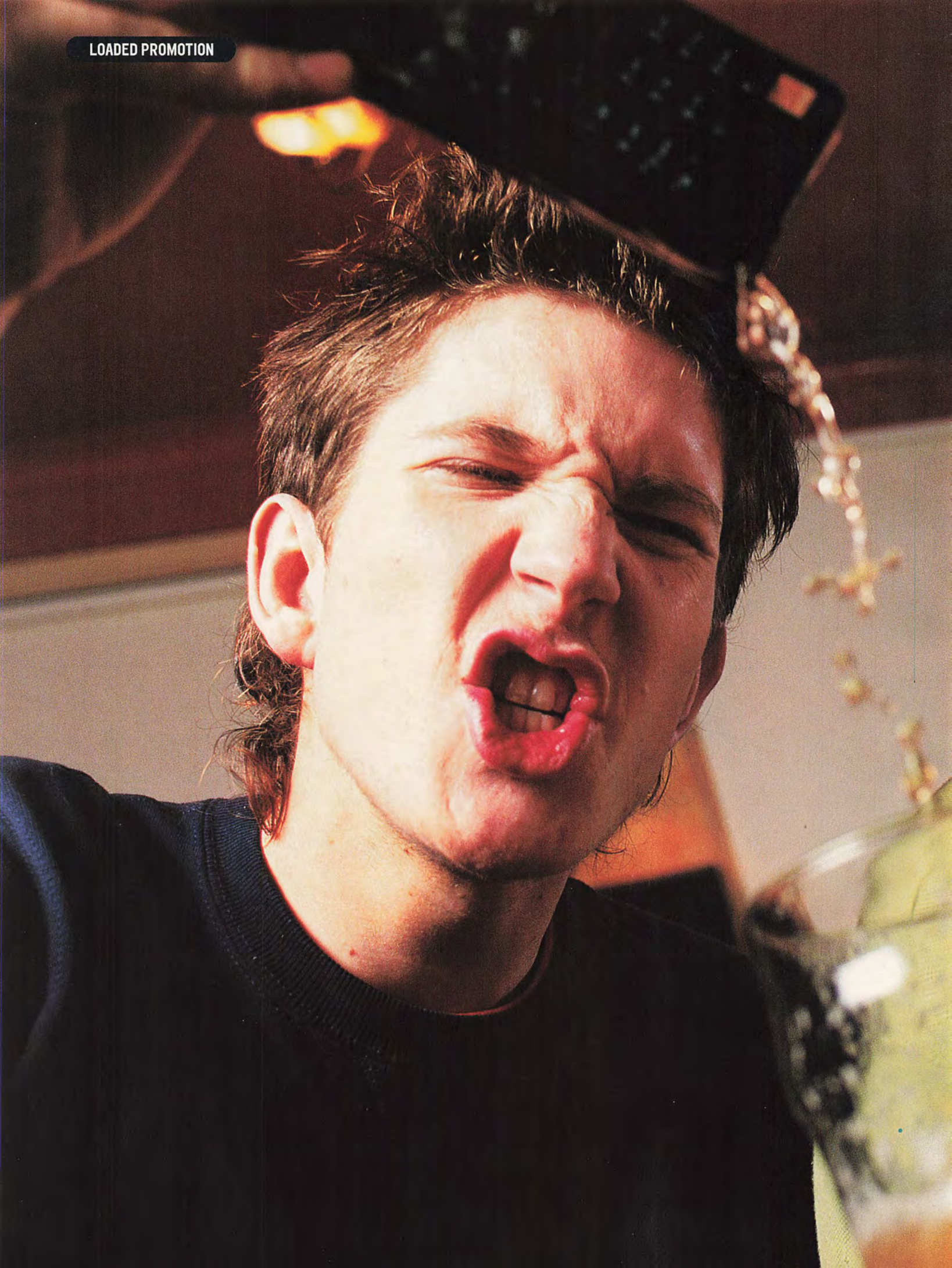


shafted

The question came out of the blue like a shot from Shearer's boot!
"For the next round of beers, who were Celtic's back four in the 77/78 season?"
"Not a clue." So I reach for my Orange to call my bro - he'll know.
"Desperate times mean desperate measures" says John.
"Gimme that phone!"
"Nooo! You berk! Not in my pint!
Harsh...particularly as the backup option also involved my Orange. If I couldn't get my bro to answer in his local - that God awful band will be on again - then a quick text message would have got his attention, leaving John to get the beers in. And with Orange having the best coverage in the UK, I was always onto a winner wherever my bro was.
And another thing, in amongst the hundred odd numbers sitting in my Orange memory were a couple of girls we were supposed to be meeting up with tonight. Relegated! Nice one John. Oh, forget all this, what's happening in the big game tonight - John get your Orange out and call the 177 information line to see how United are getting on. For more information on Orange call 080080 10 80 or check out www.orange.co.uk

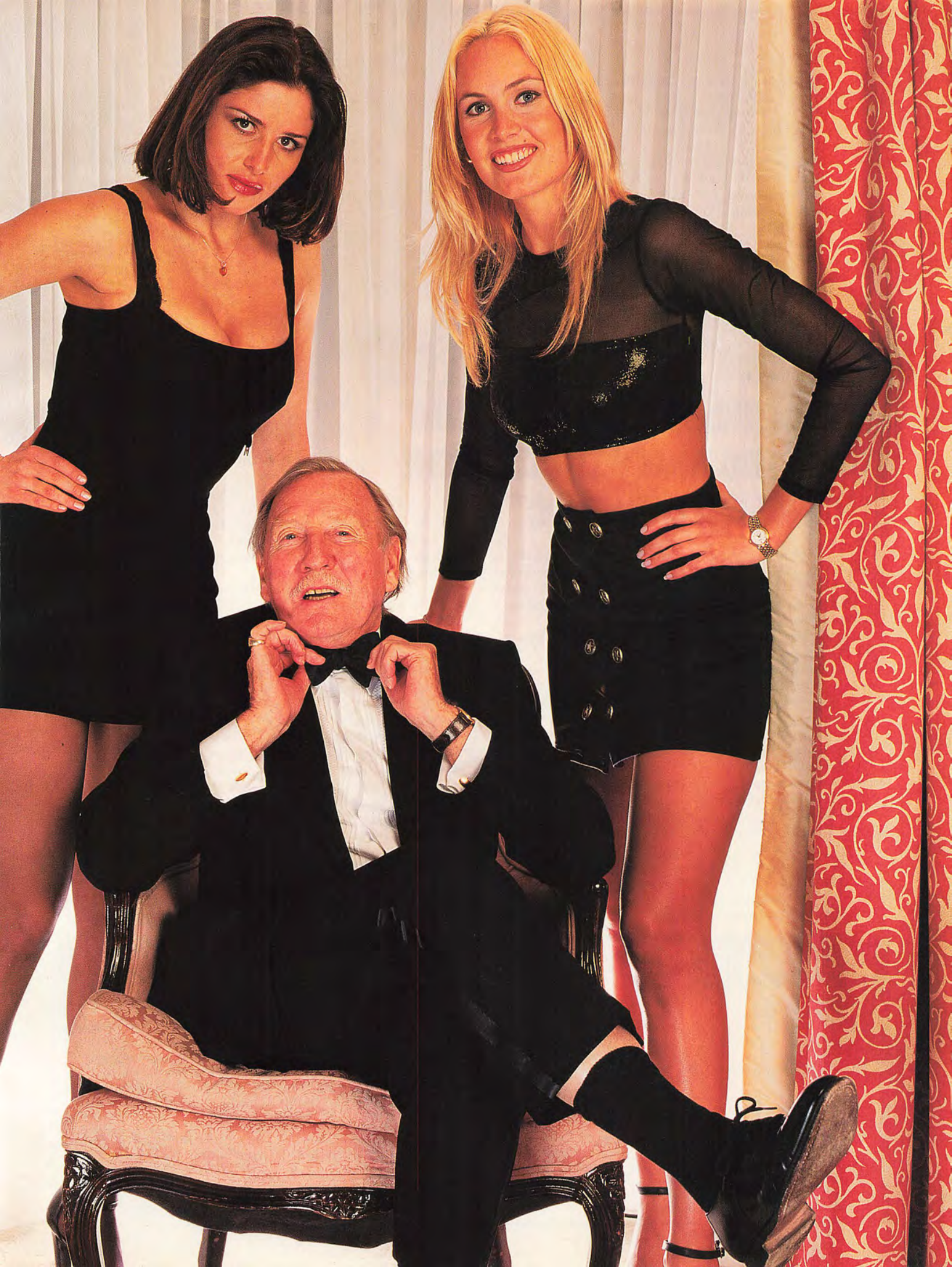
Lock up your grandmothers, mothers and daughters – it's the *lady rave* Phillips

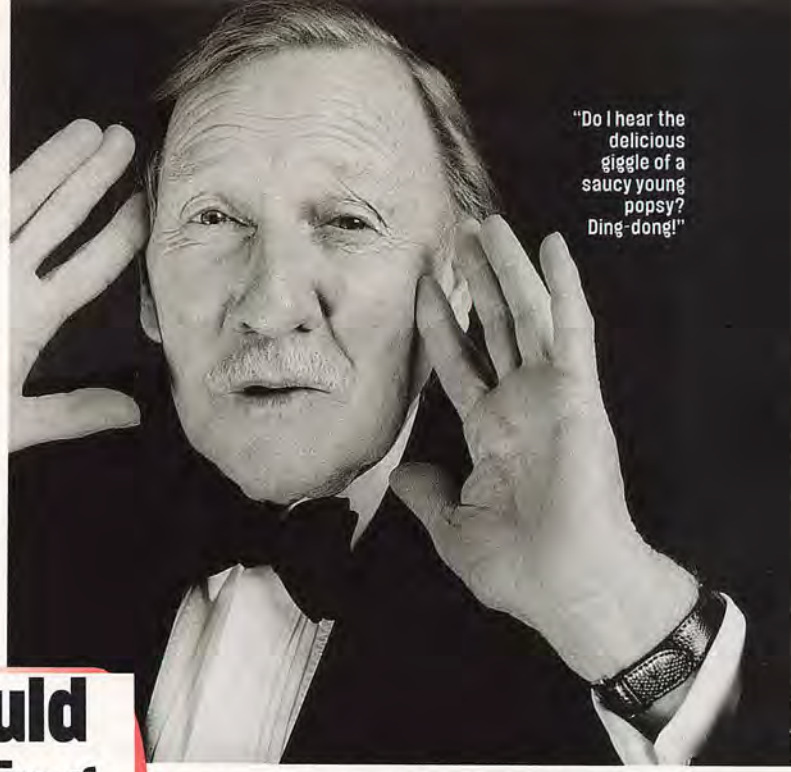
story by JON WILDE
photos by MICHAEL BIRT

"WELL, HELLLLOOO," PURRS LESLIE PHILLIPS. The voice IS unmistakable. As smooth as syrup poured onto pumpernickel. A voice as English as queues and failure, instantly familiar from the countless films and TV series that he has featured in over the years. "It's been a hell of a career," he says. "Bloody remarkable really. In a sense I've had two careers. The first lasted from the early '40s to the late '70s and included lots and lots of very silly comedies. Like the Carry Ons and the Doctor films. Then, in the early '80s, I made a positive step to change the roles I was playing. I decided to avoid anything that smacked of crap. Initially, the public resisted the change. But I said to myself, 'I am an actor and I want to act'. Thankfully, it all worked out. Suddenly my career went boom again. The last 20 years – they've just been fantastic."

Born in Tottenham in 1924, he shares a birthday with Adolf Hitler. "But that's where the similarity ends," he keenly points out. As a curly-headed 10-year-old, he made his acting debut playing a wolf in a London stage production of *Peter Pan*. By 13, he was singing opera in Covent Garden. At 14, he quit school to tour the provinces and, through his teens, worked with the likes of Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Rex Harrison and Laurence Olivier. Then, in the '40s, he broke into films. Before long, he was busier than a one-legged whelp with fleas. "In some years, I made nine or 10 films," he recalls. "I was working my bollocks off and having the time of my life."

Down the years, he showed he could do serious dramatic roles along with the best of 'em. But it was his flair for classic English types that blew the lid off the toffee jar. Upper-class lotharios; silly-arsed country gents; cravat-clad cads; incorrigible bounders; raffish government servants; shady spivs; letchin' sports-car-driving playboys with dolly birds on each arm… ✈




"Do I hear the delicious giggle of a saucy young popsy? Ding-dong!"

The last two decades have brought their fair share of top dramatic roles, on both the big and small screens. Films like *Scandal*, *Empire Of The Sun* and *Out Of Africa*. Storming TV roles in *Lovejoy*, *Boon*, *Rumpole*, *Ruth Rendell Mysteries* and many more besides. At 72, he's still going like the clappers. Films, theatre, TV and radio parts – not to mention doing the voiceover for a new Playstation game entitled *Gex 3D: Enter The Gecko*. He's busier than a Beirut bricklayer, is Leslie Phillips. But not so busy that he can't free up an afternoon to invite **loaded** into his luxury den.

You're an energetic old bugger. Have you always had a big zest for life?

"I think that's fair to say. My sense of enjoyment is probably my most famous trait. I had a lot of fun as a kid. I used to have an air rifle, so I'd get up to quite a bit of mischief with that."

Shooting old ladies, that type of thing? "No, I drew the line at old ladies. Just old blokes. Well, at a certain age you'll do anything for a laugh, won't you? I suppose I was like any other kid at that age."

You were a useful little footballer in your youth, by all accounts.

"Yes, I was good at sport in general – especially football. I've been a Spurs supporter since I was a youngster, although they're not too hot at the moment. Me and Gazza are very good pals. I see quite a lot of him. He's a big fan of my films. As a 'thank you' for making him laugh so much, he gave me an autographed shirt. Lovely lad, he is. A real character. Of course, he tends to hit the bottle a fair bit, but that's his way and you can't change him. The drinking and what-have-you is something I never really got into."

"Being called a cad would upset me more than being called a fking c**t"**

You've never been a man of excess?

"Not really. I mean, I never touched drugs. They never appealed to me. LSD, people seeing furry green monsters coming towards them, I was always too busy for that kind of thing. I'm a bloody professional and I don't mess about. I think that's what's kept me young and going upwards."

As far as your career goes, it's always the Carry Ons and the Doctor films that everyone seems to remember.

"Yeah, people remember those because they've been bashed so hard on television. It's just surprising that, with all the films I've done, it's a few silly comedies that have become very dominant. But those are the roles that people loved to see me in. A bit on the cheeky side."

How would you define a cad and a bounder?

"I suppose a bounder is a loveable rogue who is not overtly dangerous. A bit charming with it. A cad is different. In old-fashioned terms a cad was an unpleasant man. I don't think I'd like to be called a cad. It's not a particularly nice word. Being called a cad would actually upset me more than being called a fucking cunt. Which, thankfully, hasn't happened too often."

You became something of a sex symbol in the '70s, did you not?

"Well, I was only told about that later. When it was all going on, nobody had the courtesy to tell me I was irresistible to women. I think there was this idea that I must have been beating them off with a shitty stick, which was hardly the case. Anyway, I've mislaid the stick now. I think the roles I was playing gave people the idea that I was a randy old sod in real life. Well, maybe I was. But if I'd spent as much time making love to beautiful women as people said I did, I'd have keeled over from bloody exhaustion long ago."

Where's the oddest place you've enjoyed a good bunk-up?

"An aeroplane, I suppose. Sounds like great fun, doesn't it? The fact was that I wanted to join a club, so I decided to go for the Mile High Club. It was a crowded plane, as I remember. Virgin Atlantic I should think…"

Do you regard sex as an essentially comic activity?

"Yes, most definitely. If you don't laugh at sex, you're finished. There's nothing funnier or more interesting than other people's sex lives."

Legend has it that you possess a quite enormous penis.

"Good Lord! Really? Well, I'm not going to deny it. But I'm sure there are other actors who put me firmly in the shade. Errol Flynn was massive. As was Victor Spinetti. Both great cocksmen, by all accounts. They say Flynn's went down to his knee. He could have played cricket with it."

What would you most like to be remembered for?

"They say you should be careful what you're remembered for, but I've never been careful about anything. I've always just followed my nose. Besides, if you're too careful, you'll never be remembered for anything. Those are my only ambitions really: to go on taking chances and have a few quid in my pocket. I suppose I could go out a buy a yacht tomorrow. But I wouldn't bother. Because I hate yachts and I hate fucking water." ◧

Gex 3D: Enter The Gecko, *voiced over by Leslie Phillips, is available to buy on Playstation, priced £34.99*

LESLIE'S FILLIPS

Casanova '73 (1973)
Short-lived and long-forgotten TV series, scripted by the mighty Galton & Simpson, and starring our Leslie as a steamed-up business executive who can't seem to keep off the tail for more than five minutes at a time.

Chancer (1990)
Nineties telly series in which Phillips played a scheming slimebucket of a merchant banker. "One of my favourite roles," he recalls. "It makes a nice change to play a devious, supercilious bastard."

Love On A Branch Line (1994)
John Hadfield novel adapted by David 'Reggie Perrin' Nobbs for the BBC, in which Leslie played a randy peer with a wooden leg and three nymphomaniac daughters.

Scandal (1988)
Les pops up as the lascivious, foul-mouthed Lord Astor in a cranking good film about the Profumo scandal, which features the glorious Joanne Whalley and Bridget Fonda in various states of undress.

Empire Of The Sun (1987)
Losing three stone for the role ("I had to lay off the ol' cream buns for a full three months"), 'Sir' Leslie played a posh PoW in a Jap camp. Jolly good it was too.

Don't Just Lie There, Say Something! (1973)
Typical early '70s softcore romp in which the boy Phillips played a randy politician who gets to have his way with a young Joanna Lumley and a whole host of other scantily clad sex kittens.

Doctor In Trouble/ In Clover/ In Love (1960-70)
Smut, slapstick and double-entendre in generous measures as Uncle Leslie plays the bounder to the hilt, leading the likes of Joan Sims and the great Alfie Bass through a series of merry old scrapes. Superior sauce and tomfoolery all the way.

Carry On Nurse/ Constable/ Teacher (1959-60)
Early (pre-Babs Windsor) *Carry Ons* in which Les twirls his moustache, beds loads of tasty women and leads the charge against good taste. Top-flight entertainment. Game, set and match.

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Some people would give anything to be up the back end of a pantomime horse

Heavy PE

words by BILL BORROWS
photos by ROBBIE COOPER

TTING

THERE ARE THREE DOGS ON THE FORECOURT OUTSIDE THE BUENA PARK HOTEL IN Los Angeles. I mention this in passing to an effeminate man in white dungarees with a ponytail and a permanent smile. "Oh really?" he screams. "Dogs? Outside?" Before I can offer confirmation, he is gone. I turn round to say something like 'What's the matter with him?' and find the lobby almost empty for the first time in two days. Imagine a school bus breaking down outside an open prison for semi-repentant paedophiles. Several overweight American computer geeks, freaks and 40-year-old virgins, thighs rubbing together and saliva dribbling down their chins, have made for the swing doors. One man, overcome by excitement, is unable to walk and restricts himself to bouncing up and down on the spot making noises like a small woodland creature.✈

Most of those able to perform basic motor functions are carrying plastic bags containing pornographic images of cartoon animals engaged in several (often simultaneous) forms of sexual activity. Some of them are holding receipts for videos ordered from 'Animals Alone', an underground video duplication operation which, according to the brochure, provides, "footage of all sorts of animals (at least 95 per cent are mammals) mating, urinating, defecating, masturbating and giving birth. There are also genital close-ups and artificial insemination and semen collection scenes. Any humans involved are veterinarians, livestock handlers or fully-clothed bystanders." And then, among this excitable and high-pitched gathering of bespectacled Kwik Save shelf-stackers on the forecourt, there are the weird ones. They are known as zoophiles.

ALMOST EVERYBODY IN THE LOBBY AT THE BUENA Park Hotel – the staff and the nervous man behind the Thrifty Car Hire desk aside – is wearing a laminate proclaiming fully paid-up attendance ($25) at ConFurence 9, a convention for people who call themselves 'furries'. Literature available at the three-day event defines a furry as "any human who relates strongly, in whatever way, to the idea of anthropomorphic animal creatures [*ie: with human characteristics*]." It goes on, "This may involve anything from a person who simply enjoys viewing furry fanzines or films to those who actually believe that they are a non-human trapped within a human form." A roll call, then, of people who would be some way below Louise Woodward on a list of potential babysitters.

In the lobby, fursuits lounge around on the ample seating, and thin men with ponytails (the computer division) interact awkwardly with each other. On the mezzanine floor, on three long tables arranged in an L-shape around the stairwell, various delegates sell furry-related artwork depicting images including: a) a beer label featuring a male and female deer urinating into a barrel; b) a dog ejaculating into its own face; and c) a lesbian sex scene involving a cat and a mouse.

The artists have clear plastic folders with catalogue numbers for each picture. The potential buyer is supposed to flick through and then, as in a Chinese take-away, order the pictures by number. This is presumably to save the embarrassment of asking, for example, "Excuse me, sir, how much is this picture of a caribou in a spunk bath?" Given that the kind of person likely to buy such a picture is probably wearing a bushy tail in the back of his pants and holding hands with a bearded man adorned with a pair of false wolf ears on a headband, it seems an unnecessary consideration. As we move on, a 350lb griffin takes our place at a fanzine stall.

Meanwhile, on the eighth floor, the Furgonomics workshop is tackling the difficult question, 'How would you design a chair if you had a tail?' Retiring to the deserted bar for a drink (furries, as a rule, don't drink or take drugs of the non-prescription variety) I meet a Canadian called Terry Smith who is at ConFurence 9 as Princess

"Do you do it doggy?"

"I often bang one out over *The Care Bears Movie*"

"I'm not into orgies, but I'll go round to a friend's house and share dogs"

The furry world, known as furry fandom, is a broad church. There is a more conventional old guard that split off from science fiction conventions and became absorbed in on-line role-playing games ("mucking") and went from there into the Internet, the line of communication which unites these disparate people. And then there is the manga-derived sexually explicit art that serves as a reference point for the more extreme furries, including the 'plushophiles', who have sexual intercourse with stuffed toys, the 'fursuits', who have sex with each other while dressed as animals ("yiffing") and, of course, the 'zoophiles' (who are not to be mistaken for the Friends of Whipsnade or any similar groups). There is also, for some reason, a preponderance of male homosexuals who fit into any number of the sub-divisions within furry fandom.

Disney do anything for me

I have spent two days in mortal fear of developing an inexplicable erection

Tilenca, the Evil Unicorn Princess. It has been, he assures me, a great ConFurence.

"WE DON'T BOTHER WITH ANY OF THE CRAZY stuff," says one of a pair of British furries nervously, suddenly aware that he has his forearm up a wolf glove puppet with Fuzzy-Felt teeth. When furries greet each other, they paw each other's backs like dogs wanting to be let out ("scritching") and make affable animal noises. The British are instantly recognisable because they are slightly embarrassed and intimidated by all the hugging and scared to death by the animal noises and sex stuff. Despite fitting the computer geek template (albeit with neither beard nor ponytail), the two twentysomethings from Kent and Skegness are at pains to distance themselves from the surrounding madness. "We met on the Internet," says one.

"We didn't really know what to expect here," explains the other. "We heard there'd been trouble at the Pet Auction but we're not really here for that."

The Pet Auction is one of numerous set-piece events, and involves volunteers offering specific services in return for a bidder's donation to charity (this time the Barry R Kirshner Wildlife Foundation). Due to the queues for this event and the rumours about the imminent arrival of the 'vice cops', it would seem the auction has acquired some notoriety for the overly specific services offered by the volunteers. This year a code of conduct has been introduced, which stresses that sex is not to be auctioned off and all activities are to be completed in public – and must be legal in the state of California.

There are no such reservations at the BDSM meeting on the ninth floor. BDSM stands for Bondage, Discipline and Sado-Masochism, and 26 ConFurence laminates show up to discuss "head space", "pushy submissives" and "the difference between VR and RL" (virtual reality and real life). A plump woman appears to be in charge, perched as she is on the edge of a chair in the centre of the room like a huge ginger chicken. She is wearing a denim skirt and a cat's tail, and reveals: "It's got to the stage where I really want to hurt someone but I can't find anyone to do it with. Does anybody else find that?" Understandably perhaps, she commands the rapt attention of the group. Someone says later, "I want to watch TV for an hour with you as my footstool." A bird flies past the window.

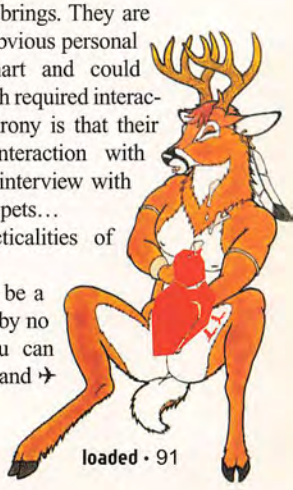
Apart from the occasional furry accessory, like a stuffed animal or pair of animal ears on a headband, this could be a seminar for insurance agents to discuss new working methods. The facade of normality is the most unnerving aspect of furry fandom (and even calling it that is an unpleasant experience).

I have been walking round the hotel for two days in mortal fear of developing an inexplicable erection. Events I have been unable to attend include P-Morphing (where three or four furries try to harness the powers of positive thought to actually transform one of the human fursuits into his fantasy character – it failed this time), the artwork auction (which the British furries entered – "nothing weird, just a picture of a wolf") and the wedding ("paw-fasting") of two fursuits by the pool. Communal rooms of marginal interest include the Internet room and the 24-hour video screening room (everything from *The Lion King* to *Dangermouse* and Wallace and Gromit). "They're really polite and don't cause any trouble," says the receptionist. "We had a convention of dancers here recently and they really were the most horrible bunch of people it has ever been my displeasure to meet."

"BESTIALITY IS A ONE-NIGHT STAND… THIS IS consensual sex. We have intimate loving relationships with our pets," says a charming and articulate young man hidden away in the bar with two fellow zoophiles, or 'zoos' as they are sometimes known. The zoos are the Praetorian Guard of furries. A sect within a sect, and not universally welcome at ConFurence because of the bad publicity their behaviour brings. They are distinct in that they have no obvious personal hygiene problems, look smart and could probably hold down a job which required interaction with other people. The irony is that their sexual preference is for interaction with animals. This, then, is a rare interview with three men who sleep with their pets…

loaded: What are the practicalities of having sex with a horse?

Zoophile 1: The physics can be a little challenging but they are by no means insurmountable… you can use a bucket or a bale of hay and ✈



"Simon says, 'Make like a moose'"

Just a harmless bit of horse-play

"As part of my research, I masturbated wolves and collected their semen"

This is known as 'bashing the little purple fella'

just climb up behind them.

I: And if the horse really objected, would it kick?

Z1: Let me put it to you this way. I don't tie my horses down – if they don't want it they walk away and I say, "Fine, some other night, honey."

I: Just horses?

Z2: Some are into cows, deer… my main interest is dogs, although I have an interest in horses.

Z3: And dolphins…

Z2: And dolphins. There are a lot of people who would consider themselves dolphin zoos, but obviously they will never get the chance to do it.

I: No, I can imagine that would be quite difficult.

Z3: I know one person who loves seals – he's a seal zoo – but again, that is purely fantasy because that person will never get a chance to be with a seal.

Z2: That's what ties us in to furry fandom.

I: Yes, of course.

Z2: It allows us to have these fantasies… I have a very deep interest in wolves. Erm… for a while I thought I would never be able to be intimate with a wolf. I had a chance through scientific research, a genetic and reproductive research programme that I got involved with, where I was able to be intimate with a wolf. Sort of as part of the research, I got to masturbate the male wolves, collect semen from them… I thought I would never be able to do that. I was lucky enough.

I: When one of your dogs dies…

Z2: Yes, it's very traumatic.

I: More so than for normal dog lovers?

Z2: Yeah. I've lost one of my dogs. I used to have three but now I've lost one to old age and it was very traumatic. I cried, I'd lost a lover, it's very difficult.

I: How old were you when you knew this was the thing for you?

Z1: I was about eight. I remember I masturbated a dog, and all I knew at the time was that the dog seemed to enjoy it and it was interesting. And from there it became my big secret thing. I never told anybody until more recently, when I found out there are other people like myself and could actually begin to talk about it.

I: That must have been a source of great strength.

Z1: I talked about the things animals do if they don't want you to have sex with them. If they are in the mood, they react in their species-specific behaviours to indicate that they are ready for that sort of activity. Er, for example, my stallions – they will indicate that by nipping and trying to mount me, etc. It's very obvious when a stallion wants to play with you, so…

I: You can tell when a dog does?

Z1: Yeah – well how many times have you seen a dog come up to somebody and say "I love your leg, I *love* your leg"?

Z3: And that's not the dog saying "I want to play Scrabble"!

Z1: No [*laughs*]. Animals are not like humans – they do not have the conditionings, the barriers to their behaviour that we have put on us by society. It's not unnatural for them, it's just, if it feels good go for it.

Z3: My dog is like that too. He'll just rip my underwear off, and I didn't teach him – I never taught him to do that, or suggested it in any way.

I: Are they all male dogs?

Z2: Yeah.

Z3: We had another friend who had a St Bernard, and each dog has its own personality…

Z1: As horses do…

Z2: There are heterosexual zoos who aren't interested in males. They are male humans who just want female animals.

Z1: It's a sub-section of a spectrum which is within another spectrum.

Z2: Most people, if a dog came up and stuck his nose in your crotch or grabbed your underwear, would turn round and smack the dog. We don't. It's not training, we're just not discouraging that kind of behaviour.

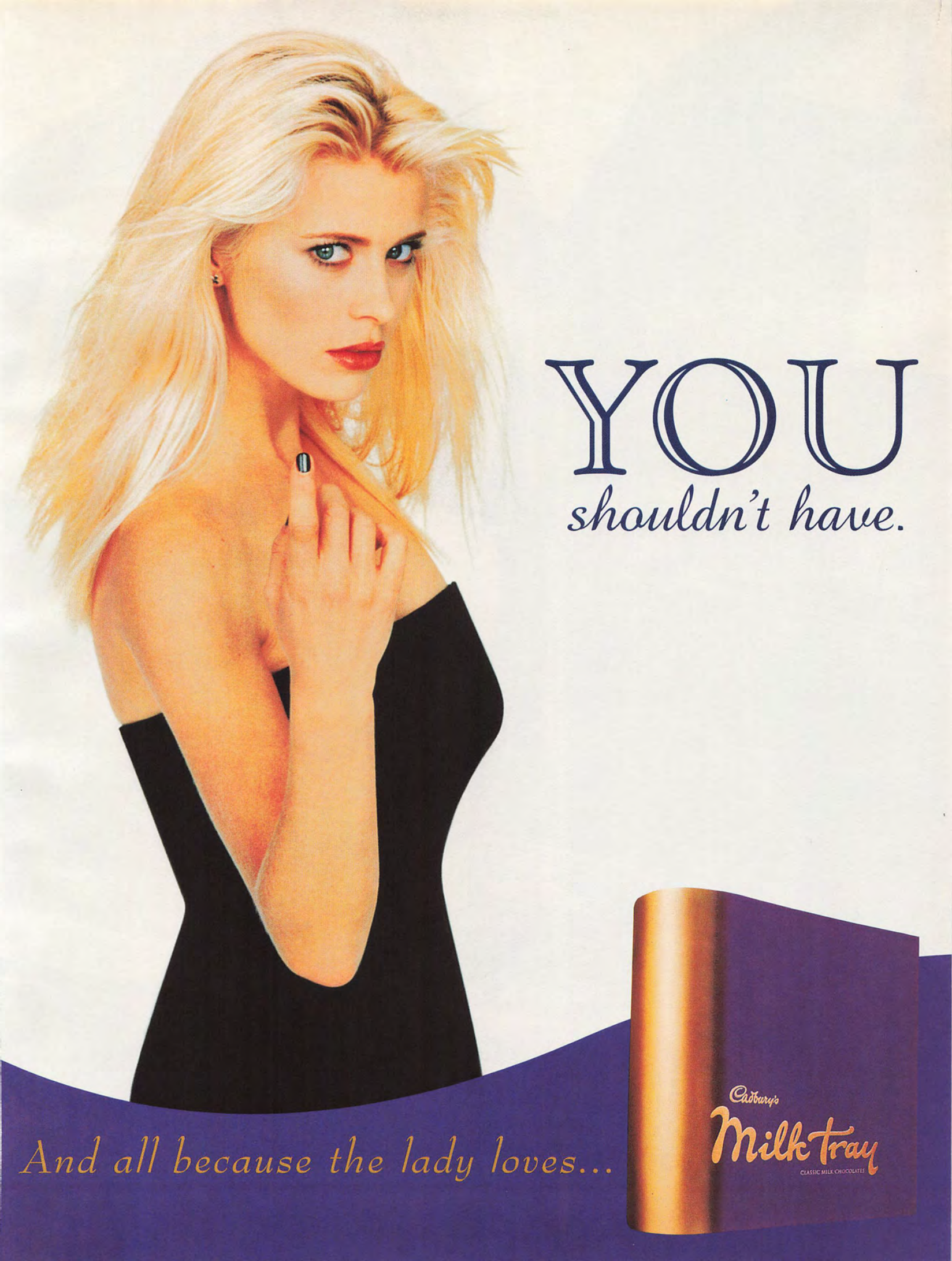
IT WAS THAT KIND OF WEEKEND. I NEVER MADE THE furry wake or the Avian Special Interest Group, or even the 'How to make a body cast with tape' workshop, but I did see a young man in a 'Skunk-Fucker' T-shirt and a dog collar, and fursuits so anxious for media attention they would gatecrash an X-ray. I saw sodomites in Bermuda shorts making high-pitched animal noises and scratching each other. I also heard someone who could pass for a Liberal Democrat MP tell me, "I'm not into the orgy thing, like a 30-person flesh fest, but I'll sometimes go to a friend's house and share dogs." All this against the backdrop of a man doing good business selling ersatz educational videos of animals (including beluga whales, elk and squirrels) having sex ("semen visible"), urinating and, possibly, wearing flesh-coloured tights, and the hotel maintenance department rescuing nine overweight delegates who had made the lift jam between floors (the hotel subsequently changed the lift limit from 10 to eight people). Welcome to a weekend in the dark side of Jim Henson's head. ■

LIFE AS A PLUSHOPHILE

"I'm interested in programming, dragons and cars. Also sex with dragons and sex with cars (but not sex with programming). Other people have leather fetishes or foot fetishes. I have a reptile fetish: herpetophilia. That means I think snakes, dinosaurs and dragons are sexy. I have sex with rubber snakes and stuffed toys of snakes, dragons and dinosaurs. Actually, there is an entire mailing list devoted to having sex with stuffed animal toys."

DEKHYR DRAGON

For further information: http://www.geocities.com/motorcity/speedway/1878/ddplush.html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And all because the lady loves...
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Milk Tray
CLASSIC MILK CHOCOLATES

Peterbilt
I KO

I'M NOT COMING DOWN TILL YOU SHOW ME thumbwithpeck

Chris Eubank, former WBO middleweight champion and Lord of the Manor of Brighton. Lovely truck, by the way

YOU WOULDN'T NEED AN O-LEVEL IN ADVANCED PSYCHOLOGY to work out that Christopher Livingstone Eubank, Brighton's Lord of the Manor, is not in the merriest of moods this morning. There he is, standing outside his swanky mock-Tudor property in Hove, with a face as long as a yard of tripe. He looks well hacked-off, does Lord Eubank. With good reason, as it turns out.

In the early hours of the morning, some sticky-fingered young upstart broke into his garage, smashed a window of his beloved 12-wheel Peterbilt truck ("£175,000 it cost, and worth every penny!" boasts its owner) and committed a burglary. The rotter in question made off with a number of desirable items, including a luxury bath-robe, a few pairs of ludicrously expensive shoes and a pair of signed boxing gloves. But it's not the theft of these particular items that has thrown Eubank into a proper old tantrum. So what precisely is it that has made this former world champion fighter come over so hot and bothered? ✈

words by JON WILDE
photos by JAKE WALTERS

"Oh... oof... I... oof... respect you... Chris"

"Come down and fight, you flying scoundrel"

"The bastard stole my bon-bons," he gripes, pronouncing his words in that familiar fashion which suggests he has taken elocution lessons from the kind of person with a natural propensity for urine extraction. "My strawberry bon-bons!" he splutters. "They weren't content with robbing me of my personal effects. They had to reach into my glove compartment and steal my… confectionery! I feel that my dignity has been seriously denigrated! I have been insolently disrespected!"

At which point, you'd be forgiven for conjuring up an image not normally associated with the great bruisers of the ring – one involving babies, prams and rattles. But there's no time for all that, because 'Lord Eubank' is on the move. "C'mon," he says, "we're going to drive into town. We'll get a new window for the truck." And, perhaps, pick up a new packet of bon-bons on the way? "Of course," he lisps. "Some new bon-bons! C'mon! We have no time to lose."

Away we go. Booming through the streets of Brighton and Hove, with the Lord continually parping his foghorn at passers-by. "Parp!" goes the horn very loudly. And the good people of Brighton and Hove applaud, acknowledging the presence of their very own loveable Lord. Or rather they don't. Because they've watched Eubank ostentatiously driving his truck around more times than they've had hot dinners.

"Fuck off, you spanner!" shouts a man in dreadlocks as His Lordship makes his way past Marks & Sparks. "Fuck off and don't come back!" At which point Eubank turns to me and, without the faintest suggestion of irony, remarks:

PHOTO: ACTION IMAGES

"When people stop showing me their arses and stop calling me a tosspot, then I'll know that I've lost it"

"You see, they love me round these parts. And, furthermore, they love my truck. It's one of the main attractions of coming to Brighton – seeing Chris Eubank driving around in his truck. They look at me, they look at the truck. And they say, 'That is the business! What a man!' The respect the people have for me is… astronomical."

We head towards Brighton's famous Lanes. A middle-aged Big Issue seller stares without expression, takes a drag on his roll-up and yells: "Eubank, you stupid bugger! You're polluting the atmosphere with your horrible truck! Get yourself a moped! You fucking tosser!"

And what does 'Lord Eubank' have to say about that? "If someone called you a tosser," he tells me, "you would take it personally. You would take it as an insult. But it's different for me. What they're actually saying is, 'Mr Eubank, we respect you. We care very much about you.'

"For instance, I'm driving around Brighton last Saturday night. The truck is glimmering. I know it looks extremely handsome. These two fellas, about 21 they were, come out of a pub. They clock me. They clock the truck. They walk into the middle of the road. I stop the truck and put on the headlights. They drop their trousers and give me full moonies. I'm sitting there, watching their bollocks swinging from side to side. Now a lot of people would take that as an insult, but not me. I lean out of the window and say, 'Thank you, lads.

Thank you for your respect. And, by the way, that's a fine pair of arses you've got, if you don't mind me saying so!' By acknowledging my presence, they are paying me respect. When people stop showing me their arses and stop calling me 'tosspot', then I'll know that I have lost it. I will know that people no longer respect me. That will be the beginning of the end."

HE HAS REACHED A CURIOUS STAGE IN HIS career, has Chris Eubank. The man who used to boast that he was 'Simply The Best' is now best known as something other than a boxer, although it is difficult to define what that 'something' actually is. Like Henry Cooper and Frank Bruno before him, Eubank has become one of those vague entities universally known as 'personalities'. Oh, he's a 24-carat cough-drop is Lord Eubank. Dolled up to the nines in his cream whipcord jodhpurs, riding boots and monocle, he's a proper old sight for sore eyes.

Unpredictable behaviour – that's his speciality. "Mad?" he says. "Of course I'm mad! I'm as mad as a hatter! It's fantastic being mad. If I wasn't mad, I'd be normal. What's normal? Normal is boring. Who wants to be boring? Some people would say I am quirky. Some people would say I am preposterous. I would agree."

Eubank has been many things, but he's never been boring. There's never a dull moment when His Lordship is around. It's been that way since he first emerged as a serious contender at the start of the decade. He'd blown in from across the pond after a handful of make-up-the-numbers scraps in Atlantic City, and announced his intention to lick all opposition to a frazzle. Few took notice at first, and he was widely dismissed as just another oddball upstart. Eubank did his best to play up the oddball bit. Or maybe he was simply very odd, and just couldn't help it. After defeating the highly rated Anthony Logan at the Albert Hall, he began to get a bit of a reputation for himself and was recruited by promoter Barry Hearn. In November 1990, he upset the apple-cart by stopping Nigel 'Dark Destroyer' Benn in the ninth to become WBO middleweight champ. It was a memorably vicious bout that left even Eubank's most hardened scoffers having to admit that he could sure fight a bit.

By now he had fully honed his act – entering the arena to Tina Turner's 'Simply The Best' and leapfrogging the ropes before running through his repertoire of fancy showboating moves. That's not to say that, along the way, he wasn't involved in some proper old scruff-ups. There was his 1993 rematch with Benn, which ended in a draw. Then came two memorable encounters with Michael Watson. The first, in June 1991, was won by Eubank on a controversial points decision. The second, in September of that year, proved even more memorable – but for all the wrong reasons.

By the eighth it was clear that Eubank was well behind on points, and would require a sensational KO to get a result. To pull that off, he would have to reach mightily deep into his reserves. Which is precisely what he did in the 11th, pulling out a stupendous right uppercut that sent Watson reeling. "The punch didn't feel special," Eubank said later. "It was just everything I had."

Well, we all know what happened next. Watson went straight to hospital, emerging from a month-long coma to learn he had suffered brain damage and partial paralysis. His life would never be the same. Nor, for that matter, would Eubank's. He would later admit he seriously considered giving up boxing. "A man has been maimed," he said at the time. "There is no joy, no novelty left." ✈

THE LIFE, TIMES, SCRAPES AND SCREW-UPS OF 'LORD EUBANK'

1990: He is given a police bravery award for flooring a robber who ran off with tray of rings from a jeweller's window. "I saw him running off so I gave him a left hook," Eubank explains. "It was my duty as a model citizen."

1991: He is found guilty of assaulting a photographer in Barbados, then fined £10,000 for head-butting Dan Sherry in a WBO middleweight fight. "Sherry called me a cissy," Eubank explains, "and started kissing my ear. I won't stand for that sort of behaviour."

1992: His Range Rover veers out of control on the A23, hitting and killing workman Kevin Lawlor. He is later convicted of careless driving and fined £250.

1993: He is alleged to have careered through a Hove shopping centre on his Harley Davidson, scattering startled shoppers. It is also reported that he has been cautioned by police for jogging along the hard shoulder of the M25.
He wins Best Dressed Man in Britain award for the second year running. "I am flattered," he says. "But I don't need awards to tell me that I am a well-dressed man. In fact, I am probably the best-dressed man in the world."

1994: After a reported run-in with police during a traffic check in London, a charge of using foul and abusive language is withdrawn after Eubank agrees to be bound over for a year to keep the peace to the sum of £750.
He is reported to have adopted a tramp, putting him up in a £1,000-a-night suite at Park Lane's Dorchester Hotel.

1995: Before his rematch with Steve Collins, he remarks that he should not be held responsible if Collins dies in the ring. The British Boxing Board Of Control fine him five grand and tell him to behave himself.
He appears on *The Mrs Merton Show*, seemingly unaware the programme is a spoof. Questions include the classic: "Were you surprised as we all were when Steve Collins came from behind and licked you in the ring?"
On New Year's Eve, he sets off £2,000 worth of fireworks on Brighton Beach – bunching them together in 20s to achieve more spectacular results. In the ensuing chaos, two women are badly burned.
A court is later told that the fireworks "were essentially mortar bombs in a tube".

1996: He presents *Top Of The Pops* for the first and last time. Highlights include a brave attempt to get his tongue around the words "This week, Suggs is at six with Cecilia."
He admits that he regularly pays £120 for a pair of pants. "If there are underpants on sale for £120," he says, "then someone has to buy them. I am simply a victim of capitalism."
He is an invited guest as OJ Simpson speaks at the Oxford Union. He asks Simpson: "How do you feel when you look into the eyes of your children?"
He pays £45,000 at auction for the title Lord Of The Manor Of Brighton, complete with proper feudal rights that include 4,000 herring, three ploughs, three-and-a-half head of cattle and one slave. "I can put the title on my credit card," he says. "This is especially useful in America, where they admire such things."

1997: He announces that he has decided to become a Muslim, telling reporters he wants to be called Hamdan Eubank from now on.
He is fined £1,000 for careless driving after ignoring a red light and scattering pedestrians on a Brighton pelican crossing. He tells the court: "It can't be true. For any public figure to carry on that way is idiotic." Well, quite.
He is involved in a brawl with Prince Naseem Hamed at Heathrow Airport. "He was taunting me and goading me, and I'm afraid he got my goat," admits Eubank, who allegedly hurled Hamed's world championship belts across the floor.
He is spotted in a Brighton supermarket filling up his trolley with strawberry bon-bons. "There is no finer sweet," he declares. "I buy them in bulk – just in case."

"Damn! I forgot to switch on the electrified ropes"

From this point, he never made any secret of his loathing for the ruthless sport that paid for his extravagant lifestyle – £120 underpants, £400 haircuts, £50,000 watches and all. He gave the impression of a person trying to come to terms with the contradiction of wanting to be a good man and having to earn his crust by beating seven shades of shit out of others.

Pinned to the wall of the changing room in his swish home gymnasium is a newspaper cutting which features a large photograph of that punch. Ask him how he feels now about the Watson episode and he looks away, ponders for a full minute and then says: "After that, I lost the killer instinct. But it was OK for that instinct to be lost. Because, at least for a while, I was winning my fights."

For a while it was almost impossible to gauge just how good a boxer he was, such was the mediocrity of his hand-picked opponents – Argentinian barbers and Bolivian taxi-drivers, that kind of thing. "Human stock cubes on the Eubank gravy train," as one pundit put it. Halfway through his £10m, eight-fight Sky deal, it was clear that the train was running out of gravy, and fast. He was no longer a big draw. Those who could be bothered to turn up were waiting for him to lose. He had become boxing's pantomime villain – it was as if the punters were willing him to fall tit over teakettle. Which inevitably he did, losing twice in succession to Steve Collins in 1995. Announcement of His Lordship's retirement soon followed.

As unpredictable as ever, he suddenly declared his intention to become a legendary actor. "I'm taking acting lessons three hours a day," he said. "I could be the black James Bond. I just need a little speech and dental work done." This idea was soon dropped like the proverbial hot spud. As were his plans to become a professional tap-dancer and a full-time university lecturer.

"When I retired," he explains, "I tried numerous things which did not turn out as well as I expected. Then I realised how much I missed boxing. I missed the feeling of being on top. I forgot how much fun it is. Being champion of the world is, make no mistake about it, a fun thing."

His 1996 comeback was not a surprise in itself. The bombshell came with the announcement that he intended to continue his career in the Middle East, where his first bout, in Cairo, was roundly ignored by the media. Eubank, it seemed, was no longer big news. Clearly it was not working out as well as he had hoped. Asked if he intends to fight again in the Middle East, he looks a little cagey. "I will continue to be involved in that area of the world. I have business connections out there. As for my intention to become boxing's first billionaire… perhaps I was being a little optimistic when I said that. But, as they say, aim for the stars and you may fall on top of the tree." Or flat on your arse like a winded mule. As he did, twice, during his British comeback fight with Joe Calzaghe in October of last year. A defeat which, according to Eubank, taught him many things – including, unlikely as it may seem, the value of humility.

"People might say that I am a person who lacks humility," says Eubank. "But this is not true. I have never been ill-mannered, over-confident or arrogant. You might well laugh. But if I have ever appeared to be any of those things, it was only part of the Chris Eubank performance. That's not to say that there's anything untrue about me. If I act a certain way or dress in a particular style, I do those things to please myself. Like the aristocratic look that I am fond of – I didn't aim to create a look that would achieve maximum attention. It's just that I am a refined person and I like to look refined."

Well, 'refined' would be one word to describe his taste in clobber. With all due respect to the man, 'bloody ludicrous' would be another way of putting it…

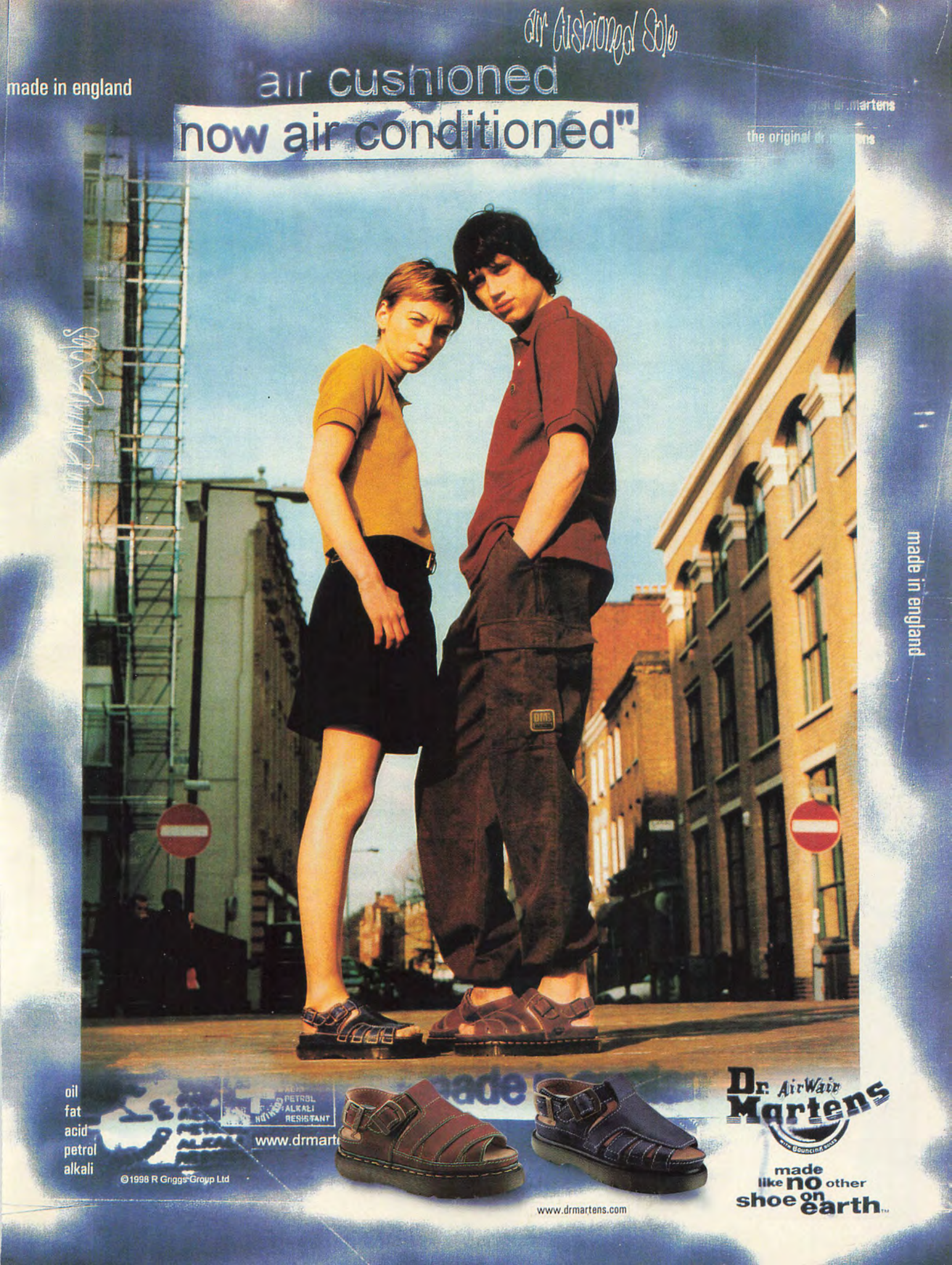
"What you're trying to say is that I'm subtle. Being subtle is a matter of having the right amount of style. You must know how to be reserved. These are, of course, quintessential English qualities."

And Eubank is, of course, the quintessential English gent. Or at least the sort of bloke whose notion of Englishness appears to have been cobbled together from a Terry-Thomas flick. Which, as it happens, is right on the money. "Terry-Thomas!" he exclaims. "There is no better man! To me, Terry-Thomas represents everything that is good about England. He is a gentleman. But he is also a cad. Now, I'm not a cad. I might, on occasions, be a bit of a bounder. But that's as far as it goes."

"Mad!?" he says. "Of course I'm mad! I'm as mad as a hatter! It's fantastic being mad"

It's mid-morning, and Lord Eubank and his truck have run into a spot of bother. While attempting to negotiate Brighton's Lanes (an area more suited to bicycles and scooters than huge American trucks), he has managed to get himself stuck. Well and truly gulched. For the time being, he amuses himself by waving at passers-by through his broken window. He's spotted by an old gypsy woman, who offers him a sprig of lucky heather. Eubank politely declines. "Bugger off then," says the gypsy lady. Then the rozzers arrive and charge him with four traffic offences. "The police admire me," says Eubank. "And they admire my truck. The pleasure it brings to people is immeasurable."

Later, back at his home, I ask him if he's ever considered that people might be laughing at him, rather than with him. Looking a little hurt, he says: "I think I am a greatly misunderstood man. I used to think I was after the big house, the expensive holidays, the flash car… but I've come to learn that it's all bollocks, that material stuff. All I want is for the man in the street to pat me on the back and say, 'Mr Eubank, you are a jolly good fellow. Top of the range. An alright geezer.' Now that's starting to happen. People are starting to show me respect, but only since I started losing fights. Now they can't get enough of me. They love me. They really do." ■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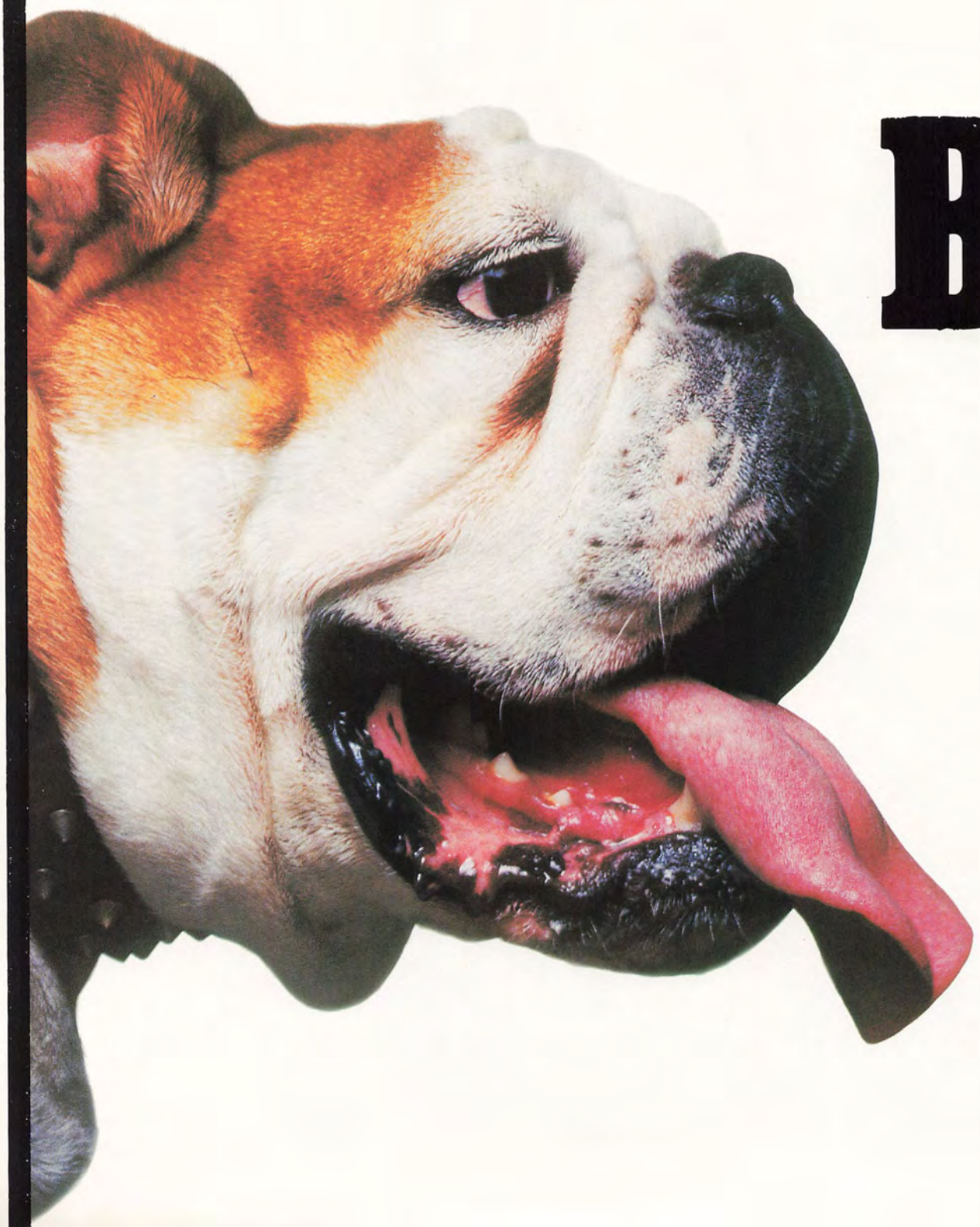

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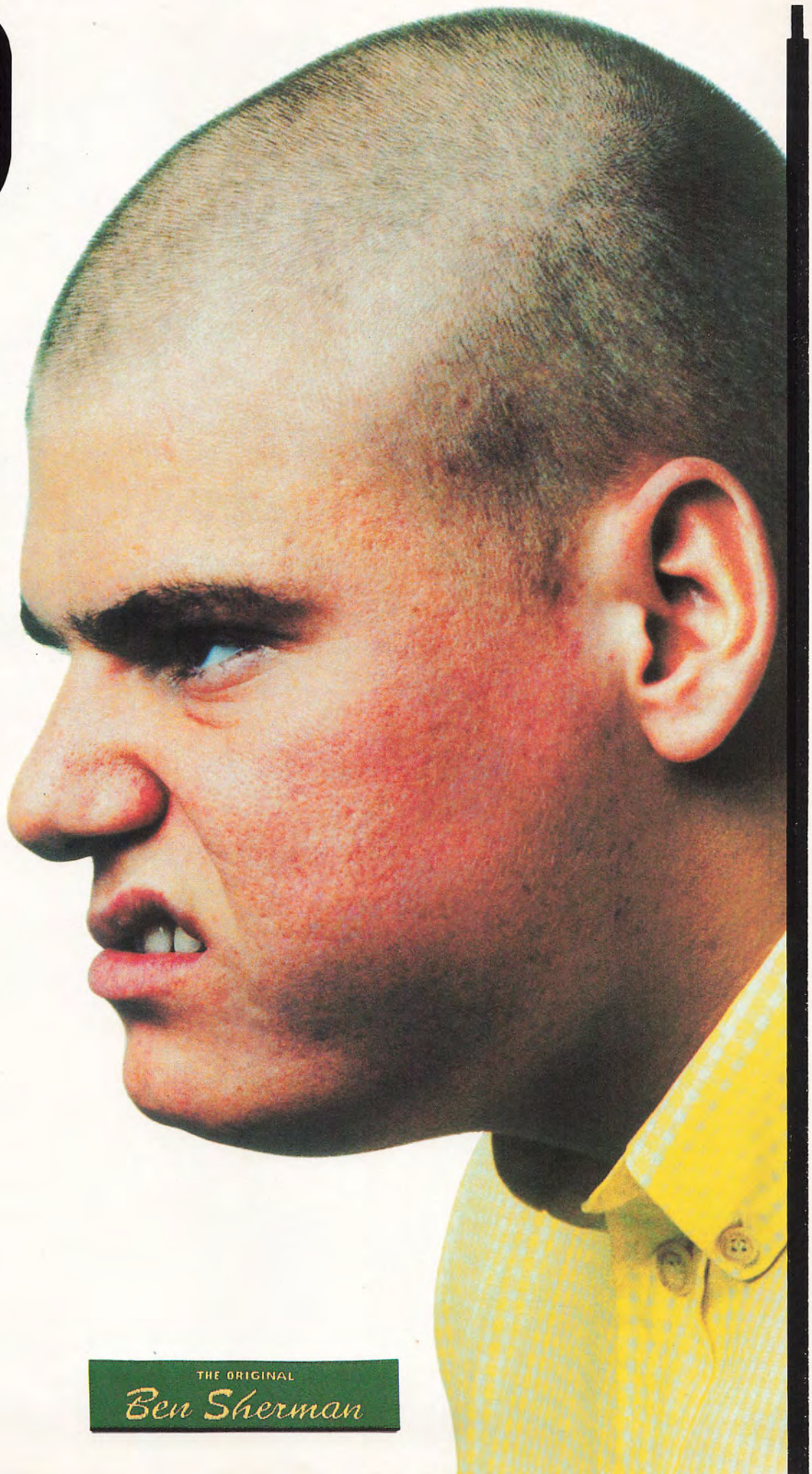

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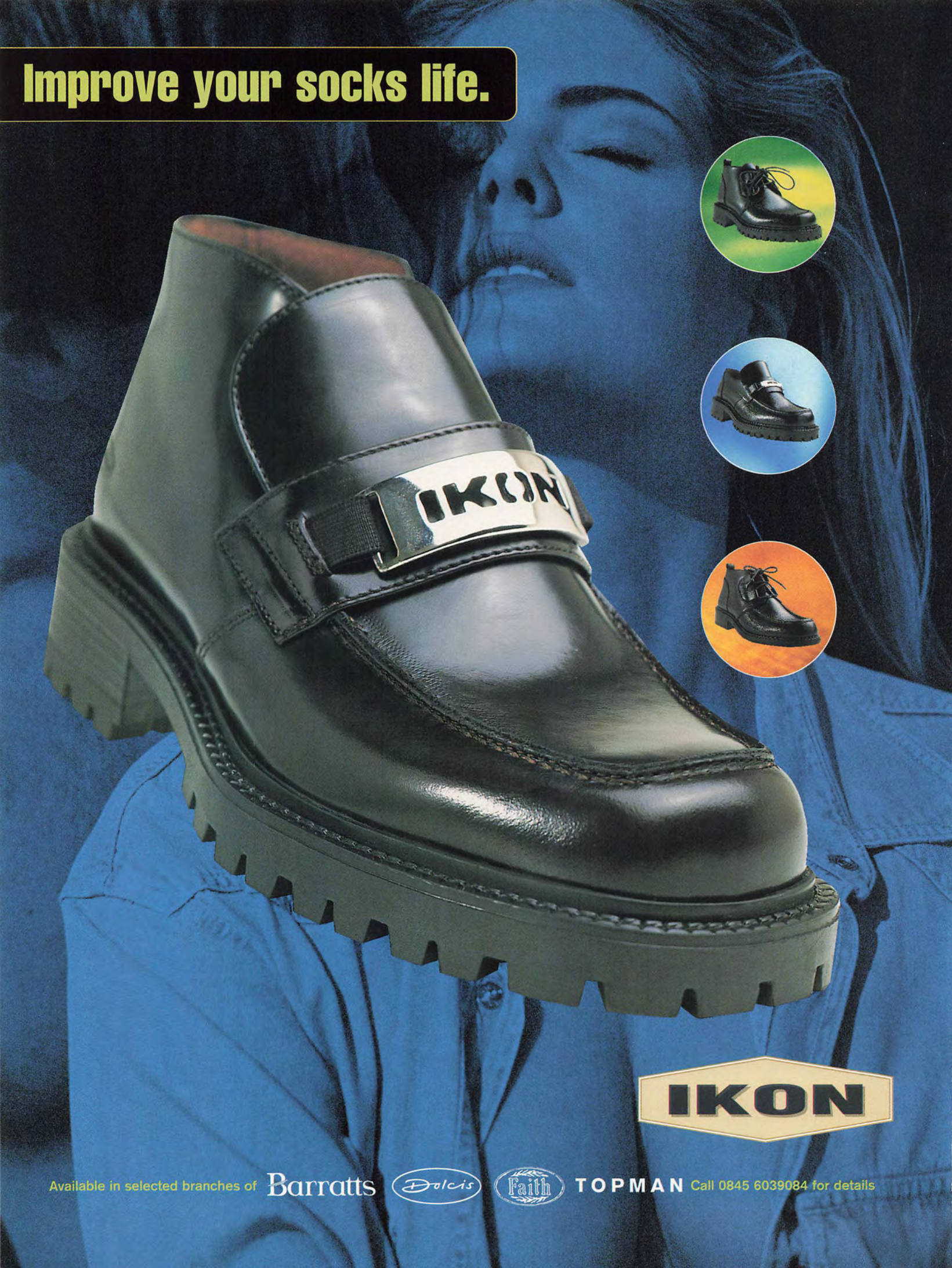

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Mission Statement:

"Mass Happening"

r lost time. What he lacks in agility he makes up in sheer bulk.
rner, but then most corners seem tight when you're 28 stone.

SKINK

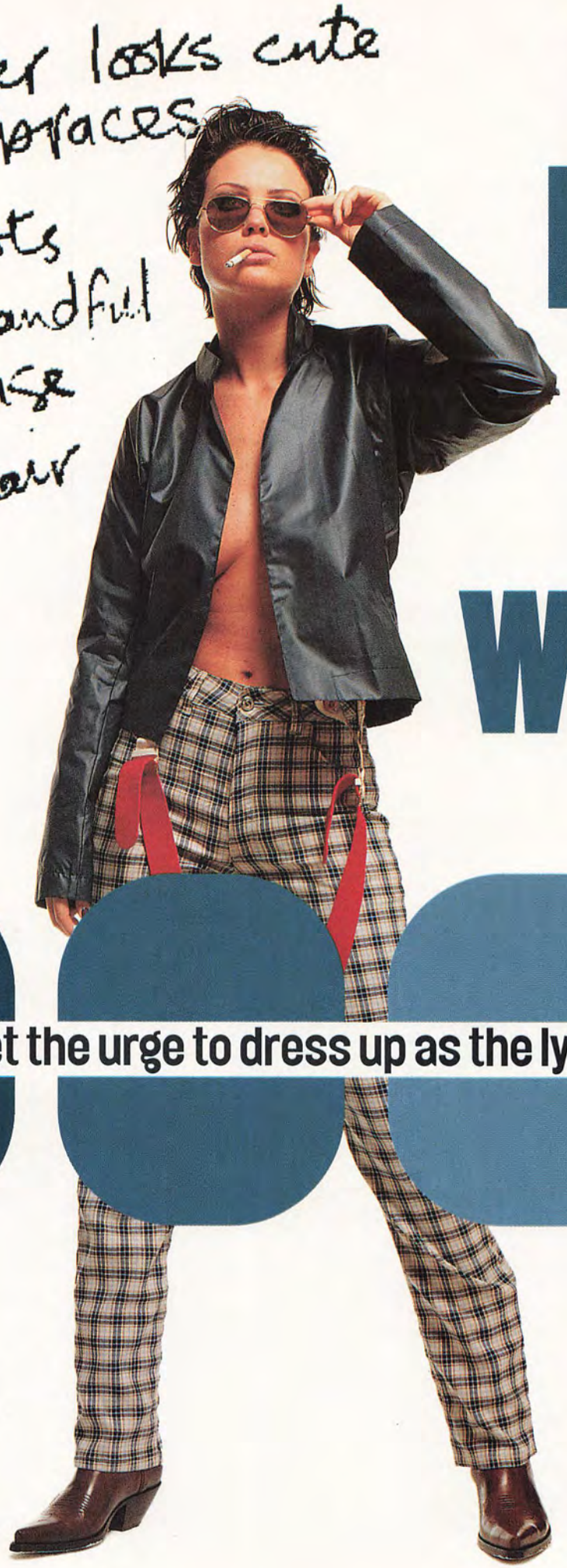
Mission Statement:

"Oi, nuttah!"

Skink has his own place in th
Everything he does is motivate
takes every opportunity to incr
pain is, just ask him if it's true

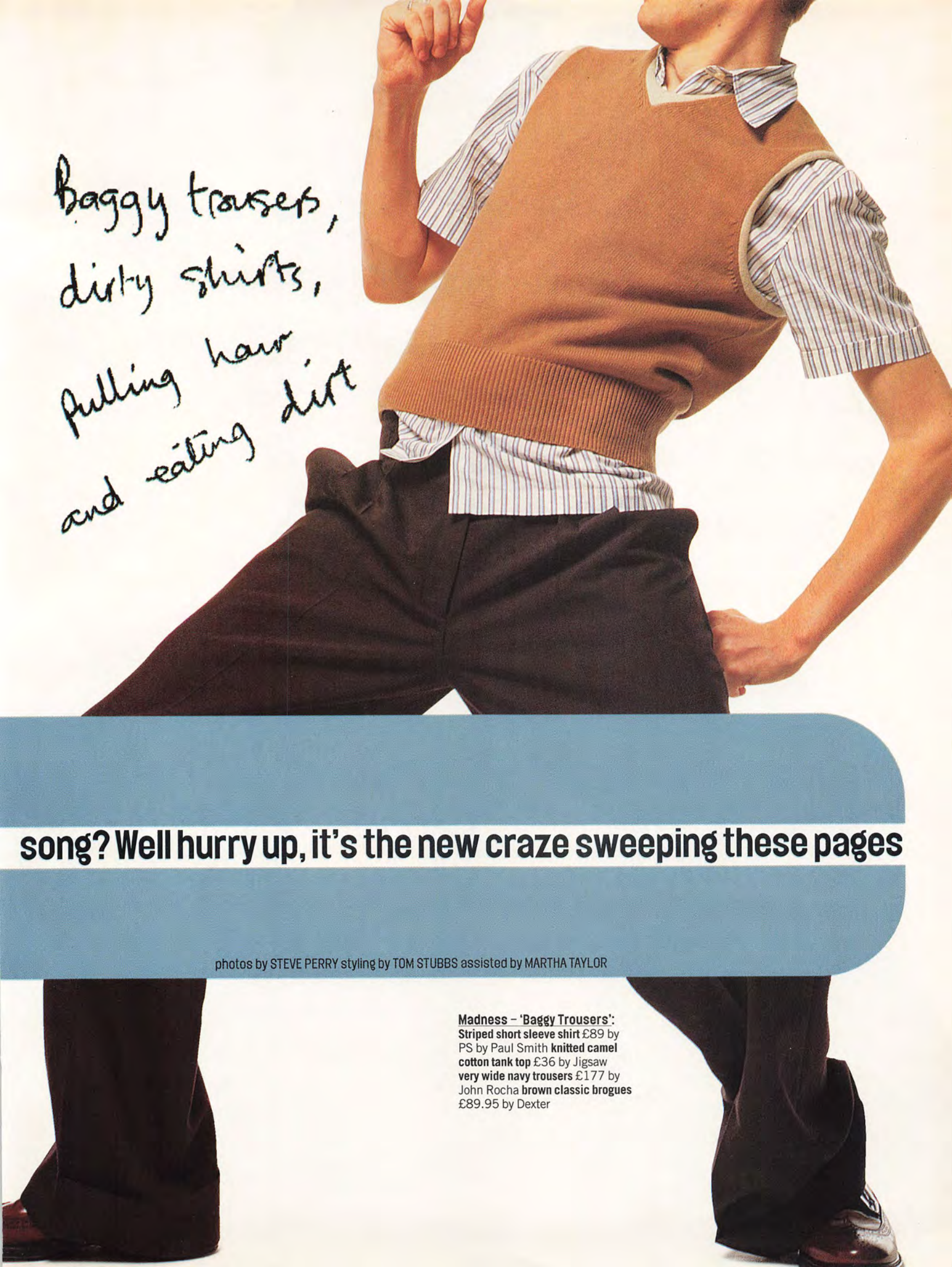
TRAP
WRAPZ
Mission Statement:
"Sorted!", "You know the score"
RAZOR
Mission Statement:
"I'm the leader,
got a problem?"
BE AWARE
U.K Enquiries: 07000 Firetrap, 07000 3473 8727
http://www.firetrap.co.uk

YOU HUM IT I'LL WEAR IT



Do you ever get the urge to dress up as the lyrics to a favourite

Elton John – 'Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting': **Gold sunglasses** £59.99 by Katharine Hamnett **petrol blue jacket** £243 by Owen Gaster **red braces** £49 by Hackett **stretch check jeans** £95 by Katharine Hamnett Denim **brown high-heeled cowboy boots** £130 by R Soles



song? Well hurry up, it's the new craze sweeping these pages

photos by STEVE PERRY styling by TOM STUBBS assisted by MARTHA TAYLOR

Madness – 'Baggy Trousers':
Striped short sleeve shirt £89 by PS by Paul Smith **knitted camel cotton tank top** £36 by Jigsaw **very wide navy trousers** £177 by John Rocha **brown classic brogues** £89.95 by Dexter

Here he comes, he's all dressed in Black, heeled shoes and a Big straw hat

Velvet Underground – 'I'm Waiting For The Man':
Big straw hat £145 by Lucy Barlow **mirror aviator-style sunglasses** £98 by Cutler and Gross **black shirt and tie combo** £45 by Farah **black zip leather jacket** £350 by Diesel **silver star ring** £110 by Johnny Rocket **black one pleat trousers** £90 by French Connection
dark burgundy hi-shine shoes £185 by Costume National Homme

Don't need no skintight in my wardrobe today, fold them all up and put them away. Got to be loose fit... got to be a loose fit... go on do your bit.

Massive Attack – 'Five Man Army':
Silver choker £196 by Stephen Einhorn **pink, blue and white stripe top** £62 by Iceberg Jeans **white leather bomber** £220 by Red Or Dead **diamante trim jeans** £230 to order by Katharine Hamnett **burgundy shopping bag** £45 by Antoni and Alison **white spike heels** £69 by Red Or Dead

Happy Mondays – 'Loose Fit':
Navy hooded jacket with reflective sleeve stripe £80 by Schott **grey marl sweat with draw string bottom** £55 by R Newbold **white jeans** £31 by Lee Rider **brown suede cross trainers** £129 by Victor Victoria

Trendy Wendy, you know what that means, hanging around with the girl who's rolling up her jeans

I would go out tonight but I havent got a stitch to wear

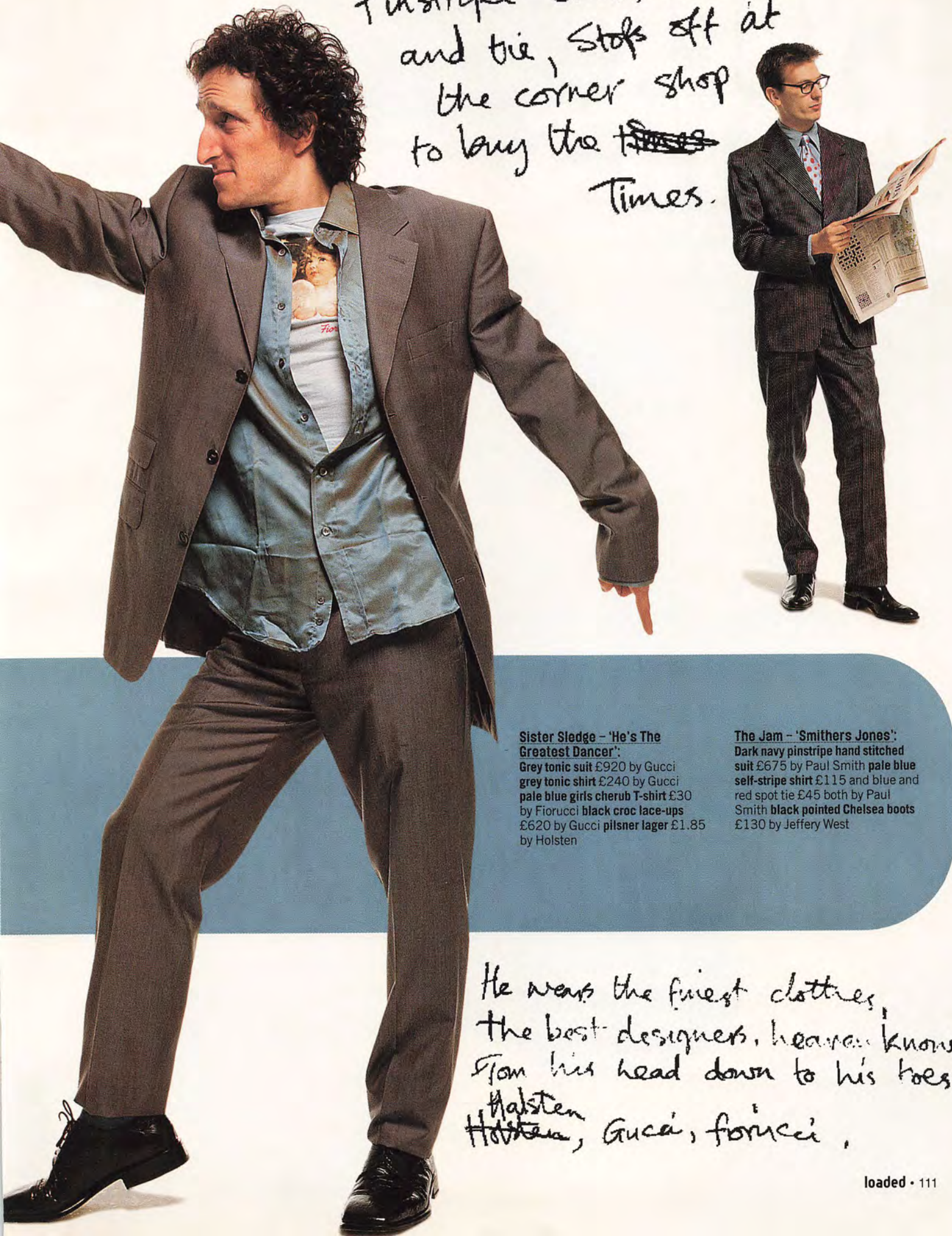
The Smiths – 'This Charming Man':
Taupe boxers with red boxes £30 and **heel and toe sox** £10 both by Paul Smith

Beastie Boys – 'B-Boys Makin' With The Freak Freak':
Cream sunglasses £99 by Calvin Klein **green short sleeve check shirt** £94 and **khaki hat** £22 both by Lacoste **blue and black argyle pattern tank top** £65 by J Lindeberg **khaki combats** £55 by Schott **red and white trainers** £69.99 by Diesel

I've got the funky fly golf wear from head to toe

HAIR & MAKE-UP BY KATHARINE ROSS; MODELS: TINA LA COUR AT NEVS, JOHN K & JOHN P

Pinstripe suit, blue shirt and tie, Stops off at the corner shop to buy the ~~Times~~ Times.



Sister Sledge – 'He's The Greatest Dancer':
Grey tonic suit £920 by Gucci **grey tonic shirt** £240 by Gucci **pale blue girls cherub T-shirt** £30 by Fiorucci **black croc lace-ups** £620 by Gucci **pilsner lager** £1.85 by Holsten

The Jam – 'Smithers Jones':
Dark navy pinstripe hand stitched suit £675 by Paul Smith **pale blue self-stripe shirt** £115 and blue and red spot tie £45 both by Paul Smith **black pointed Chelsea boots** £130 by Jeffery West

He wears the finest clothes, the best designers, heaven knows. From his head down to his toes. ~~Holsten~~ Halsten, Gucci, Fiorucci.

CYBER PASTIES

Potty trainers from the shoe shop at the end of the universe

Yellow and purple **Nike Air Telaria** £80.
Black and white **Hi-tec Piranhas** £39.99.
Orange **Adidas Falcons** £39.99.

photos by DAVE BURTON
story by MARTHA TAYLOR

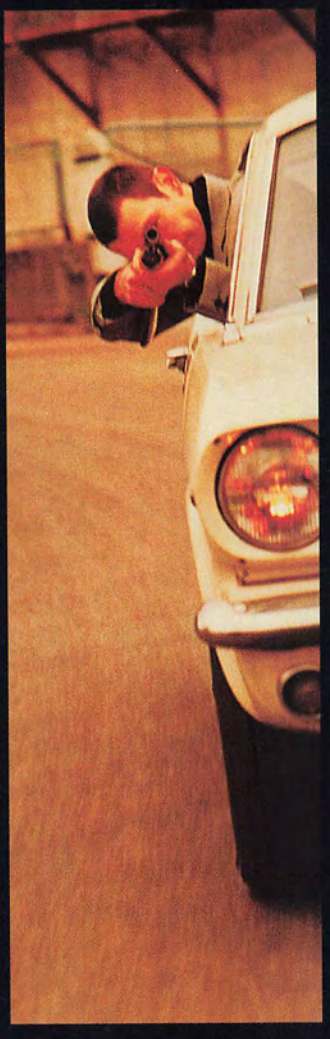
Red, black and silver
Nike Air Terra Kimba £55.
Fluro yellow and black
Reebok Opus 3DF £100.
Red, black and yellow
Reebok Instapumps £100.
White, blue and black
Adidas Equipment Solution £89.99.

THE *Thomas*

LE MANS POW CAMP, 1968: TYCOON COP STEVE MCQUEEN HAS

Green polo-neck £55 from The Duffer Of St George **checked trousers** £60 from Duffer Of St George **black suede Chukka boots** £69.99 from Robot

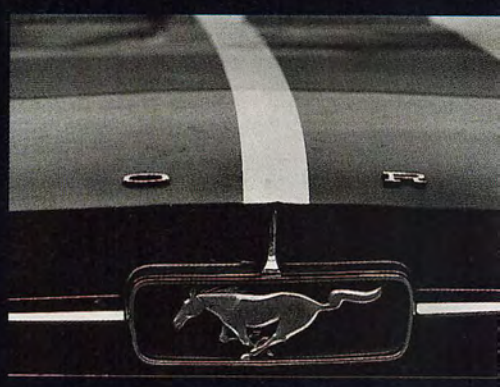
Black polo-neck £55 from The Duffer Of St George **black and white check suit** £579 from Aquascutum



Bullitt ESCAPE

Just 24 Hours To Save His Wardrobe And Win The Race

photos by MAX JOURDAN styling by DAVE CARROL assisted by MARTHA TAYLOR model CHRIS RUSSELL



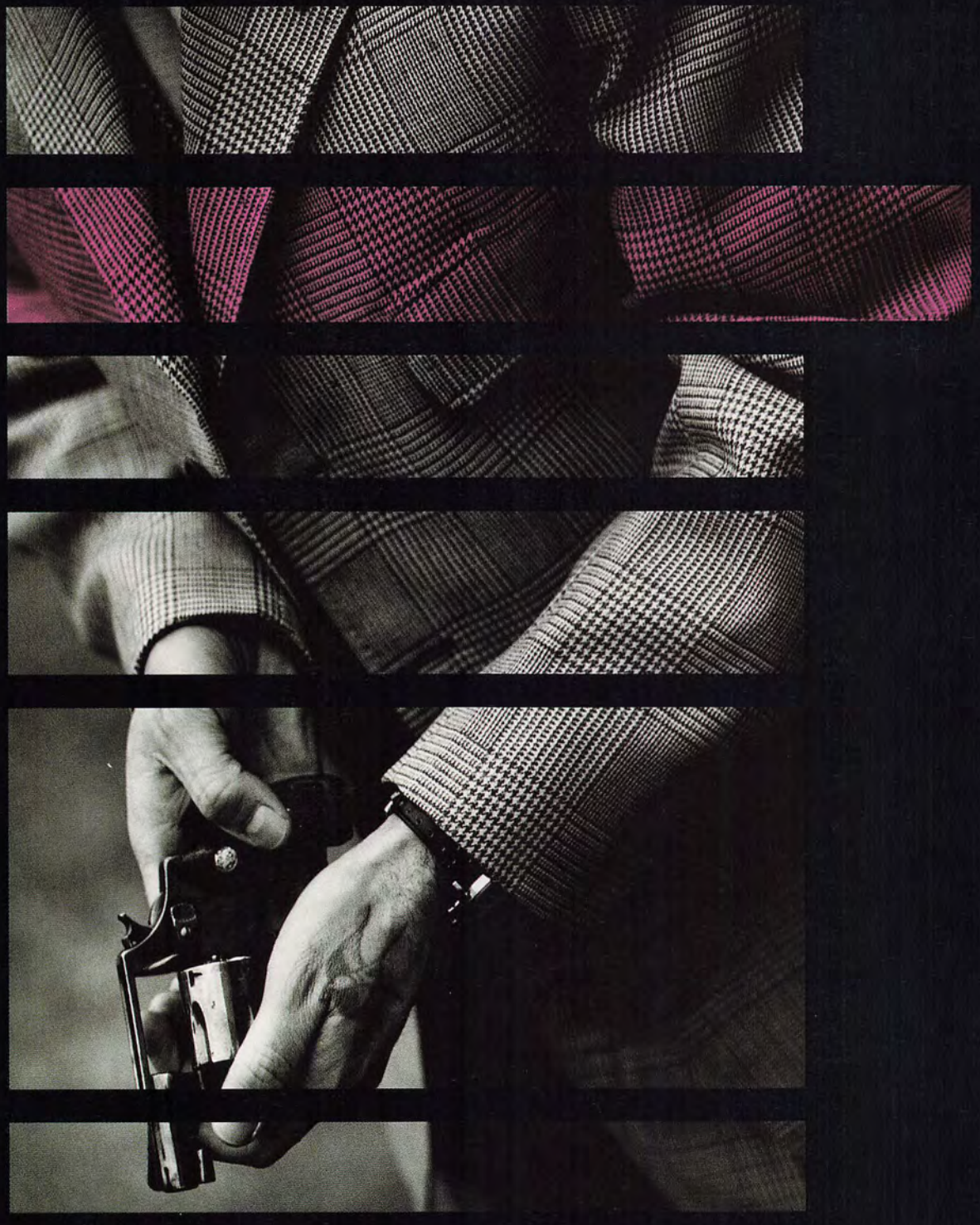
White racing style jacket £275 from Iceberg **white crash helmet** £450 **red racing boots** £75.85 and **red racing gloves** £40.62 from Dread **white racing outfit** £30 from Camden Market

Electric blue racing style jacket £70 from French Connection

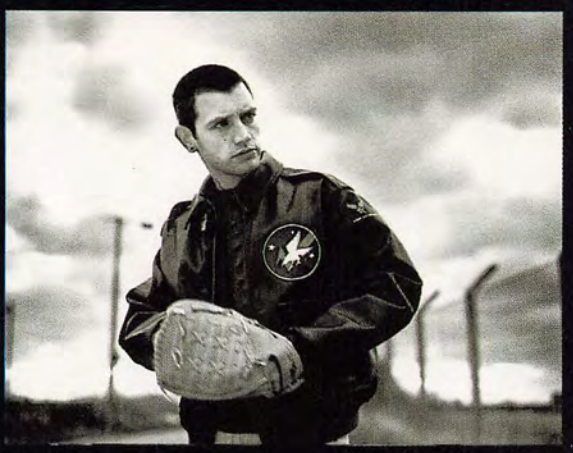
Tag Heuer Carrera watch £1,495 from Watches Of Switzerland and **red racing gloves** as before

White racing outfit as before **white polo-neck** £45 from Duffer Of St George **white crash helmet** as before

Green polo-neck as before
beige suedette trousers £185
by John Rocha **brown suede**
wallabees £59.99 from Office
fawn mac £425 from
Aquascutum

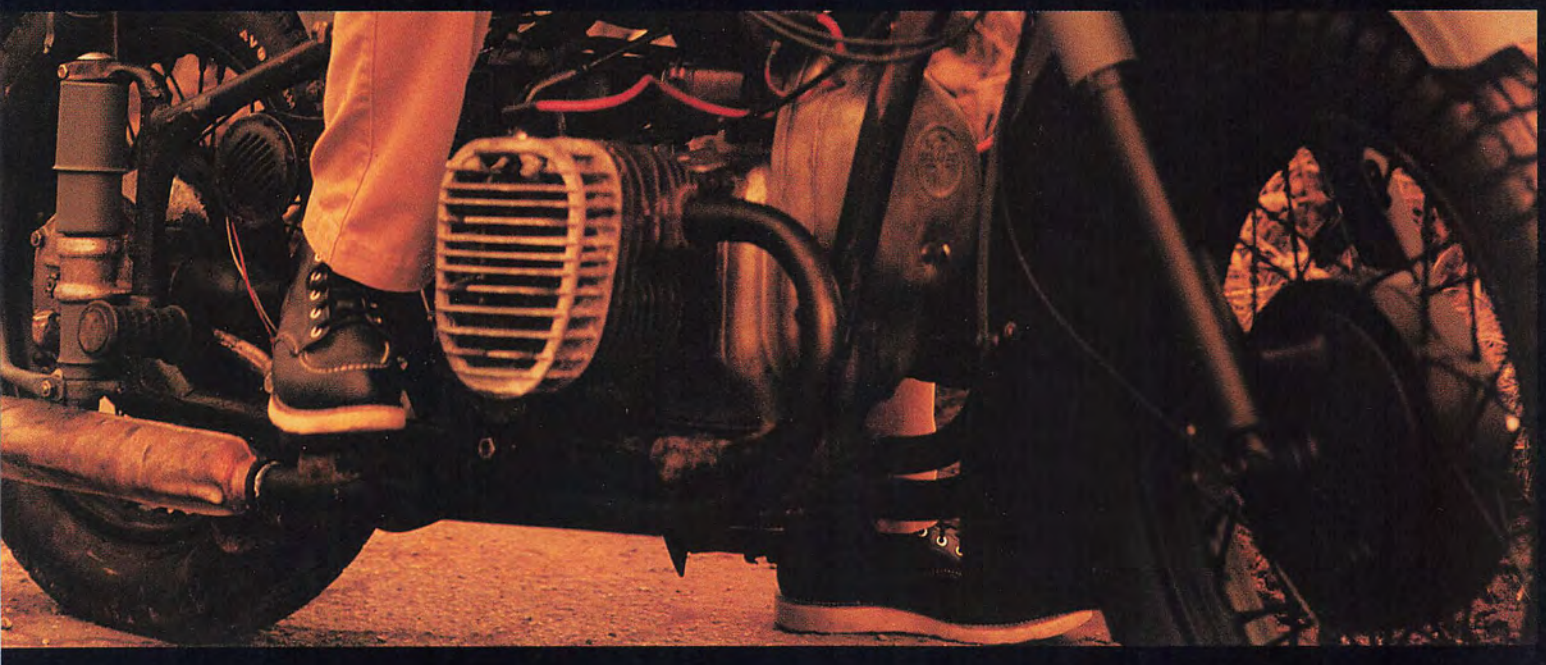


White polo-neck £45 from The Duffer Of St George **vintage three-piece suit** £30 from under canopy at Portobello Market **Tag Heuer Carrera watch** as before



Flat-front chinos £38 from Gap
sweatshirt £29 from The Original Levi Store **Irish setter redwing boots** £170 from American Classics

Leather 1931-A2 flying jacket £540 (with paint) & £400 (without paint) from American Classics
beige docker trousers £45 by Levi's
Redwing boots as before



FREE

GUERRILLA SUITS

Freedom fighters today, eh? As guilty of crimes against fashion as they are of slaying people in large numbers. loaded called in the special branch of style

words by BILL BORROWS from an idea by BETH SUMMERS

OF COURSE, THESE DAYS ANY CRETIN CAN COME UP WITH a three or four letter acronym and, just by phoning a newspaper or television studio, claim responsibility for some outrage or other without the inconvenience of actually having to orchestrate a campaign of violence. The publicity shots will invariably feature three blokes standing in a suburban sitting-room wearing Balaclavas and some mainstream brand of casual leisurewear.

No more customised military clothing, sunglasses or articles of genuine terrorist pretension, just a plain Balaclava.

No more political slogans screen-printed onto T-shirts, no more 'Power to the People', 'Viva Zapata' or Black Power salutes. No more Angry Brigades or Red Brigades. Not even the odd Really Quite Unhappy Brigade. Just unremarkable men in early middle age, dressed like fat children prone to earache. If Che Guevara had dressed like that, do you think young men and women would have stuck his poster on their walls right through the 1960s? Would Hollywood be in the process of making two films about his life? The life of a man who, when all is said and done, was the Cuban Minister for Industry and failed even to secure a revolution in Bolivia… It's a symptom of the times. From today's perspective, Baader-Meinhof sounds less like a German anarchist terror organisation and more like a hip advertising agency.

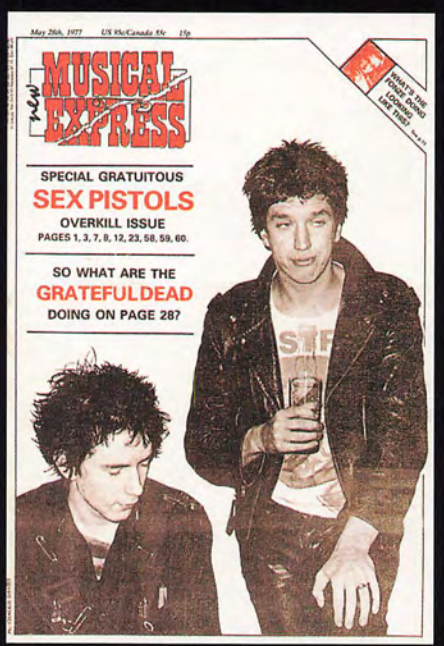
Take Carlos the Jackal, formerly 'The World's Most Wanted Man'. Remember his picture, once a fixture on *News At Ten*? The black hair, the air of invulnerability, the sunglasses… oh, the sunglasses – like Reactolite Rapide coasters but carried off with absolute élan. He was a style icon. And then he was apprehended, put on trial and reverted to an alarming cross between an enthusiastically homosexual theatre critic and a portly florist from Roehampton. It would be no surprise to find the sunglasses hanging on a diamante chain around his neck. All a far cry from the days when hijackings were so common that people who wanted a cheap holiday used to buy an economy ticket from Stansted to Glasgow and pack for Rio or North Africa.

There were – and this still stands as something of a record – four planes hijacked on one day in September 1970. Cabin crew became adept at identifying potential ✈

PHOTO: CORBIS

FEB 4. 1955

JUNE 3. 1967


May 28th, 1977
new MUSICAL EXPRESS
WHAT'S THE GRATEFUL DEAD LOOKING LIKE THESE DAYS
SPECIAL GRATUITOUS
SEX PISTOLS
OVERKILL ISSUE
PAGES 1, 3, 7, 8, 12, 23, 58, 59, 60.
SO WHAT ARE THE
GRATEFUL DEAD
DOING ON PAGE 28?

MAY 28. 1977

APRIL 16. 1994

JULY 12. 1997

MARCH 21. 1998

THE SENSIBLE HIJACKER REQUIRED LIGHT FABRICS AND A SPARE PAIR OF TROUSERS

hijackers: typically, three or four men sporting some manner of untrimmed facial hair and sunglasses, sitting in aisle seats ("Would that be smoking, non-smoking or terrorist, sir?") with brown leather briefcases, attempting to pass themselves off as businessmen. They would, of course, be accompanied by one glamorous, usually blonde, female accomplice dressed in a white canvas shirt with a plunging neck-line and a silk headscarf tied round the neck at a non-conformist angle. More often than not, the passengers ended up sat in a plane on an airport runway in the Middle East for five days before being shot by over-zealous law enforcement agents. For the sensible hijacker this would mean light, breathable fabrics under a linen jacket and a spare pair of trousers in the briefcase (obviously made from a non-creasable material).

But, as the '70s got into full swing, hijacking became passé, and attention switched to the street, where it has remained ever since. The street offered greater potential for fully accessorised and co-ordinated demonstrations of strength and, frankly, was a lot less risky than trying to steal a Boeing 747. The leaders in this field were the Black Panthers, the first ever direct-action political movement to restrict membership to people who looked good in a black polo-neck and beret. Reclaiming the leather jacket from the SS and twinning it with (usually) shades, beret and a thin trouser, a four-abreast march through Oakland with the sharpest cadres to the fore made more of a style statement than, say, 25 sweaty Klansmen stood in the middle of a field wearing duvet covers and pointy white hats.

The Angry Brigade, presumably also seething at being left behind in the fashion stakes, also operated in an urban setting but, unlike the Panthers, did not opt for ✈

From badass jackal (left) to big jessie (above): how could you, Carlos?

PHOTOS: FRANK SPOONER/ GETTY IMAGES/ CORBIS/ RONALD GRANT

co-ordinated dress or even any semblance of a uniform. Keen not to embrace the dress strictures of the breadheads and establishment filth, the Angries went for what is often called self-expression, but is more usually recognised as 'can't be arsed ironing a shirt'. Consequently, an Angry Brigade demonstration in the early 1970s often resembled the chance collision of several hundred geography teachers and a coachload of young women on the way to a Joan Baez concert. The Irish Republican Army of the time sensibly took their cue from the Panthers.

For public appearances such as funerals or demonstrations, the IRA favoured either the classic sunglasses/beret combination with the Western European addition of over-long sideburns, or full military camouflage with beret and Balaclava. The Balaclava was a response to the Government making membership of the organisation a criminal offence. There are no recorded pictures of a member of the IRA in Balaclava, beret and shades, but that's not to say they didn't try it out before leaving the house then sensibly discard it as an option. The Loyalist paramilitaries, almost from the beginning, adopted the Balaclava, but with one vital difference. Whereas the IRA tended to favour the knitted look, the UDA and the UVF went for the (some would argue) more stylish variety: a thick denier ladies' stocking over the head, knotted or held in place with a piece of string. Technically speaking, a hood.

There are no sartorial benchmarks today. The Palestinians should be singled out for keeping the romantic and evocative red or black headscarf made famous by their predecessors, but by and large, despite the growing number of political and religious terrorist organisations, everyone seems to be dressing down. Balaclavas are, alas, de rigeur. Terrorism is increasingly anonymous and fronted by suits from political wings, and the only people on the streets appear to be eco-terrorists, a malodorous group of colour-blind, middle-class scumbags so thoroughly unglamorous as to make the Angry Brigade look like the inspiration for several Spring/Summer collections. You wouldn't have caught the Panthers living in tunnels and chaining themselves to trees. Not in a new three-quarter length leather coat and lizard-skin shoes anyway. ◧

"I think one eye-hole's bigger than the other, Mum."

"You there! Straighten that beret"

PHOTOS: GETTY IMAGES/ CORBIS

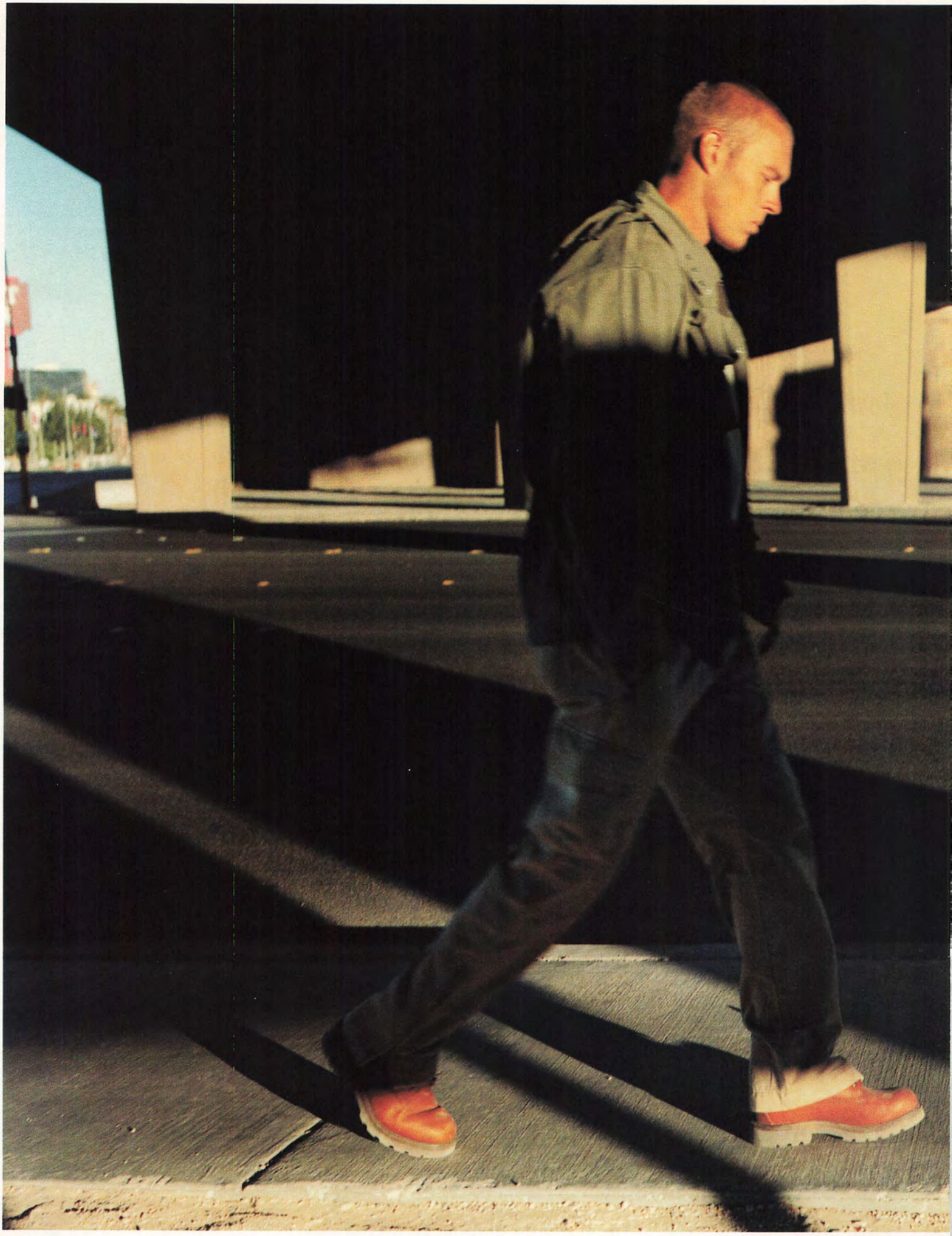
'70S ANGRY BRIGADE RALLIES RESEMBLED SEVERAL HUNDRED GEOGRAPHY TEACHERS

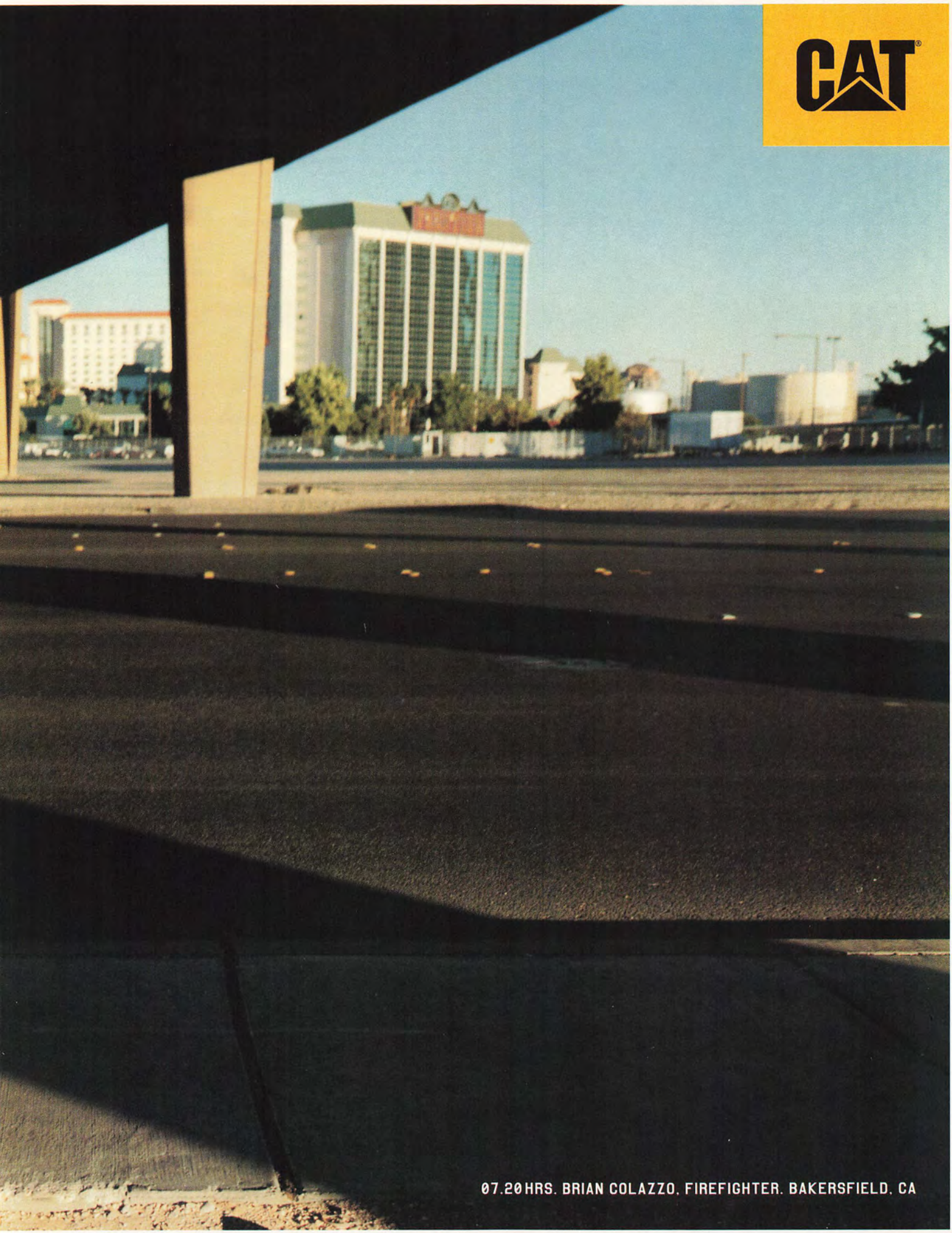
The Casual Brigade favoured the sports jacket and slacks look

One-handed Juan gets sentry duty again

"Are you sure your sister washed these tights?"

SPEED
LIMIT
25
CAT
WE SHAPE THE THINGS WE BUILD.
THEREAFTER THEY SHAPE US.™

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loaded

'EVIL MIDGETS STOLE MY SKIRT!' HOWLS DONNA AIR

PLUS:

Famke Janssen wrestles a giant squid, Eddie Irvine burns rubber, loaded dresses up as a World Cup chicken, Orbital bow before John Barry, fools take hot & cold naked holidays, The Coen Brothers direct John Goodman, Page & Plant get together in Turkey and father of horror Edgar Allan Poe gets dug up

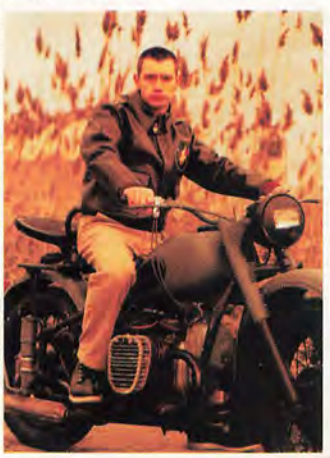
ON SALE WEDNESDAY 8 APRIL

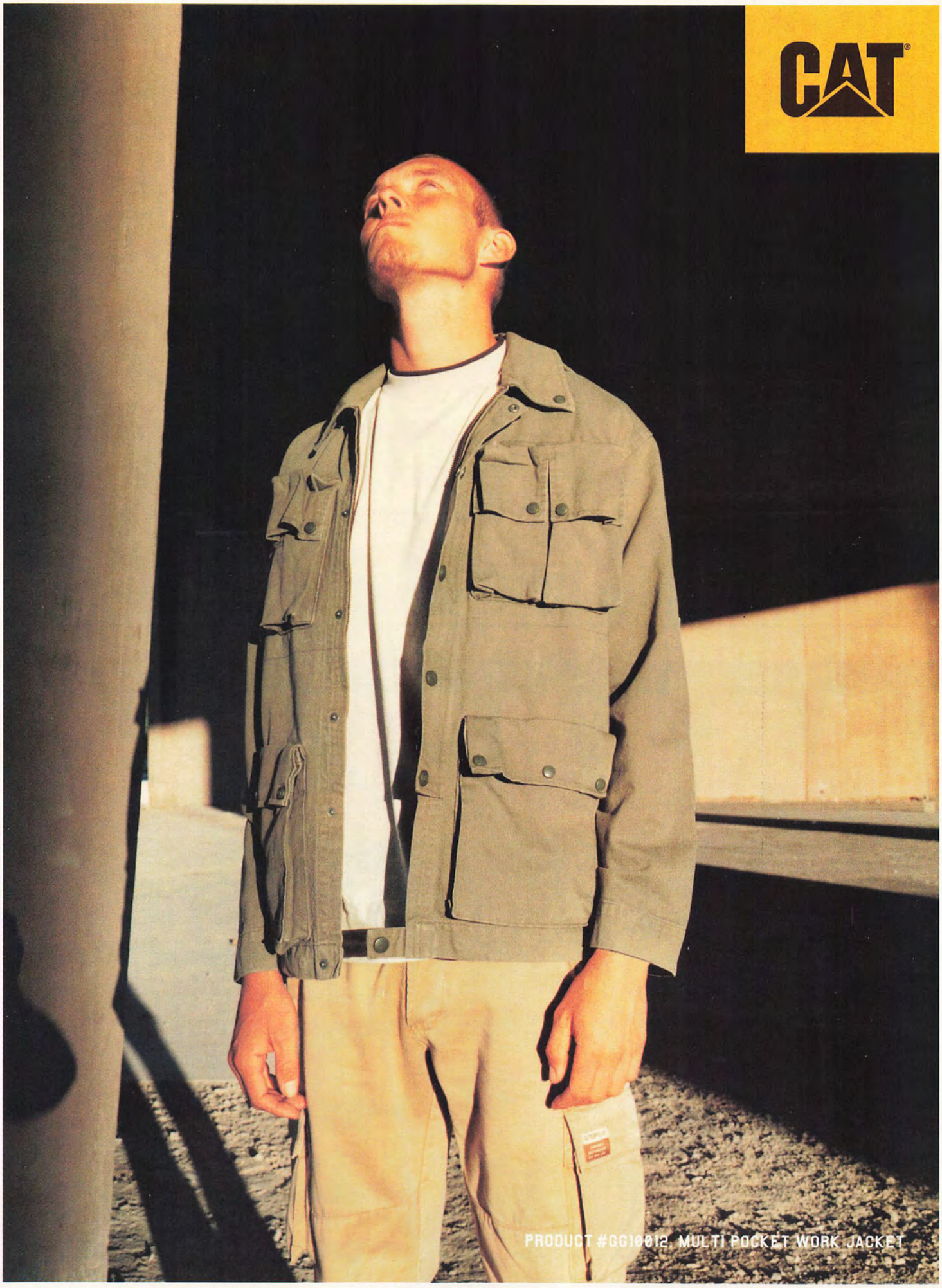
STOCKISTS

LYRICAL STOCKISTS (from page 106)
Antoni and Alison 43 Rosebury Avenue, London WC1; Geese ,Manchester; Harley Clothing, Aberdeen **Calvin Klein** from opticans and dept stores nationwide. Enq 0800 722020 **Costume National Homme** from Oliver Sweeney Shoes in Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, London SW1 and Briggate, Leeds **Cutler and Gross** 16 Knightsbridge Green, London SW1; House Of Fraser Shops nationwide. Enq 0171 5812250 **Dexter** from the Natural Shoe Store, 21 Neal St, Covent Garden, London WC2 and 22 Princes Square, Glasgow. Enq 0171 836 5254 **Diesel** 43 Earlham St, London WC2; Lower Temple St, Birmingham; The Spires, Fisherwick Place, Belfast and selected House of Fraser stores nationwide. Enq 0171 833 2255 **Farah** from Way-In at Harrods, Knightsbridge, London SW1; Pilot, 36 Silver St, Leicester; Psyche, 201-203 Linthorpe Rd, Middlesbrough. Enq 01376 502345 **Fiorucci** from Selfridges, 400 Oxford St, London W1; Accent, Queens Arcade, Leeds; Wade Smith, Matthew St, Liverpool. Enq 0171 839 4455 **Gucci** 18 Sloane St, London SW3. Enq 0171 235 6707 **Hackett** shop 137 Sloane St, London SW1; Enq 0171 730 3331 **Iceberg Jeans** Selfridges, 400 Oxford St, London W1; Authentique, 19 Queen Victoria St, Leeds; Solo Donna, 37 Great Western Arcade, Birmingham. Enq 0171 7246777 **J Lindeberg** from Jones, Floral St, Covent Garden, London WC2; Autograph, 15 Ethel St, Birmingham. Enq 0171 734 9222 **Jeffery West** from Liberty's, Regent St, London W1; Limeys, Temple St, Birmingham and Psyche, 215 Linthorpe Rd, Middlesbrough. Enq 01604 602075 **Jigsaw** from Jigsaw nationwide. Enq 0171 240 5651 **John Rocha** from Liberty's, Regent St, London W1; Michael Chell, 188 High St, Guilford; Hype, 9 Corunna Place, Edinburgh and House of Fraser, Manchester. Enq 0171 734 0123 **Johnny Rocket** from Janet Fitch, 25a Old Compton St, Soho, London W1 and 188a Kings Rd, Chelsea, London SW3. Enq 0171 637 1450 **Katharine Hamnett** shop at 20 Sloane St, London SW3. Enq 0171 823 1002 **Katharine Hamnett Denim** as above, and from Triads, 54 Albert Rd, Middlesbrough; Kafku, 15 Rosemount Viaduct, Aberdeen; Lynx, 1 Baines House, Station Parade, Harrogate and John Anthony, 2 Quiet St, Bath. Enq 0171 823 1002 **Lacoste** from Boutique Lacoste, 22 Brompton Rd, London SW3 and 34 Princes Square, Buchanan St, Glasgow; Hurley's Golf Club Ltd, 83 Piccadilly, Manchester. Enq 0171 439 2213 **Lee Rider** from dept stores and jeans shops nationwide. Enq 01247 800200 **Lucy Barlow** 14 Portobello Green, London W10. Enq 0181 968 5333 **Owen Gaster** from Pelicano, 63 South Molton St, London W1. Enq 0182 573 2489 **Paul Smith and PS by Paul Smith** Floral St, Covent Garden, London WC2; Giulio 26-32 King St, Cambridge; A2, 9 Ethel St, Birmingham; Hervia, Royal Exchange, Manchester. Enq 0171 379 7133 **R Newbold** 7-8 Langley Court, Covent Garden, London WC2
R Soles 109a King's Rd, London SW3. Enq 0171 351 5520 **Red Or Dead** 38 High St Kensington, London W8; 35 King St, Manchester; Cannon St, Birmingham; 14 Cheapside, Nottingham. Enq 0114 273 7827 **Schott** from American Classics, 400 King's Rd, London SW10; Aspecto, 7 Dale St, Manchester; Exile, 42 Southbridge, Edinburgh; Pavilion, 3 Wharton St, Cardiff. Enq 0171 4360986 **Stephen Einhorn** 210 Upper St, Islington, London N1. Enq 0171 359 4977 **Victor Victoria** Enq 0171 4914955.

TRAINERS STOCKISTS (from page 112)
Adidas Sports Division, Cobra Sports, JD Sports and Lillywhites nationwide. Enq 0161 419 2500 **Hi-tec** Ealing Sports Centre, 7 The Mall, Ealing, London W5; Canyon Mountain Sports, 92 Granby St, Leicester; No Sweat, 74 High St, Barnstaple; Outdoor Sports, Rhodesbank, Oldham, Greater Manchester
Nike nationwide. Enq 0800 056 1640 **Reebok** nationwide. Enq 01524 580100.

STEVE MCQUEEN STOCKISTS (from page 114)
American Classics 400 King's Rd, London SW3; 20 Endell St, London WC2. Enq 0171 831 1210 **Aquascutum** 100 Regent St, London W1; 24 St Anne's Square, Manchester. Enq 0800 282 922 **Chevignon** Harrod's, London SW3; Changes, 3 Newport Cresent, Middlesbrough; MODO 58 Oxford Street, London W1. Enq 01223 833 171 **Dread Direct Racing Equipment and Distribution** 58 Alston Drive, Bradwell Abbey, Milton Keynes. Enq 01908 221 666 **Duffer of St George** 29 Shorts Gardens, London, WC2. Enq 0171 734 9222 **French Connection** 26-27 East St Brighton; 45a Hanover St, Edinburgh; 249 Regent St London W1; 53 Albion St, Leeds; 140 King's Rd, London SW3. Enq 0171 399 7200 **GAP** 208 Regent Street, London W1; 192 Western Rd, Brighton; 30 St Anne's St, Manchester; 167-201 Argyle St, Glasgow. Enq 0800 427 789 **Iceberg** Selfridges, Oxford St, London W1; Cruise, 45 Renfield St, Glasgow; Originals, 3 Churchgate, Bolton; Flannels, 11 Police St, Manchester. Enq 0181 629 1234 **John Rocha** Harvey Nichols, Sloane St, London SW1; Liberty's, Regent St, London W1; Brother To Brother, 202 West St, Sheffield; Strand,15-17 Princess Square, Newcastle Upon Tyne. Enq 0171 734 0123 **Levis** 174-176 Regent St, London W1; 13A Eldon Way, Eldon Square, Newcastle Upon Tyne; Unit 192-193, 16-18 Sunset Walk, Central Milton Keynes Shopping Centre; 9 Victoria Walk, Schofields Centre, Leeds. Enq 01604 790 436 **Levi Dockers** Dickens & Jones, Regent St, London W1; Capolito Roma, Cannon St, Birmingham; Dockers Store, Lakeside Centre, Thurrock; Western Clipper, 3 The Gallery, Fleet Walk, Torquay. Enq 0171 394 3300 **Office** 10 South Molton St, London W1; 100 King's Rd, London SW3. Enq and mail order 0181 838 4447
The Robot 37 Floral St, London WC2. Enq 0171 836 6156 **Tag Heuer** Watches For Switzerland, The Burlington, 124 New St, Birmingham; 5 Westover Rd, Bournmouth;17 King St, Manchester; Bond Street, London W1. Enq 0171 931 7171.





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Vandross?

The king of soul holds the key to England's World Cup hopes
Find out why in **THE HOT 100** – the definitive guide to
British football's movers and shakers

Only in this month's

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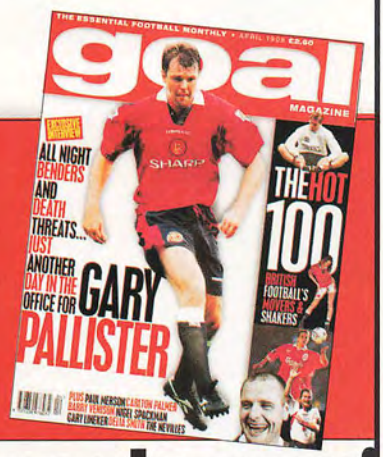
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ALL NIGHT BENDERS AND DEATH THREATS... JUST ANOTHER DAY IN THE OFFICE FOR GARY PALLISTER
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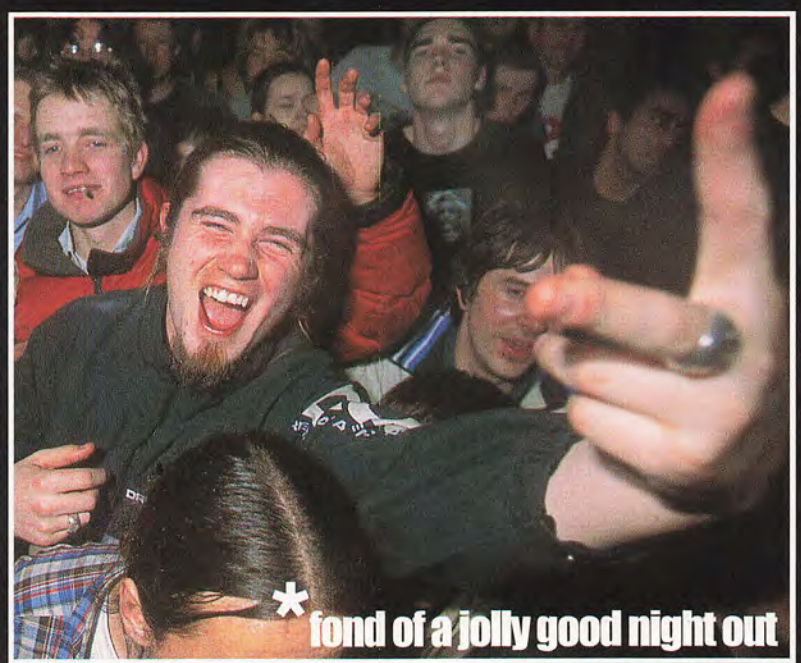

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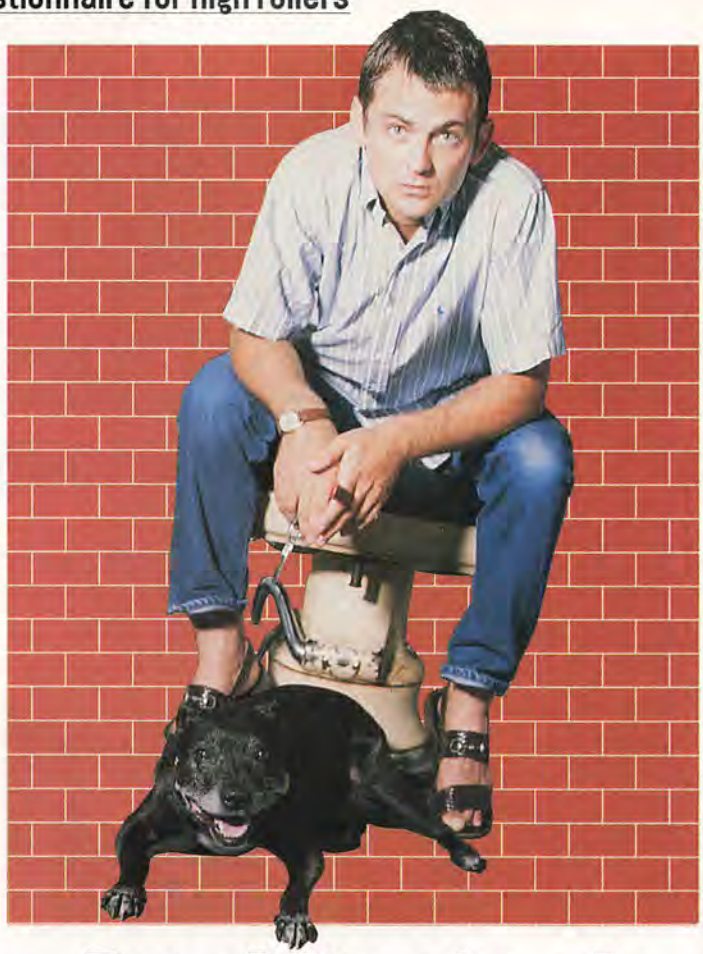

Paul Burfoot

coiffeur to the stars

Proprietor of the Fish Hairdressing Co and creator of top barnets for the likes of Robbie Williams, Johnny Vaughan and Gazza

What was your first job?
Labouring for my dad, who's a builder. It was general building work and meant being shouted at from 8 till 5. And because it was my dad, I got shouted at again when I got home at night.

How much did you earn?
It was about £200 a week, which was a lot of money back in the early 1980s. It was a bit of a comedown going into hairdressing and being skint to start with.

Was labouring your worst job?
No, but it was probably the hardest. The worst thing I've ever done was two paper rounds on a dodgy Raleigh Chopper, which was a ringer. It was hard graft but it kept me in Burberry and Lacoste at an early age.

What's been your biggest influence?
I'd say my mates are a very big influence on my work, but when I first started it was a guy called Chris Jonas who was also known as the 'Big Man' of Soho. He set me up in my shop by letting me rent it on a verbal basis, which no one else would have done. These days I'm totally independent, but he still gets a free haircut.

What do you do to excess?
Work, because I can't switch off. When I wake up in the morning at 8 o'clock, I'm always having new ideas I want to try out.

Do you have a personal philosophy?
Treat people how you like to be treated yourself, it's as simple as that. And always give the punter what they want, because you wouldn't buy a pair of blue shoes if you wanted a red pair.

Is that the secret of your success, then?
Yeah, plus an unpretentious attitude. We're not finding the cure for cancer – we're cutting hair. Our attitude is different to that of any other hairdressers. Most of my staff and I don't mix with other hairdressers because you can become really blinkered. Instead we pick up on things in clubs, we pick up on things at football – we pick up on things from everyone. When celebs come in they get treated the same and get charged the same. Everyone's a star in our eyes.

Do you ever get unsatisfied punters?
I think we've had two people come back and complain in 10 years, but I'd rather someone did that because we'll try to sort it out if they're not happy. If the hair's long enough, you can cut it and change the colour, but if you've really fucked up, there's really nothing you can do apart from grovel.

But hairdressers are famous for not doing what you ask for...
My view is that it's not always what you take off, it's sometimes what you leave on that's more important. A lot of hairdressers look at their customers thinking "They're going to get their money's worth", which is making a rod for their own back. Hairdressing has a lot of problems because of that attitude.

Have you ever thought about giving it all up and doing something else?
If you mean a totally different career change then no, not at all. But I'd like to diversify a bit. The shops and the products are going really well and I'd like to take the Fish attitude a little bit further, maybe do some more TV work.

Do you ever get angry?
Sometimes, but privately. I sort of implode in the shop and when I leave I explode.

Are you a good boss?
I'd like to think so, but you'd have to ask the staff. Firm but fair.

When was the last time you laid down the law?
I had a go at this woman in Tesco the other week because she was screaming at her kid and it hadn't done anything wrong. Right in her earhole, it was terrible. I couldn't believe she was doing it so I said, "You're going to make her go deaf, shouting at her like that". She told me to fuck off.

What would you think if you met yourself at a party?
Depends if I was pissed, I suppose. Good dancer, big ears, likes a beer and a chat, talks to anyone about anything. I get that from my mum. She's lovely.

Does your position attract the opposite sex?
I started in this business because a mate of mine was a hairdresser and every time I went to see him, he was either smoking dope or cutting hair for beautiful women. It hasn't really panned out like that for me, though. Probably because he was better looking than me.

What's the best decision you've ever made?
Taking the shop on, without a doubt. It was a lot of pressure initially and it was a good year before I could start taking anything out of the business. I was working 24-7 and grafting really, really hard. But it's worked out very well.

Made any bad ones?
Having a wedge and highlights, back in 1981. It seemed like a good idea at the time, but looking back at the photos it was a bad move. I think it's because of my big ears. When it grew into the style a bit, it accentuated them even more. I looked like a beige Mini with the doors open.

Do you rate the wedge now?
Most definitely. It's a classic style for women by Trevor Sorbie. It always amazed me when you went to football, because you'd get these violent types sporting these really feminine wedges with highlights. And you'd get really hardcore punks who looked the most violent people on earth, but they weren't. The casual crowd would dance to nice music in their really expensive labels then go and have a fight afterwards. It's strange how images work.

So what's going to be the top hairstyle of 1998?
I think the Britpop style I put on the map, as well as my 'Soho Crop' that Gazza had done, is well and truly over. Things are getting smarter – look out for the suedehead and the return of the side parting.

And the look to go with it?
Things have started to get a bit smarter. All these loose clothes have got a bit high street now, haven't they? I think guys are going to start tucking their shirts in, which is going to be a bit of a step forward.

Do you wear tailor-made clothes?
Only the odd suit by Mark Powell, because I do some modelling for them and they're free. I like Duffer Of St George as well. They're modern classics with a bit of a casual twist to them.

Do you have a drinks cabinet in your salon?
No. We've got complimentary hot beverages but no drinks cabinet. I'd like to do cold beers for my clients, ideally.

How much do you earn?
Enough to make me happy, but I do own the business.

How much cash have you got on you at the moment?
Not a lot because I've bought your lunch! I've got about £15 and my credit card on me.

Whose job would you most like to have?
Dennis Wise's, just for his attitude, input and out-and-out grafting. Maybe I'd like to do his job and be a bit like him too.

NIALL HAMPTON

The Hedonists' Handbook

What's going on in the world at the moment

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Bad boys' ink

You might feel a little prick as Therapy? outline their brighter future

PHOTOS: MARTYN GOODACRE

Scooby Doo. Elvis in the shower. A detailed depiction of a hanging. A multi-coloured hotdog. The Apple Mac logo. A selection of fairies. And the bird from All Saints with a dragon crawling from her arse.

It's only a matter of minutes before one of these pretty pictures becomes a very real part of top noisepop boy-band Therapy?. The reborn Irish quartet are sitting in the world famous New Wave Tattoo parlour in London's Muswell Hill, flicking through books of designs, preparing to surrender another few inches of perfectly decent flesh to the needle.

"Check that one out!" squeals the band's new drummer Graham Hopkins, jabbing an excited finger at a photo pinned to the wall. "Who the *fuck* would want that on their arse?"

"It's not their arse, it's their *arm*, you arse," laughs bassist Michael McKeegan. "Who's it meant to be, anyway?"

"Ayrton Senna!" says singer Andy Cairns. "It is! It bloody *is*!" Indeed it is. Someone has gone to the trouble of having a disturbingly lifelike picture of the doomed Brazilian F1 driver inked onto his or her bicep. The world of the tattoo is a very weird place.

Not that Therapy? are strangers in these here parts, but then you'd expect that from a band who make a living out of screaming things like "Jesus Christ fucked my sister!" over cranked-up guitars. Andy has two seahorses and a 'wheel of life' ("although it looks like the Mattel 'Hot Wheels' logo," he admits), Graham has a Celtic band on one arm, Michael has two arms' worth of tribal stuff, and new guitarist Martin McCarrick has yet more tribal stuff, including a sort of octopus-type thing. Cool.

Martin draws the short straw as the one to be willingly strapped into the dentist's chair, plumping for a tasteful all-black Maori leaf design. After some ritual shaving/ Vaseline action, tattooist Martin Clark starts tearing holes in the guitarist's skin then shoving a black ink in. In a very artistic way, of course.

"Doesn't that hurt?" I innocently enquire.

"Noooo... not at all, no. Not a bit. OK, it does..." he confesses through gritted teeth as the tattooist calmly mops the inky blood from his calf. Tattooing does make a pretty grim spectator sport.

Back in the waiting room, Michael and Graham are searching the walls for a picture of Ozzy Osbourne, the tattooed bat-king of metal whom Therapy? supported in the States last year. Ozzy was a popular choice of tatt for the metal community, apparently.

"Tattooed metallers with mullets!" laughs Graham, "all going 'You guys *rock*!' Making devil signs with six fingers on each hand!"

So should we expect more metal on *Semi-Detached*, Therapy?'s excellent new album, their first in almost three years since original drummer Fyfe Ewing jumped ship in 1995?

"It's definitely a lot more noisy than the last one," nods Michael. "Listen to the single

Martin (bottom) has second thoughts about Santa Claus on the foreskin

[*the screaming 'Church Of Noise'*]. That's just the combination of having a new band and the fact that we'd just bought ourselves a load of new effects pedals!"

The original Therapy? imploded in 1995 when the sublime metallic pop of the *Troublegum* album mutated into the growling sub-goth of *Infernal Love*. The hot-rod energy was still there, it was just that Therapy? seemed to have lost their sense of humour.

"Yeah, the tensions within the band had got so bad," nods Andy. "I'd say 'This is the new song', and Michael and Fyfe would play it and then piss off, leaving me alone with my chemical-addled brain to weave whatever magic was left. And there wasn't much left."

Andy rubs his now non-existent beard.

"I was certainly up my own arse at the time," he admits. "I spent most of that album completely out of my mind – drugs, drink, it was ridiculous, a stupid mistake. And all that darkly poetic nonsense – we learned our lesson on that too, because," he laughs, "we did it *very* badly!"

So is *Semi-Detached* a smidgeon more light-hearted?

"Well, there *is* a song called 'Stay Happy'," smiles Andy. "But there's a lot less of that pseudo goth imagery. That was mainly down to the fact that I didn't live any real life for a very long time.

"My songwriting came from what videos I watched on the tourbus. We got so caught up in the whole rock'n'roll circus, we never got off the bus."

So no more of that 'live fast die young' mentality for Therapy??

"Nahhh... I still have the odd drink," he smirks. "I just control it a bit more. That rock'n'roll lifestyle was hedonistic and, I have to admit, quite enjoyable, but by the end of 1995 we'd find ourselves in Soho bars drinking with other fucking B- and C-list celebs! I mean, we used to laugh at those wankers!"

Suddenly Graham hops into the room, breaking the tension and waving his leg in the air. "See?" smiles Andy, nodding to the bizarre scene of evil gerbil-eating rockers cooing over Martin's leg like a newborn baby.

"We started with so much energy," he says. "Always so excited about everything. And with the new album, the little things that made us special and made us enjoy it – they've come back!"

JOHN PERRY

'Church Of Noise' is out now on A&M records. The album Semi-Detached *is out on 30 March. Therapy? tour the UK throughout March and April. For a really cool tattoo call New Wave Tattoo on 0181 444 8779. Lovely chaps.*

"Evil gerbil-eating rockers are cooing over Martin's leg like a newborn baby"

The Loaded Bedlam Ago Go Space Raiders Page

"Fine, you hate journos – but photographers are OK, right? Right? Lads?"

Hide that notepad, it's the furious Bedlam Ago Go

They're like a swarm of pissed-off wasps banging their heads repeatedly against a window. This group are not loved-up, happy or cuddly, thriving on the social grit they claim other bands have swept under the carpet. They hate me for interviewing them. They hate record companies and they hate the current state of the club scene: "Too fucking many Jeremy fucking Squealies." [*He means Jeremy Healy – well paid pumping house jock in nice trousers.*]

'Paranoid', the 'REQUIRED 4 LISTNIN' headphone message they released last August, was Bedlam Ago Go's first single. It was a fusion of early '90s-style breakbeat and punk guitars (three of them), topped with the vocals of the angriest wasp of all – singing through a guitar amp in a dark kind of 'Born Slippy' way – called Lee.

He's a young man whose lyrics are influenced by the surly rap of '60s political radicals The Last Poets and the harrowing early '80s mayhem of surly anarcho punks Crass.

It's probably best to let Lee explain what the band's sound is about – they don't like being pigeon-holed. "You've asked us to describe something and we don't fucking know what it is," explodes Lee. "I sometimes say to interviewers it's like 'Schizo'. One minute it's like this, next minute it's something else, whatever. Ain't a word for it. It's Bedlam..."

Singer Lee 'nips out' for some groceries

Bedlam is an unlikely, disparate collection of characters with a wealth of decades between them: a couple of late '70s punks and a highly skilled *Top Of The Pops* session-regular supply the guitars, a young machine wizard produces the breaks and basslines, while Lee writes the lyrics and confronts the live audiences. At a recent gig in their home town of Leeds, in the basement of the Liquid Lounge, they turned out a fiercely ear-splitting hybrid of Massive Attack and the Clash. Alas, just as the adrenaline began to kick through the crowd, the computer had a premature Keith Moon and shut down the beats 20 minutes too early. Silicon chip shite!

Up until this point, the sound was excellent. Not at all shit and noisy like Crass. Which leads me to another question to irritate them with: have any of you had proper music lessons?

"No, it kills ya," they spit out between them.

"If you're an artist and you go to college it takes that natural flair out of you," declares Lee. "I watched this Lee Perry programme, and the guy working with him was saying 'There's no fucking chords like F-sharp here... it can't work.' Perry told him make it work. And that's how we work. You can watch *Top Of The Pops* and think 'Fucking hell, that's shit'. But instead of sitting there and saying it, we're up there and doing it.

"End of the day, Bedlam is five lads getting up and having a fucking go... I hate magazine writers. Why don't they just end the fucking paragraph with: 'Fucking you know what I mean, it's up to you. You go check it out for yourselves.'"

"End of the day, it's five lads having a fking go"**

Fucking-fuck-fuck-fuckerty-fuck.

ROWAN CHERNIN

Bedlam Ago Go's new EP 'Seasons No 5' is out now on Friendly Fire Communications/S2.

"No, sorry, I really do have to sneeze"

Bump minus stomp equals pumping funk, and the Space Raiders have it

Is bump rock the future of dance? The nation's revivalist spirit has once again gone below the disco belt and re-harnessed the power of the glam rock stomp. An original '70s tune, 'The Bump' by Kenny, has had its stomp ingredients removed and been remixed into a party-pumping intergalactic funk. The new track is 'Glam Raid', created by a Middlesbrough-based threesome: Gary, Martin and Mark, alias the Space Raiders. And, via the laws of disco chaos, the marvellously side-swinging hip-rump-pump-rock dance it causes is back on the nation's groovier dancefloors.

We contacted this crew to find the meaning of Middlesboogie. Is the bump the new dance that's going around?

Gary: "It's gonna be by the time we've finished. We've been playing in Leicester at the Starlight 2000 and Middlesbrough Arena. It's spontaneous... people are just getting into the mood and doing the bump."

So what do you call the new bump sound?

"We've had silver space suits made for the shows"

Gary: "We've heard people call it Glam Beat and Glitter Beat."

Have you been diggin' old Kenny footage to learn the code of this serious freakdown?

Martin: "To be honest, no. We're not dead set in that genre. We've got loads of styles. It's good-time party stuff, nothing moody.

Will you be doing the dance live?

Mark: "Yeah, definitely. We're still working on the stage show and we've had outrageous silver suits made. But this is just a small part of the Space Raiders' tunes. There's bits of everything in our sound – hip-hop, house, etc."

Are you big Kenny fans?

Gary: "No, not really. They're pretty awful aren't they?"

Ow... blasphemy. Sounds as if it's time to give your jaws a rest. Stop that giddy gurning, put on those best stretch tiger pants and let your hips do all the jiggling. Sends chicks crazy.

TERRY TERNTABLES

Space Raiders' debut single 'Glam Raid' is out now on Skint Records.

albums reviewed by cheeky

Boogie Nights 2 (EMI Premier)
Ooph! I feel like I've been beaten shitless by 'the man' and nursed back to health by 'my woman' when I slip this 'shit' on. Know what I mean? Don't worry, here I come in the King's English. It's the second LP from the knockabout shag pic we all love, and the fact that one film can yield two such fine soundtracks is all you need to know. Flaming!

The Shamen Collection (One Little Indian)
These guys know music like a blind plumber knows Braille piping – you can sense it in the beats they spew. Love them or hate them, The Shamen exist. This is their music. Remix album also available for those of you who dig music like a young seabird, chewed up and sicked out by yer momma. Ark!

Simple Minds: Neapolis (Chrysalis)
Picture U2 busking for their lives in a Turkish bath house. Derek Griffiths, high on glue, finds 10 mandolins on a council tip. That kind of thing. And let's not forget the singer's allegedly massive fly-basket.

Pompous like a zeppelin in a split leather skirt. Great if you're ageing. Smooth!

Lion Rock: City Delirious (Concrete)
This shit moves me on up like an elevator to where I wanna be, till they open they mouths! Still, no matter. Like Solomon I split sounds asunder and judge that, lo! Lionrock are OK. Sonically modern, suddenly now. DANCE FACT: Lion Rock is an area of Hong Kong!

Ultravox: 12 inch remixes (EMI)
Dancing with tears in my eyes? You will be! This means nothing to me.

KC & the Sunshine Band, The Very Best Of (EMI)
Best white funk record of the month by a yard. Have sex to this music and your children will have curly hair.
CONTINUES P141

cheeky's blaxploitation roundup

Be cool bitch, bitch be cool. Achtung, sailor! There's a deluge of blaxploitation sounds around this month. Yo nigger! Your mainstream option is the *Jackie Brown* soundtrack (Warners) which will find its way to every wine bar in the land. The cool deal for real bitch muthas is *The Big Score* compilation (EMI), which boasts more and better tracks from all the main cats (Mayfield, Hayes, Jones, Womack etc). Still, you won't catch me listening to it, no way. These days I'm strictly '50s Belgian P–funk silent-film soundtrack instrumentals. But don't let that stop you. Remember, the monkey leads the way. You, the kids, can only follow. Damn!

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Tortoise: "a pleasing variety of genitalia"

The lettuce eaters

It's time to get your Tortoise out of hibernation

You can tell Tortoise are arty because they're American but have a British name. Like Pavement. Or Tori Amos. Well maybe not her. But in the US, a tortoise would be a turtle. Tortoise apparently invented something called post-rock, which is mail order CDs. No it isn't – it's long, slow, moody instrumentals. I got hold of Tortoise percussion man Dan Bitney and asked him all about it.

Did you call yourself Tortoise because it takes you so long to get to the end of your songs?

No, we were originally called Mosquito, but some other band had the name so we changed it.

If your songs were much shorter would you call yourselves Terrapin?

Um... yeah.

Did you call yourselves Tortoise because like the reptile in question you all possess long, thin penises?

No. I mean, I can't speak for the other guys, but what's thin anyway? No, I think that between us we have a – uh – pleasing variety of genitalia.

If you were called Turtle, would you all be better swimmers?

I guess we'd have to be. We'd probably spend more time down on the beach.

And if you recorded a collaboration with a band named after a mammal – '80s indie popsters The Field Mice, for instance – would you call the project Duck Billed Platypus?

Er, I guess we'd have to. Was there really a band called The Field Mice?

'Fraid so. When you titled your last album *Millions Now Living Will Never Die*, were you referring to the famously long-lived tortoise?

Yeah. We answer 'no' to that question all the time, but I'll admit it to you at last. It's true. They live for over a hundred years... that's not so far from forever.

Who's better, Touché Turtle or Wally Gator?

It would have to be Wally Gator, because I remember him better. But they were both sly.

Can you define the difference between a reptile and an amphibian?

No.

DAVID BENNUN

Tortoise's new album, TNT, *is out now on City Slang. Tortoise will be on tour in April.*

Sliced brains

Renaldo & The Loaf say 'Na humrong djon'

It kicks off with the sound of a funeral procession of drunken, recorder-playing, medieval monks, then the warped folk voice kicks in, followed by the lone military drummer. What is that he's singing? "Sequestrator/push the toy car out of my way/do as the sequestrator say/see the plastic soldier stand." The song is 'A Street Called Straight', by a band called Renaldo & The Loaf.

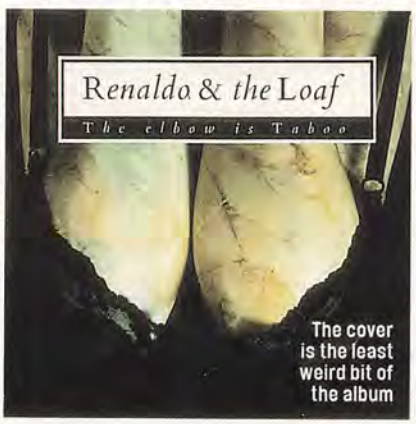
This album, *The Elbow Is Taboo*, appeared one day and swept through the office like a death-by-laughter music virus. For the second track, 'Boule', the crazy wind section noises are turned up full while a drunk and heavily sedated Charles Aznavour tells a French eunuch to come over while his mates are castrated in the background.

Other songs on the album seem to be sung in some fictional foreign language while a troupe of Latvian morris dancers jiggle their bells and stack plates in the background. (The entire lyric for 'Extracting The Re-Re' is "Ha jayara!/Na humrong djon/Re, re, re, re!"). Even when they're in English the lyrics to these tunes are utterly wonky. Make what you will of "So she talk to Waldo/He tell her something/It shock her rigid/Now there's no arm controls!"

Sadly, the creators of this crazy piece of plastic have gone missing. The album was first out in 1987 on San Francisco's Ralph Records, the label run by The Residents, a band who used to wear big eyeballs over their heads. It's just been re-released by Some Bizarre on CD, and label boss Stevo has been looking for Loafers Brian and Dave down in Portsmouth, where they used to live. But he's drawn a blank.

"Hopefully," says Stevo, "if you do a piece they'll contact me and say 'Give us some royalties.' Nothing would make me happier than giving them a triple platinum disc." Can't see that happening myself.

"The band are missing. Hopefully if you do a piece they'll contact us"



The cover is the least weird bit of the album

So who were these people?

"Dave worked with dead bodies," says Stevo. "It may have been a mortuary. He was a bit peculiar. And Brian was the singer."

Was he the normal one?

"Well, he couldn't be normal putting out records like this."

No, he couldn't.

DANNY PLUNKETT

The Elbow Is Taboo *is out now on Some Bizarre.*

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a monthly catalogue of filth from the world of rock'n'roll

Whitney Houston

Times have changed since Whitney first sang high hallelujahs in a high gospel group. More recently, it was thought she went higher and higher at a club in Hawaii after she and hubby Bobby Brown allegedly enjoyed their champers with a 'strange white substance' which, Whitney's attorney later revealed, was actually just whipped cream. Then things got really wild as the twosome clambered on to the nearest pool table to indulge in a spot of dirty dancing, one observer claiming: "It was like they were having sex with their clothes on." All good clean fun, really. But things turned nasty when a fan brushed against Whitney and the brown bomber thumped the miscreant, who was then thrown out by security guards.

Houston, we have lift off

Hank Williams Jr

When Nashville came to judging the briefest live performance by a major star during 1997, it was unanimously agreed that Hank Williams Jr had won by a tall Stetson or more. The gig that won the award occurred in a place called Bonner Springs, Kansas, where Hank, apparently suffering from the effects of a battle with several bottles, staggered on stage and managed to warble just four songs, punctuating his performance with shouts of "fuck you" to all who complained. After which, having been deluged in beer cups thrown by 12,000 narked fans, he staggered off stage the to the accompaniment of a round of booing that drowned out the sound of the band's amps. Hank owned up: "It wasn't food poisoning or some such nonsense. The truth is I messed up."

Hank the plank

Ginger Baker

Drummer with Cream, the superstar trio headed by Eric Clapton, Ginger was a nutter of the first order. His bike, on which he fancied himself as a world-class racer, ended up on the scrapheap after an argument with a taxi. At which point Ginger decided to become a musician instead, learning music in three weeks and building himself an ace drumkit. All very well, but practising was a problem as he and his family, plus the kit, were stuck in a one-bedroom Neasden flat where the sound insulation was so poor you could hear the upstairs neighbours pissing in glorious hi-fi. Not the kind of pad in which one of Britain's loudest drummers was going to flourish. Ginger decided the family should move, so he sold the flat, telling the incoming resident it had been newly decorated. And it was. Except that it had been decorated to Ginger's own taste – with RAF circles on the ceiling and psychedelic designs all over the walls.

FRED DELLAR

PHOTO: REDFERNS

albums reviewed by cheeky ctd...

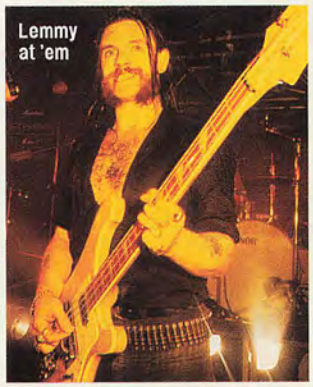
Acetone: Acetone (WEA)
Now and again I like to nod out to Acetone. There's something so subtle about them, they drag the negativity from my soul like a gang of determined spirit elves using hooks of feeling and pliers of desire. That's how I see it. C&W lullabies for the slightly depressed. Fire!

Kathryn Tickell & Friends: The Northumberland Collection (Park Records)
Only for the headstrong!

They even play with each others' axes

Van Halen: Van Halen III (Warners)
Fags. Worth owning just so you can turn it off.

George Benson: Essentials – The Very Best Of George Benson (Warners)
This puts me in mind of when men in white socks and slip-on shoes would kick the shit out of me in the High Street, night after crazy teenage night. Odd, seeing as most of these are about love. But hell, that shit's in the past an I'm gonna let you bitches walk this time. See? Smooth like expert carpentry. Liquid like a liquid. Hold me girl, I'm coming. Oof!


Lemmy at 'em

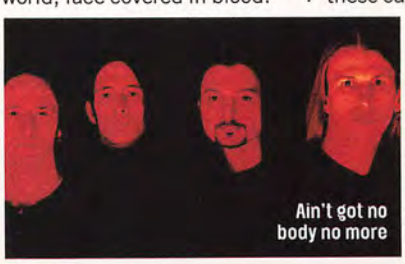
Motorhead: Snakebite Love (SPV)
More balls than the house of an obsessive man who's been collecting balls for years and now has thousands of them in his house! Bannister-punching dirt music from the end of a squatter's vulgar, bent-pram garden.

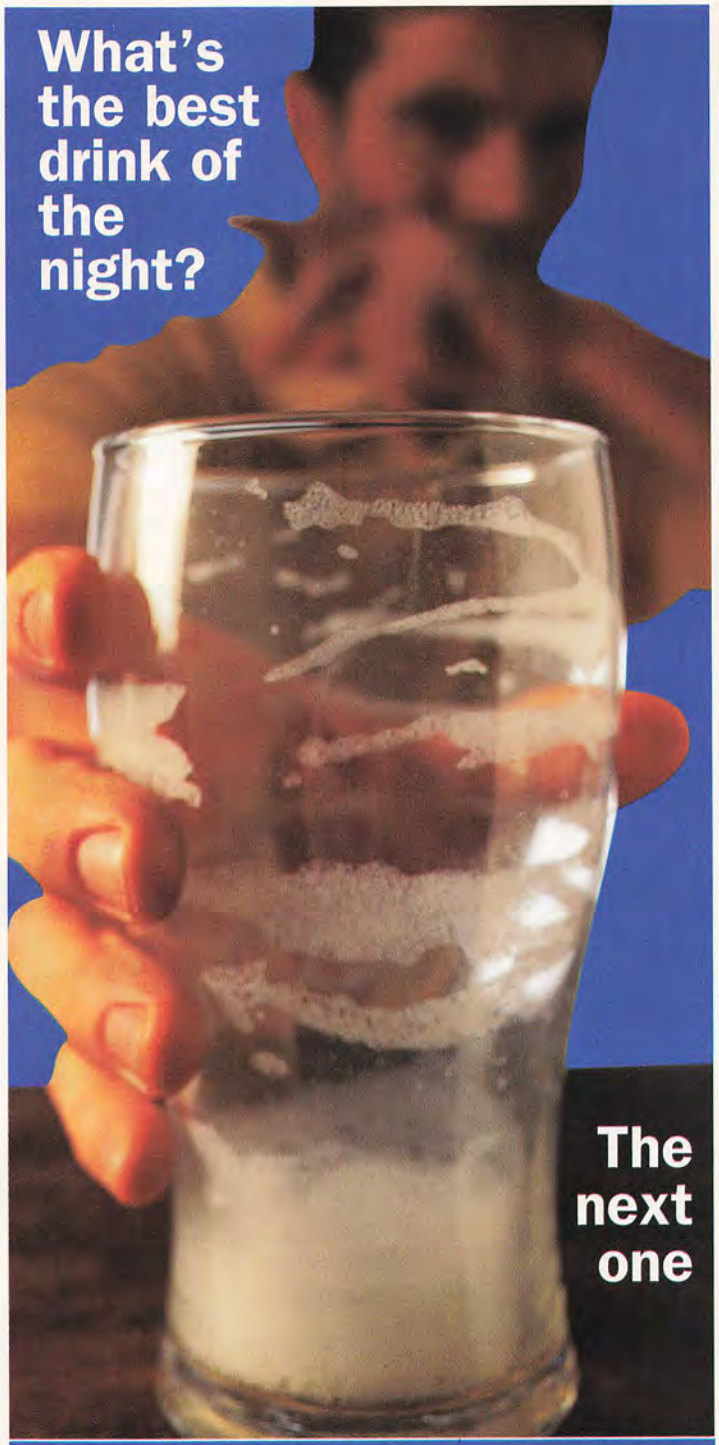
Absolute Hardcore (Slammin Vinyl)
Manual labourers hurling cutlery down a liftshaft. A paper lampshade full of killer bees. I feel old.

Joe Satriani: Crystal Planet (Epic)
Too many notes. Will this absurd guitar harlot never be still? Probably, but only if his hands are severed, wrapped in mandrake and buried 'neath the lych gate on St Tosser's Day. Make it so!
CONTINUES P143

cheeky recommends

Gorefest: Chapter 13 (SPV)
When Gorefest play I am 1,000ft tall. Right at the top of the food chain, pissing on the world, face covered in blood. And yet this band is Dutch. It's no mean feat playing metal this severe with melodic flair – believe me, I've tried – but these canal sniffers set new standards. Play this loud and no one will dare complain. Not that I'm listening to it any more, I'm strictly Andalusian git-metal these days. But don't let that stop you. The singer's got Steven Hawking in his throat!


Ain't got no body no more



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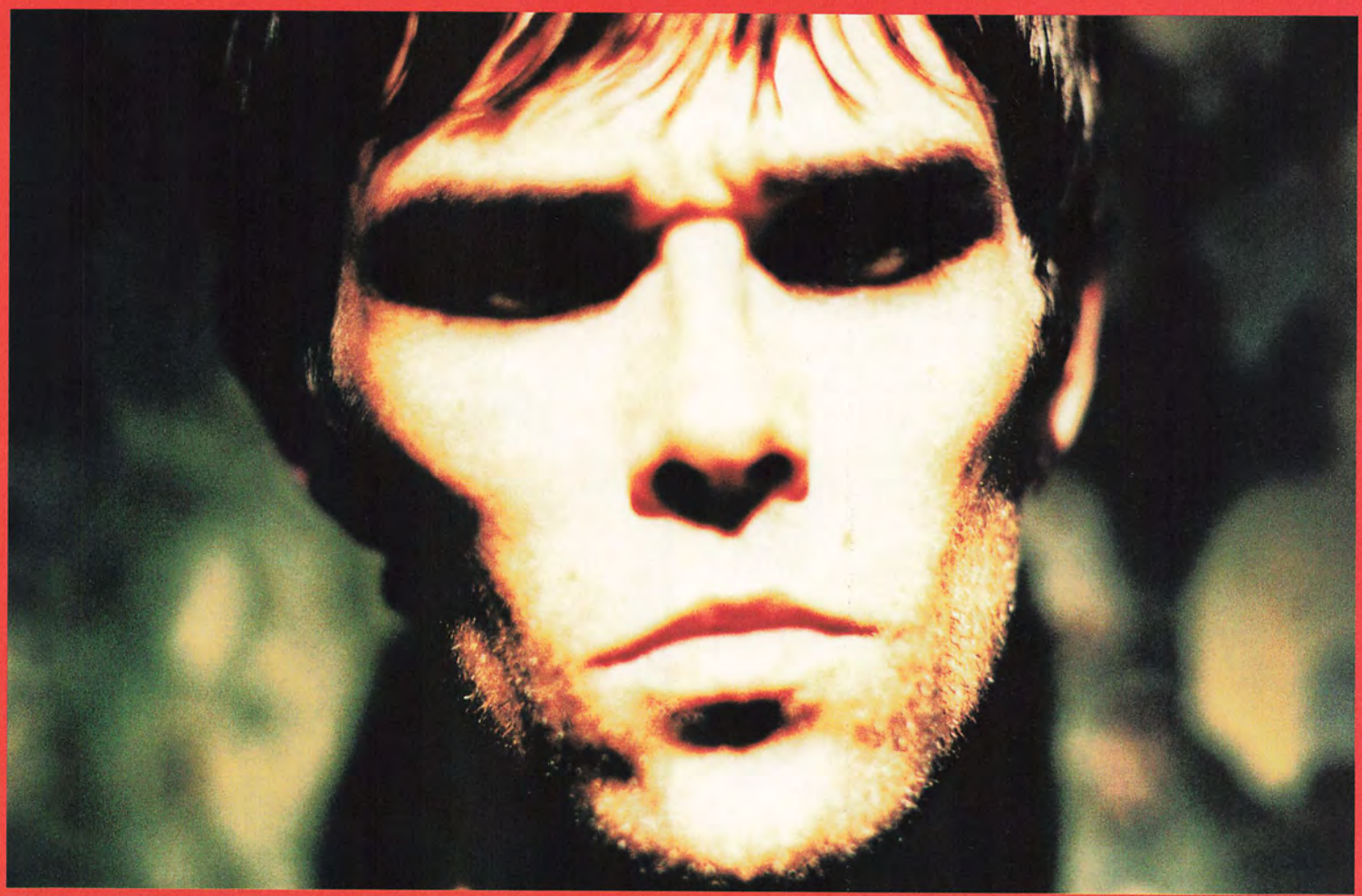

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albums reviewed by cheeky ctd...

Kylie Minogue: Impossible Princess (DeConstruction)
Ersatz designer weirdness comes no cheaper than this once-great lady's final descent into the frozen pond of self-assembly credibility. Heavy going for the enlightened ear, like rollerblading up the Matterhorn. 'I Don't Need Anyone', one song is called. Apply that standard to the recording process young lady, and you may just find something worth listening to. Hey, but don't take it from me. I'm just a puppet monkey smokescreen for cowardly journalism. OR AM I????

Madonna: Ray Of Light (WEA)
Probably going on about birth.

Aretha Franklin: A Rose Is Still A Rose (Arista)
At last, a real lady with a decent set of lungs. She's made enough good records already that she could send me her spit by special delivery and I'd sing its praises. Songs for grown-ups who have a lot of sex in tidy flats and get to work on time. Smooth.

John Martyn: Church With One Bell (Independiente)
Worthy like an anchor.

Ce Ce Peniston: The Greatest Hits (A&M)
I once approached a girl in a club and explained that, finally, it'd happened to me, right in front of my face and I just couldn't hide it. I told her, right there, that I loved her, and all because of the thumping beat of Ce Ce Peniston's music rotating in my headspace. She left with another monkey. Now I listen to Ce Ce at home mainly, wanking.

Wubble U: Where's Wubble-U (Indolent)
Christ, who let Pipkins loose in the studio? Relentlessly dumb almost to the point of inspiration. They make me want to kill, but not always myself, and that can only be a good thing.

What we're listening to

1 **Various artists** *Legalise De Herb*
2 **Dust Junkys** – 'What Time Is It?'
3 **Bedlam Ago Go** – 'Flat 29'
4 **Jason Bonham** – spoiling his dad's memory
5 **Ken Booth** 'Everything I Own'
6 **Major Force** 'Sax Hoodlum'
7 **Mark Hollis** LP
8 Shit old tapes dumped in the production office. Cheers
9 **Groove Armada** – *Northern Star*
10 **Jackie Brown** – still popular
11 The voice of Jah.
12 **oh Po-Lo** 'The Italian Job'

cheeky recommends

LTJ Bukem: Mystical Realms (Good Looking)
Good old TJ Hooker has dropped his drum'n'bass pants and replaced them with a new sound – mystical jungle. This ain't speed cabbage, pal, this is kickin' jungle and it's been sort of er, mysticaled-up. Good work, LTJ Bookshelf.

Pulp Fusion 2: Return To The Tough Side (Harmless)
Funkier than a pair of James Brown's underpants and probably a lot cleaner. This is part two of an astounding collection of grooves. Herbie Hancock, Grover Washington Jnr and a load of other hipsters give it their best shot. Cool.

Tom Jones: The Best Of (London)
A man with a sausage factory down his hipsters and his hand up the skirt of popular music deserves only the greatest of praise. Everything you could possibly need for an evening of 'wahey!' is on this album. Essential.

For more Basemental Views on Music, sex, sport, motors, booze and everything else that matters watch...

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THE SOPHISTICATION STATION

Modern classics for the person who doesn't have time to bugger about

the video

Lenny, directed by Bob Fosse, 1974, MGM, £9.99

They took away his words and laid his vitals on a bed of lettuce. At least that's the conclusion that this damn fine interpretation of the adult life of "obscene" comic Lenny Bruce comes to. It stars Dustin Hoffman, with Valerie Perrine as Bruce's wife, stripper Honey Harlow. The film chronicles his rise to celebrity – through having the honesty to talk dirty to expose hypocrisy and mop up guilt and shame – then follows his dismal slide to the boneyard, suffering what his pal Phil Spector called "an overdose of police".

You don't have to be acquainted with Bruce's work to get off on this. Fosse (who directed *Cabaret* and *Sweet Charity*) depicts the period 1951-66 with such style that you scarcely notice it's in black and white as the panstick, skag-fixing and sawdust grit of showbiz splatters the screen.

Hoffman is superb as the very funny, balls-to-the-wall, self-styled 'Superjew', who was embraced by the hip and encouraged to say whatever entered his head. Taboo subjects from snot to syphillis are his stock-in trade, and it's ironic that Hoffman was nominated for an Oscar for re-enacting on film the same routines that got Lenny busted on stage and hounded to a premature grave. Perrine is superb too as she flutters the heart and pains the soul with her delicate and delicious sinfulness.

Victimized by pompous tosspots in the name of public morality, Lenny can't get bookings and can no longer earn a living on stage. When he does perform he winds up trawling through transcripts of his trials in a bitter, rambling mess. Ultimately, the pressure of lawyers, doctors and having his wife licking windows in the loony bin causes him to OD just shy of his 40th birthday.

Brimming with splendid scenes, not least when our hero terrorises his Aunt Mema with his finger-penis, this would be magnificent entertainment even if it weren't true. Lenny deals in life's inescapable wisdoms, such as: "When it comes to wives, we all want a combination: Sunday school teacher and $500-a-night hooker", and on that point he'll get no argument from me.

It's easy to see why Hoffman maintained that Lenny was the best role he ever had. Mr Bruce himself used to say: "I'm a surgeon with a scalpel for false values. I'm just pissing on velvet, that's what I'm doing". And this is the closest you'll ever get to watching him piss.

CHAS CHANDLER

"Full body cavity searches all round"

PHOTO: RONALD GRANT

the book

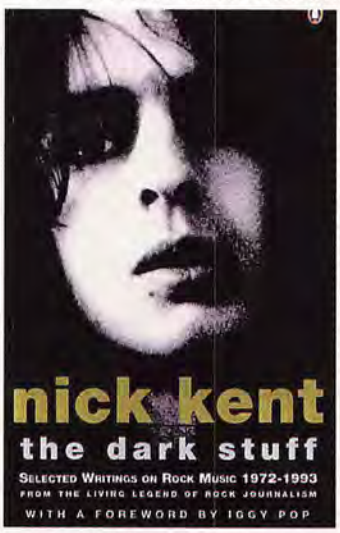
Nick Kent – The Dark Stuff (Selected Writings On Rock Music 1972-93), Penguin, £10.99

In the bygone days of rock'n'roll writing, the majority of articles were no more than thinly disguised pieces of favourable PR piss for the band in question. There were very few writers prepared to walk on the wild side with their subject matter in order to understand the bigger picture and offer a narcotically enhanced and alcohol-soaked alternative to what was deemed acceptable in the increasingly tame music press.

While the likes of Lester Bangs and Greil Marcus were scaring the shit out of their subjects with their hard-living, outlaw approach to their craft in the US, the only geezer flying the British flag appeared to be Charles Shaar Murray, a veteran of the *Oz* days. Then, at the beginning of the '70s, one young creature with a suitably hedonistic streak came crawling out of the underground press to the *NME*, and almost single-handedly revolutionized the British music press. His name was Nick Kent. This collection of his selected writings over a 20-year period gives an illuminating insight into just how far he was prepared to go to gain acceptance from rock's major players and extract the blood, guts and whatever else it took to get to the black heart of rock music.

Described by Iggy Pop in the foreword as "a true rock'n'roller, hospital-thin, with a perpetually dripping, bright red nose caused by an equally perpetual drug shortage, and an abiding interest in all dirt", Kent was the living embodiment of fucked-up rock'n'roll, an accident waiting to happen who would match his subjects drink for drink, drug for drug. No mean feat considering he seemed morbidly drawn to some of rock's great casualties. This collection, featuring pills, thrills and heroin with Keef, projectile vomiting with The New York Dolls, a run-in with Sid Vicious and his bike chain and several nights in the gutter with Shane MacGowan should be required reading for anyone with an interest in the more extreme characters in rock. Kent made it his business to know these people, and by doing so provides an important document on lives lived perilously close to the edge.

INNES REEKIE


nick kent
the dark stuff
SELECTED WRITINGS ON ROCK MUSIC 1972-1993
FROM THE LIVING LEGEND OF ROCK JOURNALISM
WITH A FOREWORD BY IGGY POP

the cd

Fred Neil, Everybody's Talkin', Rev-ola, £15.99

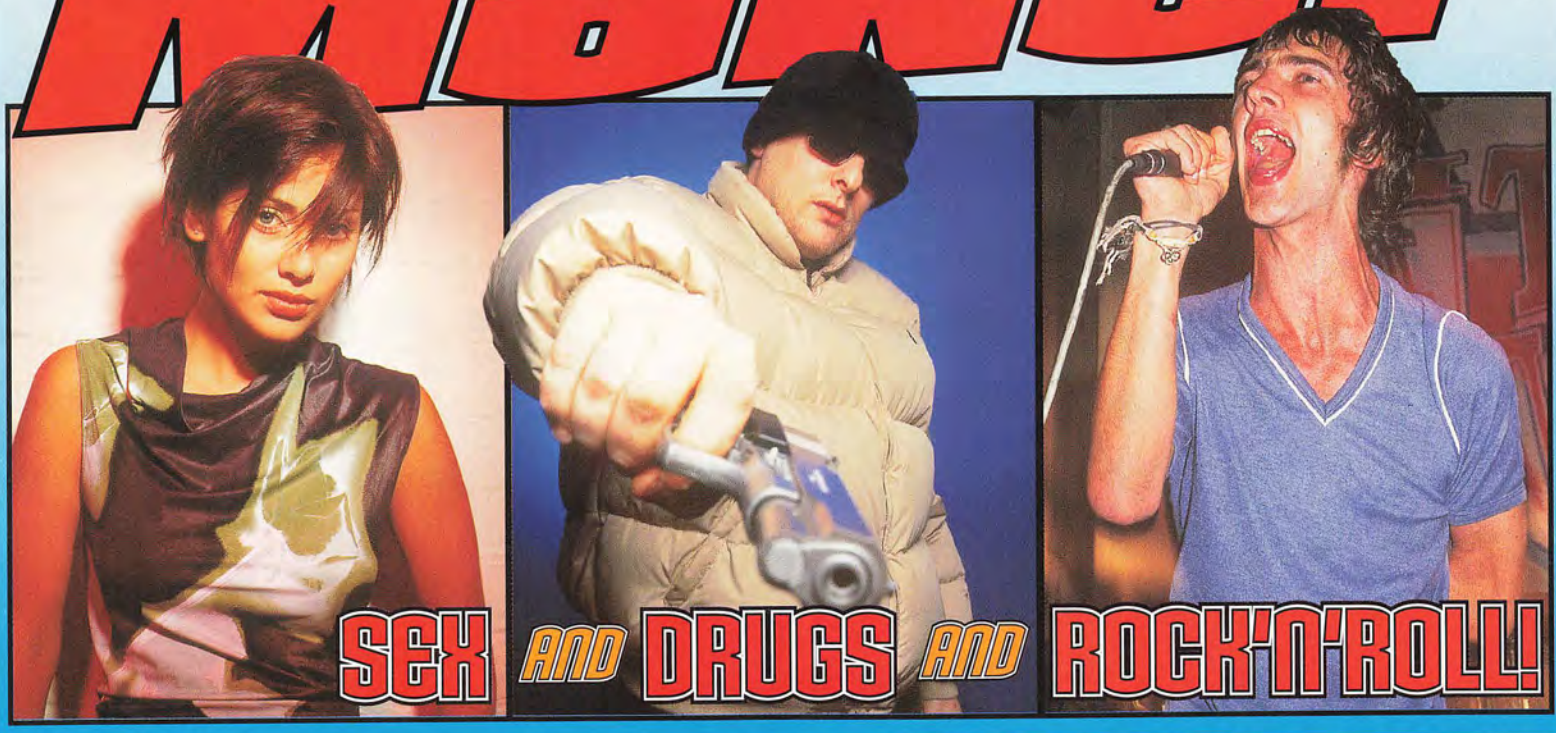
Even a customary glance at the inside sleeve of this classic CD re-issue by Creation gives some indication that this collection is something more than just another pointless folkie exhumation. A lone figure stands illuminated by neon, braced against the icy chill of a New York winter at the intersection between Bleeker and MacDougal, sheepskin jacket collar pulled up to his face, clutching a guitar case and looking for all the world like a young Joe Strummer. Reminiscent of the iconic image of James Dean in the NY snow, this picture screams out rebel with a cause, and in this case the camera doesn't lie.

Neil may have been carelessly overlooked by rock historians but his influence, during his brief guitar-slinging days in the Greenwich Village of the early '60s, was immense: a young Bobby Dylan regularly opened for him at the beatnik hang-out, Cafe Wha; Stephen Stills claimed everything he knew about the guitar he learned from Neil, while adding, "Fred was a real celebrity, he had people carrying his guitar, he had groupies and he had people buying him drugs." In the end it was his excessive lifestyle that forced him to turn his back on the many tempting excesses of New York City to find relative serenity in the south, but not before guaranteeing his financial future for at least a couple of years.

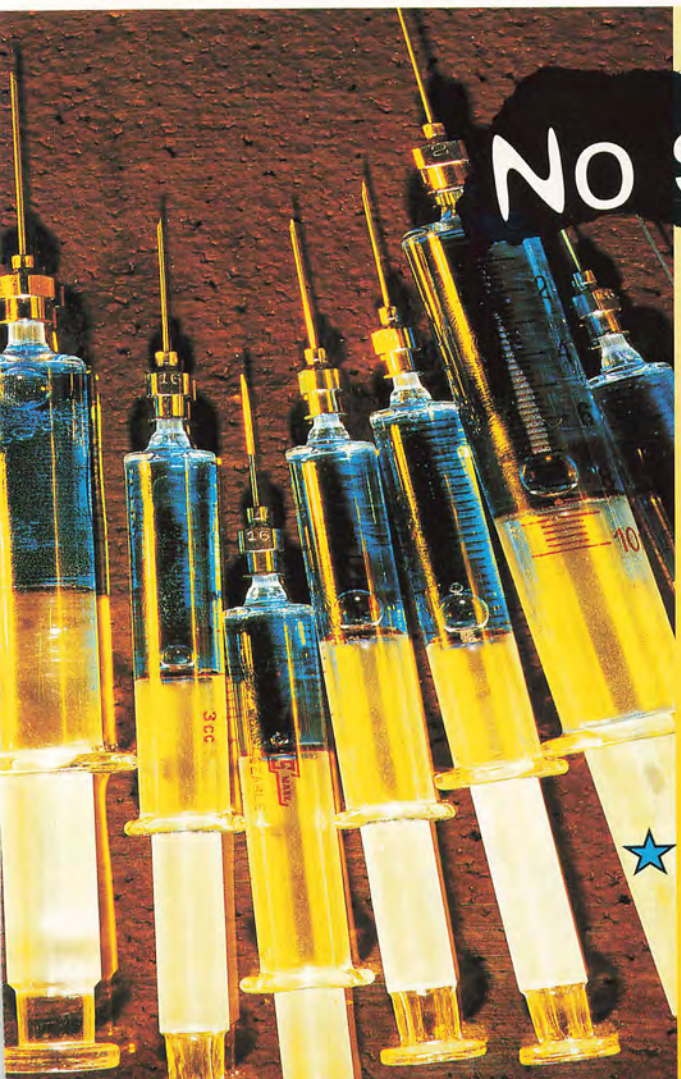
Everybody's shoutin': "Get out of the bloody road, pal"

Ironically though, his two most successful songs were made classics by people other than himself and, even stranger, both songs were to bizarrely – yet accurately – mirror the outcome of his own life. The tragic Tim Buckley made Neil's 'The Dolphins' an underground classic which is still revered in certain circles today (Beth Orton recently covered it). Harry Nilsson's version of 'Everybody's Talkin'' and its subsequent inclusion in John Schlesinger's *Midnight Cowboy* put Neil's composition into the US and UK Top 10s, ultimately becoming a pop standard. Like Ratso Rizzo, Dustin Hoffman's character in *Midnight Cowboy*, Fred Neil also chose to head for Miami. Unlike Rizzo, he didn't die before arriving. Instead, he found what he'd been looking for almost a decade before. "I've been searching for the dolphins in the sea," he'd sung, and by becoming a marine researcher in Florida, I guess he finally found them. Funny how things work out. **IR**

MELODY maker ALL NEW!



HITS OUT FOR THE LADS EVERY WEDNESDAY ONLY 90p



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Little evidence of ruthless efficiency on the dancefloor

"For you, Tommy, ze dig is over"

Eine Kleine Nachtmusik

Get on board with the Double Deckers

loaded catches a bus to the land of sausages, oompah and Alpine horns

Bavaria is a German state built on comedy. It is the land of sausage eaters and sausage dog breeders, feathered hats, cowbells, sauerkraut, sausage pies and slap-dancing bars. In fact, every German cliché imaginable to the English mind lives, thrives and sports a fine pair of lederhosen around Bav's Alpine peaks. This is *Carry On* Germany. The sauce of the sausage. And we are about to undertake a 20-hour drive from London to the heart of slap-land.

According to *Germany The Rough Guide*, our destination, Oberstdorf, is "classic chocolate box countryside". And here we all are, a double-decker coach full of DJs, a journalist, photographer, clubbers, break dancers, a band called Psychedeliasmith and a trailer full of visuals. One giant mobile disco of joy. The reason for such a pilgrimage is the MTV Snowball Snowboarding Championships, taking place in Oberstdorf. They needed a party and they called upon English club promoters Athletico to organise a fine selection of DJs and disco-minstrels. In control are the mum and dad of Athletico, Alex Sparrow and Kirsty McCara. They first hosted an event back in 1994 with their third (and absent) partner Simon Fathead in Birmingham's Custard Factory. And from there, this Stafford-based party empire has championed the breakbeat, hip-hop and funk-based mutations of dance music. They regard themselves as "an alternative to the superclubs that house has spawned", and even allow trainers into their events on a Saturday night. A rarity in itself.

Our ferry ride from Dover to Calais is the biggest see-saw hell known to man. Only 12 hours ago, Selsey was flattened by an atomic-polished hurricane. Today, the Channel is ready for a giant barge to crawl across its feisty humps. The battle of Bloody Mary versus the bile keeps the mind unavoidably focused on Mother Nature's comedown. We survive. Nobody pukes.

Back on the bus, mild-mannered lead guitarist Josh from the band is bullied into playing us a tune. The other two 'Smiths, Dean Meredith and Johnny Spunker (has massive bollocks, allegedly) reckon Josh plays like a long lost relative of Hendrix. The amp squeals into life and out strums classic after classic: 'All Along The Watchtower', 'Voodoo Chile', Cream's 'Sunshine Of Your Love'. In today's world of knob-twiddling club bands, guitars are usually cosmetic, and Alex Sparrow is so bowled over by this old-school tuneful magic that the Small Faces singalong sends him crazy.

"Shal-lal-lal-lal-la-la-lee..." he can't stop himself screaming. "Shal-lal-lal-lal-la-la-lee..." And then... CRUNCH. Like an over-heated boil-in-the-bag, someone on the bus explodes. The table upstairs gets smashed with caveman-like grace, and a woodchip leg departs with haste through the skylight to greet the German border. Cabin fever. Out go ashtrays, vodka bottles, rubbish, fags and – the biggest crime of all – shaped and coloured like a yellow smiley

PHOTOS: GRANT FLEMING

The battle of Bloody Mary vs the bile keeps the mind unavoidably focused

face, the vintage early-'80s handheld *Pacman* game. For the last 10 seconds of its life, off it flies playing its little tune like an extra from a mini-*Close Encounters*. Nothing but nailed carpet remains.

We awake the next afternoon to discover the driver has been heading towards Austria. He can't find his table and wants to go home. Twenty bus hours and we need some solid bog'n'roll – not a harrowing dump in this tin's wobbly elves' pantry of a khazi. Coming to the rescue, Johnny Spunker sticks on the Monterey Pop Festival video to ease this protracted sentence. 1967 and all that: great music and a bedraggled crowd, staring like Teletubbies through invisible fractals that only their acid-painted ears can see. Fantastic.

Arriving in Oberstdorf, it's like an Alpine 4th of July. Multicoloured parachuting Germans all trussed up like Quality Street. Hot air balloons float by picturesque snow-capped mountains and green acres of four-storey high Christmas trees. Two little fellas on the bus, quiet for the whole journey, suddenly spring to life. They are the lights and visual crew, alias Vegetable Vision, the elves responsible for the trailer load of film-school Meccano we've dragged from London.

Outside the Oberstdorf Beer Hall, the snowboarding fanatics are queuing. Hundreds of Keanu Reeves and Tara Palmer-Tomkinson clones hanging out with the over-spill from *Berlin Hills 90210*. All of them wrapped up in skiers' shell suits. The only thing that distinguishes this queue from one in the colder regions of England is the lack of burger vans.

Vegetable Vision have magically transformed this German pinewood beer abattoir into a modern discotheque. Screens of flickering projections, strobes, two inflatable bubbles and, in keeping with the current state of play in clubland, the obligatory sponsorship logos appear, here to influence the shopping side of our brains.

The first guest DJs are Dave Hill and Ashley Beadle from the Ballistic Brothers. On comes the hip-hop. The breakdancers expertly spin and show off on their play-mat. Impressed, the hall of Germans slowly invade the dancefloor.

According to a friendly shellsuit, the nearest nightclub is 200km's drive. "You either have mountains or you go to live in Munich where you have parties," he explained. Not familiar with discos, he and his friends are behaving like the Monterey gawpers, letting it all flash before their 'sausage pies': "WORK, DIE, STAFFORD, DRESDEN!" appears menacingly above the main stage in enormous letters. They are all highly confused.

Then onto the stage come Pyschedeliasmith, playing their track 'Fixy Jointy'. The sound of screaming guitar over a sample of The Kingsmen's 'Louie Louie' with a pounding breakbeat gets the crowd all excited. Yet by 3am the Germans have all but left. Early to bed, early on the white stuff.

The next day, exploration reveals Oberstdorf to be a giant fridge for pensioned hikers. Thick, long socks and Lederhosen. Quiet bars and plates of enormous sausage. Food that resembles a scaleless snake curled up like a turd with sauce – a delicacy, I'm told.

We need a slap-dancing bar to wake us up. A place where they practise this Schuhplatter dance, which roughly translated means 'shoe spanker'. It stems from the same brainwave of funky fertility grooves that bore the Morris Dance. You beat your shoes and out pops sausage. Altitude sickness has tipped them over.

Eventually we find a suspect-looking bar serving cloudy beer with a cappuccino head, and find it's strong enough to shorten a grown man's trousers. Now we sit amongst a decor of plastic conker-leaves, waiting for slappers...

This town needs a disco.

ROWAN CHERNIN

The excellent Athletico Speak, *a compilation of Athletico artists' work, is out now.*

A very warm thank you to: Chiemsee for the snowboard wear. For stockist enquiries tel: 01273 220633. Berghaus for the Storm Mountain boots and fleeces, available from Ellis Brigham, 30-32 Southampton Street, London W1 or by mail order. Tel: 0161 834 555.

Athletico Tour

The tour featuring Athletico DJs, Psychedeliasmith, guest DJs and other Athletico live acts, will be calling at: Warwick, the university (12 March), Brighton, The Concorde (18) Bath, Babylon (19), Leicester, De Montfort Hall (20), London, Blue Note (21), Reading, Alleycat (26), Bournemouth, Ballroom (27), Cambridge, Junction (1 April), Newcastle, Riverside (9), Middlesbrough, Arena (10).

THE BRAHMS & PLAYLIST

Who's playing what you want and where...

Flashback
An Old School Hardcore Revival "rinsing out" the original rave anthems from '89-'92. Whistles and smart trainers always welcome. Upstairs at Crunch, The Venue, Branston Street, Birmingham. Monthly Fridays. Doors 10.30-6. £7 members, £8 ravers.
Tel: 0976 221288.
1 Krome & Time 'Sounds Of The Underground'
2 Liquid 'Sweet Harmony'
3 Criminal Minds 'Baptised By Dub'
4 Terrorize 'It's Just A Feeling'
5 2 Bad Mice 'Bombscare'

Allstars
All the stars of the current big-beat, house, hip-hop and drum'n'bass will be "rinsing it out badly". Every Thursday night at Babylon, Kingston Road, Bath. £3 concessions, £4 beatheads.
Tel: 01225 400404.
1 Run DMC vs Jason Nevins 'It's Like That'
2 Beastie Boys 'Jimmy James'

3 Ceasefire 'Trickshot'
4 The Verve 'Bitter Sweet Symphony U.N.K.L.E remix'
5 Stevie Wonder 'Superstition'

Showcase
"Encompasses the b-boy ethos with the best graffiti skills, breakdance battles and turntable trikology. The music progresses from early dubbed out sounds to hip-hop ruffness, a classic breaks and beat session and finally onto slamming breakbeats at the climax." Rinsing! Fortnightly. Clwb Ifor Bach (The Welsh Club), Womanby Street, Cardiff. Club-sessions £5, beatiffs £6.
Tel: 01222 666400.
1 Data 'Optimus Prime Underdog Remix'
2 DJ Krust 'Warhead'
3 Jurassic 5 EP
4 Hijack 'The Badman Is Robbin'
5 Hustler All-Stars 'Breakers Cramp Chevy's Remix'

Triptonite
Deep house, hypnotic techno, tough electro, rinsing breakbeats and people dancing. Last Saturday of every month. The End, West Central Street, London WC1. Doors 11-5. £10 members, hippies £12.
Tel: 0171 357 0004.
1 Departure Lounge 'Faith In The Mix'
2 Killer Loop 'The Blue Hour'
3 Presence 'Better Day'
4 Fistik 'Bok Moruk'
5 Phuture 303 'Alpha & Omega'

PHOTOS: BRIAN SWEENEY/REX

At last, a camera that recreates the photographer's blurred vision

"My comatose friend really fancies you"

Ravers' roadshow

The Vapour '98 tour: find out just how happy a loved-up salmon can be

We have just queued to become part of a dark, vibrating warehouse box full of people. All sweaty and ungraciously squeezing together in a writhing mass of bobbing heads, limbs and bodies. A magic porridge-pot full of club people. I've lost everyone I came with.

Unfortunately I'm dressed for snow, and the few and too small bars are near-impenetrable. The corridors are full of bodies, and the heat, though it's only just above freezing outside, is like being permanently confronted by the open face of an invisible, fiery bagel oven. Yet, amidst this electric state of confusion, beneath slow eyelids and fruit-machine eyeballs, wobbly jaws and pathetically wonky smiles, the people are – in the wise words of the deputy editor – "leaping like crazy, loved-up salmon."

What the fuck is going on? Don't they know that this is hell? A fertile hive for germs to spawn like Waltons and club promoters to give you piles of flyers. Yet, for the majority, this is the ultimate wonderland of the modern club. It is the opening of the Vapour '98 tour at Chelsea Bridge Studios. Four rooms of music from Wall Of Sound, Warp Records, Soma Recordings and Heavenly Jukebox. No cheesy house, Spice Girls records or flat, queasy-listening rooms. No dress code and, for once, the cavemen harassing people in the name of security are reasonable.

It's difficult to describe each room precisely. The Soma room is packed with frantic happy people, techno and deep house. The Wall Of Sound room is packed with squashed people lost to the Propellerheads, who are onstage taking DJ performance to the extremes. It's not like the old days, when you just went mental to records and watched a flashing light for a couple of hours. The Heavenly room is wall to wall with nodding happy people, air guitarists, drummers etc, enjoying Monkey Mafia. Which just leaves one room to sardine my way into: the Warp room.

> **"It's like the olden days, when everyone was off their heads"**

Things have gone silly. Next to a large pole, I find one of our office designers, Jim 'girl bait' Parry, dancing. Dancing in earnest to techno with an invisible ball: "Jim, let us have a go on your invisible ball!"

"No, fuck off. It's mine."

We are grown men reduced to arguing over nothing. He's having the best fun. Jim can turn his phantom club toy from a tennis ball into a football, then into ever-expanding boxes, stars and – last but not least – the curvy figure of whichever girl he is currently dribbling over.

"It's like the olden days," he says. "It's harking back to when everyone was off their heads. Lots of effectuation going on. You know, when you just fancy someone because you're off your head. You think you're looking at them and they look back thinking you're looking at them too. And you think you're in, and you probably are. But you can't do anything because you can't talk. You think you're smiling at them but you are doing this..." Christ! I've only ever seen horses do that.

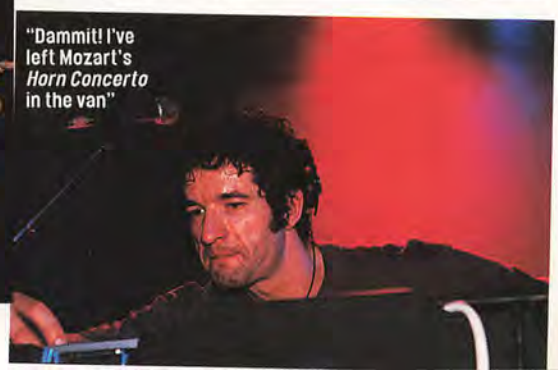
Excellent party. But please send donations, in a kind of on-going harvest festival gesture, to people you know like Jim. Or maybe when you're joining hands with strangers in discos and spreading herpes, you could write down their addresses and send them something nice. Help The Ravered – it will be you.

ROWAN CHERNIN

More Vapour '98

April 23 Sankeys Soap, Manchester.
May 9 The Sanctuary, Birmingham.
June 13 The Music Factory, Sheffield.
July 4 Red Box, Dublin.
Ticket info: 0990 344 4444
Info line: 0171 323 0893

Impromptu weightlifting contests can liven things up



"Dammit! I've left Mozart's *Horn Concerto* in the van"

YOU DANCIN'?

records you're always too messed up to ask the name of

The Underground Techno Sound Of Sweden (Distance)
Blond, daddy-long-legged, cannibalistic Abba fans from Sweden release "a stylish four-track EP of deep house and luscious techno". Known as 'Swedo... Swedehouse' or, for the intelligent, 'Swede-garage'.

Roni Size Reprazent 'Watching Windows' (Talkin Loud)
Very flash. The crisp vocals of Onallee with Ed Rush & Optical, DJ Die and Nuyorican Soul on the remixes. Full of rich and enticing layers, smooth whipped-cream ambience, intelligent Hundreds and Thousands, topped with a Mr Kipling jungle cherry.

LHOOQ 'Losing Hand' (Echo)
It started off all lovely but led to a kind of doorstep theatre re-enactment of the Hell's Angels at Altamont Speedway. When the machine-twisted orchestral funky breakbeats erupted, the troll – who lives under the basement – went crazy. He removed his shirt and glasses, then displayed an old broomstick handle in a very threatening manner. This will work wonders on the intelligent floors.

Liberator DJs 'Melon Farm' (Truelove)
Filthy acid techno. Intelligent bad drugs.

Tipper 'Twister' (Fuel)
From the Steppenwolf of breakbeats, or Dave to his mates, comes intelligent, spooked drag-racing grooves. Speed Garage? No... Truck-rock.

Skinny 'Failure' (Cheeky)
A cool downtempo groove to stick in your CD player and let your ears relax, with an intelligent re-fiddle from David Holmes.

Steve 'Silk' Hurley 'Voices Of Life – Word Is Love' (AM:PM)
Muso intelligence says: "A tough garage cut in his style first heard on his huge Tina More Mix. Mousse T comes with a set of 'bumping' mixes to satisfy house heads all over..." Bumping?

Sniper 'Crossfader Dominator' (Bullion Records)
A dancefloor zenith has been attained via the funky chaos in the clubbers' minds being redirected by this new twisted formula. A kind of frantic '70s-style chase theme soundtrack combined with today's top-heavy beats. Hot.

FC Kahuna 'Bright Morning White' (Kahuna Cuts)
A string quartet and big Kahunas is always a winning formula. This intelligent baby builds like a pyramid of joy and lands a meaty groove on the hallowed club planks.

Sylk 130 'Last Night A DJ Saved My Life' (S2)
Last night a DJ ruined my life; stole my bird, drink, drugs, socks... this disco classic returns after being interfered with by intelligent professionals like Sanchez and Francois K. DJs smell.

Depth Charge 'Disko Airlines' (DC Recordings)
The pilot is mad. The music is crazy: down beats, vocoder voices and lots of unjolly wobble. Quality nerdcore.

Dope On Plastic! 5 (React)
Out from the Temple of Dope rolls another double Jones CD of breakbeat psychedelia.

Street Corner Symphony 'No Running, No Bombing, No Petting' (Street Corner Records)
From the secret world of DJ Glen Gunner emerges a nice LP. A warm orgy of jazz funk, soul, Latin, jazz, disco and house yields protean grooves for genuine home entertainment. Saves tissues.

French Sessions Vol 1 Mixed by Jerome Pacman (Distance)
Ever since Hastings they won't leave us alone. Mixed deep housy stuff.

Al Campbell 'Revival Selection' (Kickin)
A classic reggae compilation to keep your yard full of love.

Lionrock 'City Delirious' (Concrete)
A mutant LP of musical genres. Electro, '60s beat influences, ska, funk etc. Do you remember when you used to put on an LP and listen to it all the way through, and every track would have its own character, not just a selection of BUMPING beats?

ROWAN CHERNIN

Got any Reynolds Girls?

Original acid house survivor DJ Harvey on religion, pantomime cows and peeing on the decks. And he would almost certainly rather jack than Fleetwood Mac

Are DJs the modern equivalent of a vicar holding a ceremony?

Yes. I probably preach to more people in a weekend than the local vicar. And besides, I've always had plans to go and set up my own music and shag fest cult in the Californian mountains when I'm done with this DJ and producing thing.

When did you first DJ?

In the early '80s. I'd played in bands as a drummer, since the mid-'70s. I was in punk bands when I was12.

Why did you swap your sticks for decks?

At gigs the engineer would play a tape between bands while they changed over. The music we'd use at that time was reggae, electro and stuff like that and they weren't down with those sounds. It wasn't like you could convince someone to come and play in the likes of a sea cadets' hall. So we decided to DJ. Around this time the London warehouse scene was happening. We started doing the same things ourselves, putting on underground parties. It was a blur between 1983-84 when we started.

This year, according to the crazy loved-up goons, is acid house's10th anniversary. So what else were they shouting on the dancefloors back then, apart from "Acieeeeeeed" ?

There were all kinds of chants: "Synthetic, genetic, remote control", or, "The roof is on fire, we don't need no water, let the motherfucker burn, burn motherfucker burn". Often it was whatever came into someone's head. I remember people doing exactly the same dance – a cross between hip-hop dances and acid house dances, like the 'Wop' and the 'Pee Wee Herman'. I don't know what the wave-your-arms-in-the-air dance was called. Probably the 'Matey'.

Did you ever own the Reynolds Girls' 'I'd Rather Jack' ?

I remember that. Oh God. I don't think I ever owned it, though.

PHOTOS:MUSIC MAKER/ RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE

a regular hindrance to DJs
"And this knob automatically sorts all my records alphabetically by date, musical category and the artist's mum's maiden name"

"I've always had plans to set up my own music and shag fest cult"

Would you say they were acid house?

Yeah, I'm sure. I seem to remember that being quite popular. Getting played on the radio anyway.

Why do people who lose a few grey disco skittles on the dancefloor end up tie-dyed in Goa for six months?

Only some of them do. I can't really pass judgment on Goa, 'cos I've never been there. I'm sure it's a beautiful place, but I don't fancy hanging out with a bunch of glow-in-the-dark Trustafarians.

At your new London residency at Leftorium you're due to be on the decks for five hours, how are you going to pee?

I'll put on a 10-minute record and go for a slash. I tend to sweat it out, I don't like to overly consume liquid. In five hours I might have one slash. Maybe I should get one of those racing driver things with a little pipe that runs down your leg.

What is your music policy going to be?

The music policy is wide, wide open, so I'll definitely try a few things out and see what happens.

Have you got those traffic lights in a box that flash in time to the beat?

If I had some, I'd take them along. I was considering investing in a set. It gives it that school disco or youth club feel.

Harvey's Top Ten

1 **Ian Brown** 'Can't See Me'
2 **Pleasure** 'Joyous remix'
3 **UFO** 'Picaresque Eye'
4 **Liquid Liquid** 'Bell head'
5 **Trolley Dollies** 'Spacecake'
6 **G'n'H** 'New One'
7 **Extended Family** 'Ulysses'
8 **Brand New Heavies** 'Shelter'
9 **Cru L Orchestra** 'Time And Day'
10 **Ramsey & Co** 'Love Call'

Do you reckon they're the future?

I'm into that: less is more. If you can create a good atmosphere you don't need a Pink Floyd light show.

What does the future hold in store for the UK club scene?

It's really hard to predict. I think we're in a really good time, just a major mush of music and styles. If you're stuck in one type of music then you're old-fashioned. So the modern way is to get into all the bits that you like from all the other categories. But there is a real category problem; people don't know if they are blue speed garage or green speed garage any more.

Which floor of the speed garage are you polishing?

Green speed garage. I like it with a bit of purple and green.

What's the major hassle for a DJ?

Having to wake up.

Do you ever get bothered by these grown men watching your records going round?

I think people who do that are quite enthusiastic, you shouldn't take what they're doing as the mood of the club. The guys taking Polaroids of every record you play are having a good time. They're just not wiggling very much.

Seen any new club dances recently?

I wouldn't know what to call it but it was kind of like the dance associated with the Dead Heads in LA. All the girls who followed the Grateful Dead would do a strange dance I haven't seen anywhere else in the world, almost like a northern soul dance. They wear baggy trousers and skip around.

What's been the most inspiring club you've been to in the UK?

What I like in a club is not too loud music and a bit of room to move, to spin, and a clean dancefloor, which is really hard to find. I'd really like a perfectly clean floor, maybe with a bit of baby powder on it for sliding. You should get chucked out for spilling a drink on the floor or stubbing a fag out.

What's been the weirdest thing you've seen on the dancefloor?

A pantomime cow with Alexander McQueen in the back, getting the shit kicked out of him. That was at a club I used to do called the Beautiful Bend in London.

Heard any new slang terms on the dancefloor recently?

I've got a few good ones for piles: Rockford Files, Belinda Carlisles, Nobby Styles. Then there's my old favourite, 'I'm just off for a quick Jodrell', as in Jodrell Bank."

ROWAN CHERNIN

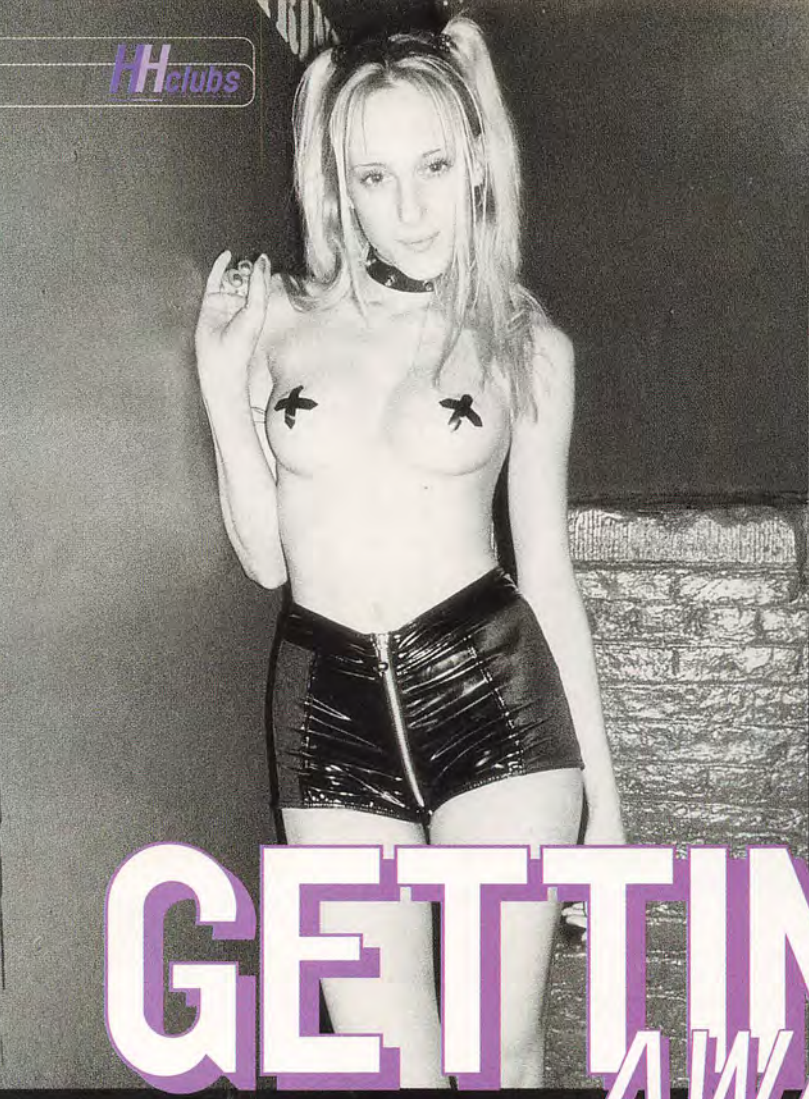
Harvey's remix of Ian Brown's 'Can't See Me' is out in May on Polydor. He DJs at Leftorium every Friday at Smithfields, 340 Farringdon Street, London EC1, 9pm-3am. £6/£4 before 10pm. Tel: 0171 236 8112.

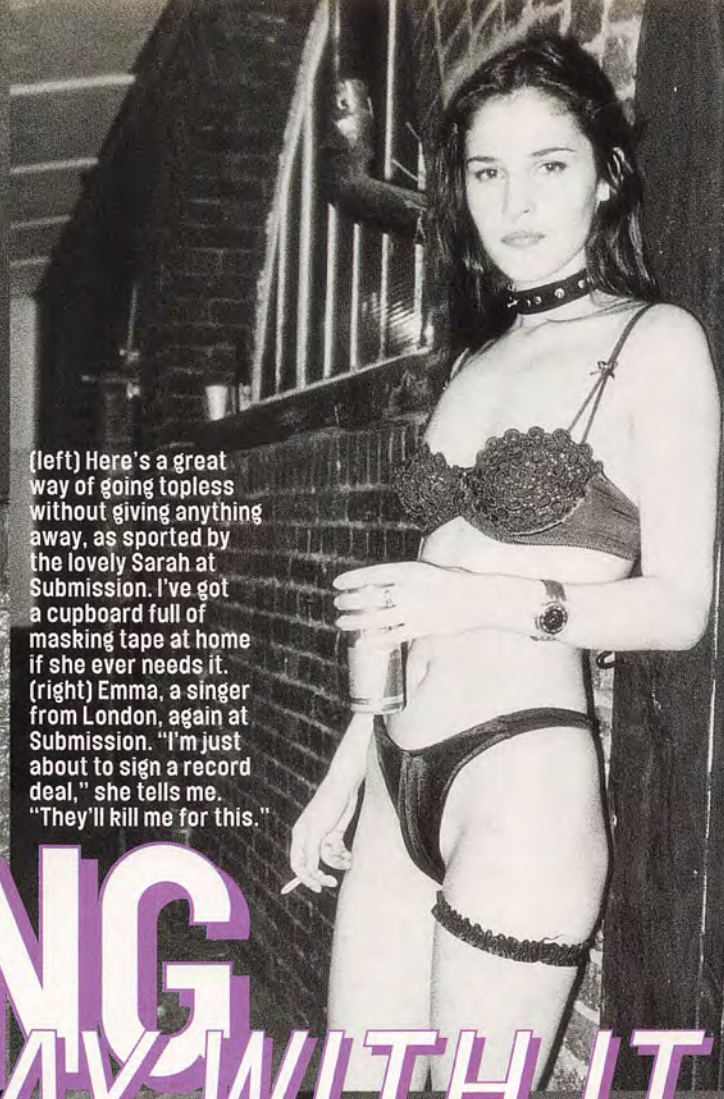
THE CHARLATANS
MELTING POT

CD MC LP

THE ONLY ONE I KNOW
THEN
OPPORTUNITY THREE
OVER RISING
SPROSTON GREEN (US VERSION)
WEIRDO
THEME FROM THE WISH
PATROL (THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS MIX)
CAN'T GET OUT OF BED
I NEVER WANT AN EASY LIFE IF ME & HE
WERE EVER TO GET THERE
JESUS HAIRDO
CRASHIN' IN
JUST LOOKIN'
HERE COMES A SOUL SAVER
JUST WHEN YOU'RE THINKIN' THINGS OVER
ONE TO ANOTHER
NORTH COUNTRY BOY

Smooth in the extreme





(left) Here's a great way of going topless without giving anything away, as sported by the lovely Sarah at Submission. I've got a cupboard full of masking tape at home if she ever needs it. (right) Emma, a singer from London, again at Submission. "I'm just about to sign a record deal," she tells me. "They'll kill me for this."

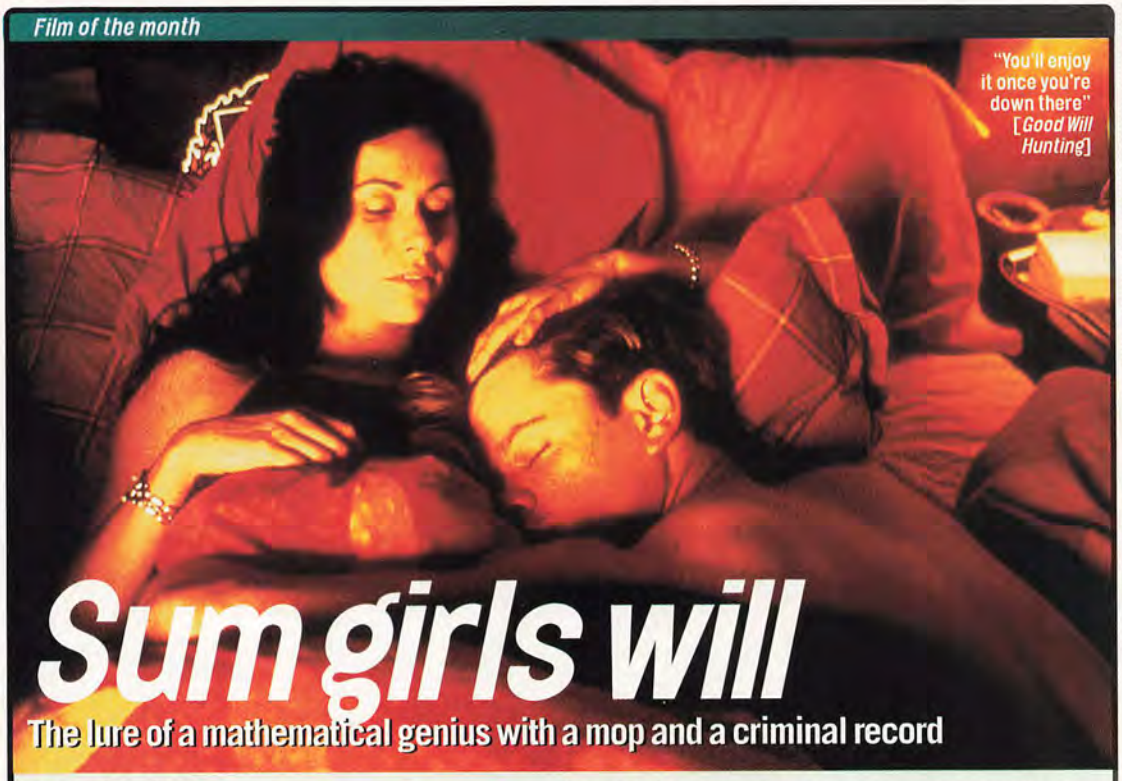
GETTING AWAY WITH IT

a photo-diary of the weird and wonderful by derek ridgers

(left) Another chance to salivate, or whatever, over the perennially horny Pigalle at Submission, where we met cheek to cheek. (right) Clearly in a highly tumescent state having bumped into me, it's San Franciscan student Rachel at Submission. "What winks and shags like a tiger?" she asks, winking. I'm buggered if I know, but then what's that she's got stuffed down the front of her dress?

"Can you tell me when we get to Toys 'R' Us?" [*Best Men*]

Film of the month


"You'll enjoy it once you're down there" [*Good Will Hunting*]

Sum girls will

The lure of a mathematical genius with a mop and a criminal record

Good Will Hunting

In a nutshell: Angry but brilliant young man is heading for a cocktail of porridge and dead-end jobs until time spent with a sympathetic therapist helps him come to terms with his past and present. Gus Van Sant directs, and Lawrence Bender (*Reservoir Dogs*, *Pulp Fiction*) is the producer.

What's the story? Twenty-year-old Boston tough Will Hunting (Matt Damon) works as a janitor at a local college and enjoys chugging beer, smoking the holy herb and fighting in slow motion. When he makes short work of maths problems left on the blackboard that baffle eggheads, he comes to the attention of a professor (Stellan Skarsgard), who helps keep him out of stir. But he must see a therapist. Robin Williams takes the job on and, after a dodgy start, a conversation about farting breaks the ice and they begin to help and learn from each other. Progress is not smooth though, as Will's fear of attachment and rejection must be conquered and Williams has run-ins with Skarsgard about pushing the lad too hard.

Clever stuff: The screenplay, by Damon and Ben Affleck (who plays Will's best mate), is a bobby dazzler and won a Golden Globe. It's shrewd, sharp and keeps a check on cheese. There are a couple of good blow-job jokes too.

Lust: Tastefully approached. A rich student (Minnie Driver) falls for our rough diamond but he's scared to love and spurns her offer of going to California.

Casual observation: "There's only a certain number of times you can bang your friend's future wife."

Verdict: Intelligent, entertaining, boss. 9/10

CHAS CHANDLER

Jackie Brown

In a nutshell: Huggy Bear cops an attitude, gets tooled up and steals the show from Starsky and Hutch. He nicks their chicks and their strides as well.

What's the story? There's a few. The plot, from the book *Rum Punch* by Elmore Leonard, has been transplanted from Miami to Tarantino's turf, LA, where various lives converge around gun-runner Samuel L Jackson and his $500,000 stash. A few of these lives come to a violent end, but for once that's not the point.

Tarantino gives himself three hours to tell a relatively simple story following lovely fortysomething leading lady Pam Grier as she tries to extricate herself from Jackson's business and take his money with her. Robert De Niro is Jackson's bumbling, burnt out ex-con sidekick, and Bridget Fonda his surfer chick. Despite the casting of Grier, star of '70s classic *Foxy Brown*, this is not blaxploitation trash. It's a slick '90s job, with Tarantino's customary wise-ass dialogue. Mind you, the fashion is fly and Jackson does use the word 'nigger' as punctuation.

Clever stuff: Fantastic soundtrack, mixing soul, R'n'B and rap, which also lifts the Bobby Womack-sung theme of '70s movie *Across 110th Street*.

Lust: Bob, four days out of jail, has a 30-second fling with Bridget Fonda. She barely seems to notice.

Carnage: The violence is sparse, casual, sudden and mean.

Best line: While watching a babes-with-machine-guns vid, Jackson improvises some new sales patter: "The AK47. When you absolutely, positively have to kill every motherfucker in the room, accept no substitute."

Typical line using the word 'nigger': Jackson to Grier, "I bet when you come in here on a Saturday night you need nigger repellent to keep them off."

Verdict: 8/10

DANNY PLUNKETT

Best Men

What's the story? Four friends collect their mate from prison, drive him to his wedding and get involved in a bungled bank robbery on the way. Dean Cain and Drew Barrymore are the big-name stars.

Clever stuff: Managing to take the piss out of Americans (always a good thing) and their paranoia (even better) by parodying some of their most successful films and television shows. *Reservoir Dogs*, *Speed*, *Heat*, *Airwolf* and *The A-Team* all get savaged in the process.

Stupid stuff: There's nothing much stupid about this film – it's actually quite funny. But some of the characters are pretty daft. Watch out for the FBI agent, Hoover, and the token Vietnam vet. They're bonkers.

Lust: None, which is a shame given Drew Barrymore's presence.

Carnage: Lots of shooting, wounding and car crashes plus a daring helicopter rescue stunt.

Verdict: 7.5/10

NIALL HAMPTON

The Edge

In a nutshell: *Grizzly Adams* meets *Jaws*.

What's the story? It's an Alaskan adventure yarn. Intellectual billionaire Charles Morse (Anthony Hopkins) and poncy fashion photographer Robert Green (Alec Baldwin) are involved in a plane crash and end up arse over tit in the Alaskan wilderness. There's actually three of them who survive the crash, but the third fella is just your obligatory un-famous actor who gets gruesomely killed (see 'Carnage', below) halfway through the film. As luck would have it, Hopkins is extremely clever and knows loads of nerdy things for survival, such as: a paper clip can be used as a compass, meat can be seasoned with gunpowder and a shoe can be shined with the inside of a banana peel. The last one of these turns out to be quite useless

"It's up to you, Bob – darts or *Pet Rescue*?" [*Jackie Brown*]

White House sex scandals and war – bit far fetched, isn't it? [*Wag The Dog*]

Poking bears with sticks may make them angry [*The Edge*]

to them. Anyway, besides hunting for food (one squirrel) and avoiding a very large bear (still hungry after eating un-famous bloke), Hopkins finds out that Baldwin has also been having some upside bottom action with his wife, played by Elle Macpherson (in it for about five minutes). The pair of them don't get on after that. A lively adventure and a different slant on the old 'man against beast' theme, it will put you off *Gentle Ben* for life.
Carnage: A nine-foot bear attacks an un-famous actor, ripping off his legs then tearing into his stomach with his really sharp teeth. It's pretty horrific.
Best line: "It's a little different from snorting coke off a girl's hip bones." Woof!
Quote for poster: This is what the edges of seats were designed for!
Verdict: 7/10
THE LOAFER

You'd be miserable if your office was like this. Oh, it is? [*Gattaca*]

Jack flunks dog-handling school again [*As Good As It Gets*]

Gattaca
In a nutshell: In the future, doctors will be able to read your sperm like a good book. Some of you might already believe you're capable of this, though being dysfunctional psychopaths it's unlikely you'll make it to the pictures very often – certainly not without wounding anyone or stealing a dog on the way.
What's the story? Next century, and genetic engineering has made people like us even more obsolete. The human species has artificially evolved into a super-race, honed and shaped at the jism stage of creation – with those enjoying clumsy natural births doing all the shit jobs like digging holes, rat catching and features editing. The rich folks speak in minimalist sentences and work in humanity-free corporations, banned from getting pissed at lunchtimes. The physical and emotional elite train to be Space Navigators at the Gattaca Corporation, an institution off limits to natural types like whining Gen X fop Ethan Hawke.

He steals the identity of a genetically superior but crippled English bloke. Using this man's blood, piss and toenails, he fools the Corp's security checks and enrols as a navigator. Then he meets Uma Thurman, a couple of people die and the film wraps up so quickly you'd think Scooby Doo was the script consultant.
Verdict: Seen it all before. François Truffaut's *Fahrenheit 451* much better expressed fears of state control and sanitised existence. I don't need this film to teach me that the future is all piss and toenails – the present already is. 3/10
PHIL ROBINSON

As Good As It Gets
In a nutshell: In New York.
What's the story? Cynical and grumpy author (Jack Nicholson) with obsessive compulsive disorder is taught to love and give by his gay neighbour's Yorkshire terrier and his favourite waitress's chronically asthmatic son.
Who's in it? Several people, notably Helen Hunt, but Jack's in all the best bits. In fact he is the best bit. Not that the other bits are bad, just that without him things would resemble an almost watchable episode of *Friends*. If such a thing were possible.
Clever stuff: Dialogue, mainly – special effects are kept to a minimum. There's a dog that pisses on cue, things like that.
Carnage: Moral rather than physical, and in a positive way. The characters become better people, so that you can too.
Quote for the poster: Oh, everyone loves it.
Lust: Strictly obsessions. Nicholson collects soap and takes his own cutlery to restaurants. But then, who doesn't?
Any point paying to see it? Yes. If, like myself, you're a bit of a git, then some parts of the film offer something of a masterclass. But don't go expecting *The Shining*.
Verdict: For a romantic comedy, this is as good as it gets. Ha-fucking-ha. 6/10
MICHAEL HOLDEN

Wag The Dog
In a nutshell: *Yes, Prime Minister* made in Hollywood and directed by Nostradamus, with a million-dollar budget.
What's the story? A girl guide visiting the White House is taken to one side by the president. His sexual side. This is a bad idea. She gets inconvenient, the Prez gets a spin doctor (Bob De Niro), the American people get a war. The war with Albania is a sham, set up by Hollywood producer Dustin Hoffman with assistance from Denis Leary, complete with a theme song from Willie Nelson and a hostage played by Woody Harrelson.
Clever stuff: Pictures of girl guides in Monica Lewinsky berets. WC Fields' version of 'Thank Heaven For Little Girls' playing in the background. From war-related burger spin-offs to Live Aid-style official conflict songs, the situation is played for laughs.
Really clever stuff: Making sure Bill Clinton obliged with a suitable sex scandal when the film came out in the States, ensuring masses of free publicity.
Nice touch: Film crew wearing 'Fuck Albania' T-shirts.
Stupid stuff: Mark Knopfler doing the soundpftrack.
Carnage: Despite the war being artificial, some central characters still achieve death by bullet.
Typical dialogue: "Why Albania?" "Why not? They seem slightly shifty. You can't trust 'em." "What have they ever done to us?" "What have they ever done *for* us?"
Verdict: Hoffman and De Niro both have a good time and it shows. 6/10.
DANNY PLUNKETT

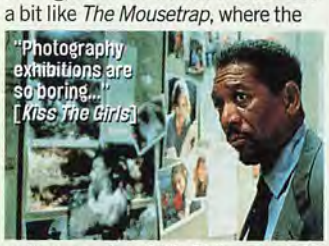
quick ones

Midnight In The Garden Of Good And Evil
True-life Gothic mystery directed by Clint Eastwood. Journo John Cusack travels to Georgia for a party held by homosexual art collector Kevin Spacey. Spacey shoots his young boyfriend and Cusack stays on for the court case. A superb performance by Spacey, and nicely low-key portrayal of the eccentrics who populate the

"Did I shoot six reels of film or only five..." [*Midnight In The Garden of Good And Evil*]

town, but too much heavy symbolism and a cackling voodoo lady who won't go away. Or stop cackling. 6/10
DAVID BENNUN

Kiss The Girls
Cop Morgan Freeman on the trail of a serial killer called Casanova who is 'collecting' talented, clever young women and murdering them if they fail to please him. The makers have asked us not to reveal the shock-twist ending, so it'll be a whodunnit secret a bit like *The Mousetrap*, where the


"Photography exhibitions are so boring..." [*Kiss The Girls*]

policeman also did it. Shit, sorry. Lots of scary bits and more sick detail, titillation and gratuitous portrayal of violence against women than the *Sunday Sport*'s rape case coverage. Tense and well-made, but the world does not need this film. 4/10
CHRIS BURKE

Fallen
Hot-shot cop Denzel Washington and partner John Goodman collar a serial killer and watch him croak in the gas chamber. But before you can say "promotion opportunity" a new spate of murders starts, all bearing the same hallmarks. You see, the real murderer is an evil spirit who can pass from one body to another just by touch. As you can imagine, he's a bit of a bugger to catch. As Goodman says "Someone's playing with my dick, and it ain't me." Sounds promising, but it just ain't scary or believable. 5/10.
GARY CROSSING

"Lend us a gas mask" [*Fallen*]

Le jardin de

Blax Factor

The restrained elegance of blaxploitation movies

Vast, vast flares. Flares the size of a tent. Flares wide enough for an entire cub pack and a fairly sizeable campfire. A huge floppy hat. A shiny pink Cadillac. Guns, dope, kung-fu bitches and layer after layer of sticky wah-wah funk. This is the blaxploitation film in a smokin' shell – multi-coloured cartoon hustlers strutting through the monochrome ghetto, slappin' their bitches and wastin' The Man. Add a few flimsy scripts, a spot of poor production and blammo! Huggy Bear's your uncle.

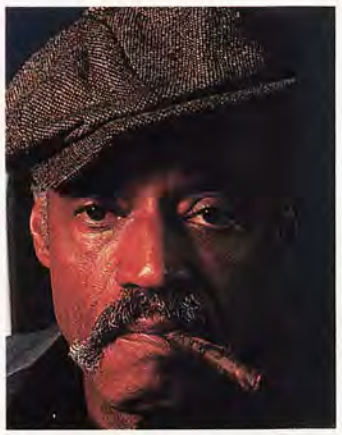
But behind the trashy sex'n' violence of these films, there was a revolution goin' on. Before the cinematic coup of blaxploitation, the only black characters in the movies were comedy housemaids, highly strung native bearers in Tarzan flicks or, if you were lucky, Sidney Poitier as a goody-goody teacher.

Then along came *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song* in 1971. Shot as a porn film and bank-rolled by Bill Cosby (then a strident black rights campaigner rather than a tedious soft-soap moraliser), Melvin Van Peebles' deeply weird cop-killing shagfest proved that movies by, for and about black people could be box office dynamite. Predictably, Hollywood smelled money and began churning out wide-collared 'black interest' movies by the shovelful: first *Shaft*, then *Superfly*, followed by four years of low budget hilarity like *Black Caesar*, and the occasional diamond like *Dolemite*.

Predictably, blaxploitation tripped over its cape when they ran out of pistol-packin' gangster themes and started scraping the genre barrel, producing westerns (*The Legend Of Nigger Charley*), horror (*Scream Blacula Scream*) and karate movies (*Black Samurai*). They were almost invariably shit.

> **"In *Avenging Disco Godfather* I try to break up an angel-dust ring"**

But, however cheesy they became, blaxploitation films paved the way for black people to work in the film industry at all levels. Without *Superfly* there'd be no Spike Lee, no Samuel L Jackson, no Will Smith and definitely no *Jackie Brown*. Blaxploitation films bum-rushed Hollywood and kicked open the door in massive stack heels. Can you dig it?



MELVIN VAN PEEBLES:
Multi-talented artist and father of flat-topped actor/director Mario, he made over a dozen black-themed movies including last year's controversial *Panther*. His groundbreaking *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song* single-handedly kicked off the blaxploitation movement.

"Yep, when *Sweetback* grossed $11 million, Hollywood wanted to get in on the act," he explains, "but they didn't want the political message or the militancy, so they introduced their own version. But even then, blaxploitation films were so unrelentingly black, so seeped in black culture, they had a good few years saying things no one had said before."

Sweetback... ends with the legend: "WATCH OUT! A badass nigger is coming back to collect some dues!" Feeling a little angry, were you?

"Oh yeah! *Sweetback* was a no-holds-barred film! Black guys killing cops? That was unthinkable at the time!"

And was it realistic? Was that anger the feeling of the time?

"Heh-heh-heh... Maybe

SHAFT

Shaft, *Shaft's Big Score* and *Shaft In Africa*

Love-machine rating: "Who's the black private dick/ Who's a sex machine to all the chicks?"	8
Handiness: Barely stops punching people for 90 minutes; also does a spot of SAS-style abseiling	9
Firepower: Snub-nose .38 Smith & Wesson, machine guns, dynamite	6
Funkiness: Isaac Hayes soundtrack	8
Collar width: No collar at all. Roll-neck under a tight black leather suit	0
Blax factor: Let's face it, he's a pig	0

DOLEMITE

Dolemite, *Dolemite 2: The Human Tornado* and *The Legend Of Dolemite*

Love-machine rating: Has a harem of homicidal kung-fu bitches who shag him in his limo	10
Handiness: A bit tubbier than Bruce Lee	5
Firepower: Mercilessly wastes an entire gang with a machine gun	9
Funkiness: Fantastically cheesy titles	7
Collar width: The most ridiculous outfits ever burnt onto celluloid	10
Blax factor: Richard Pryor, Eddie Murphy and Ice-T are big fans	9

WILLIE DYNAMITE

Willie Dynamite and *Your Momma's Ass*

Love-machine rating: Are you kidding?	10
Handiness: He's a lover, not a fighter	5
Firepower: Only firearms that don't ruin the line of his suit	5
Funkiness: Huge slabs of creamy wah-wah dripping everywhere	7
Collar width: Check out that crazy pink catsuit!	10
Blax factor: The definitive funky dude	9

CLEOPATRA JONES

Cleopatra Jones and *Cleopatra Jones And The Temple Of Gold*

Love-machine rating: Sadly, 6ft 2in underwear model Tamara Dobson is too busy kickin' ass to get it on	5
Handiness: Beats up lesbian drug lords with flying kung-fu kicks	8
Firepower: More guns, cars, bikes and explosions than Jimmy Bond	8
Funkiness: Millie Jackson's 'Love Doctor'	6
Collar width: Roughly a zillion costume changes in Danny La Rue's wardrobe	9
Blax factor: The black Barbie	5

PHOTOS: KATZ/RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE/MOVIESTORE

it was, but even if it was accurate, I'm not gonna admit to it. You could put me in jail forever, right?"

Erm... nooo...

"What you mean no? Fuck yes! For killing *cops*?"

Ahem. I'm not saying you actually had to kill any cops to research the film... did you?

"I'm taking the fifth amendment on that one! Maybe they're still looking for that guy! I've got to be VERY cautious... you're gonna get my ass killed."

Okaaaay... So do you rate the Dolemite films?

"He's terrific! In our circles, Dolemite is this humungous hero! The Dolemite films are the funniest blaxploitation films ever. All the others like *Cleopatra Jones* just pretend to be down, but Dolemite is the *real* underground hustler."

RUDY RAY MOORE:
Legendary comedian and actor. Star of six blaxploitation films including *Dolemite*. Currently filming *The Return of Superfly* and Hong Kong-based karate flick *Big Willie*. The fourth Dolemite movie, *The Millennium Dolemite*, starts production in April. So will Dolemite still be rocking the '70s pimp look?

"Hell no! I'm gonna be layin' down the law to the new street hustlers, so I won't be wearing no pimp era clothes, but they sure gonna be daring clothes still, 'cos Dolemite don't do *nothin'* soft-pedal!"

Dolemite is considered a classic of the genre, but you don't like the term blaxploitation?

"When they made pictures where the Indians was shot and killed, they never called them Indian-ploitation, did they? They never called them *Godfather* mafia movies Eye-talian-ploitation. So why call our movies blaxploitation?"

Were the Dolemite films successful at the time?

"From day one! The people lined the streets to see me. I *always* been a star! And I was laughed at for making them movies! I was talked about like a dawg! They said 'This fool never gonna git that shit shown in a movie theatre!' And 25 years on, they still selling!"

And still being sampled by rappers like Ice-T and Snoop Doggy Dogg.

"Seventy-two times! I am the world's third most sampled artist. There's James Brown, George Clinton and then there's Dolemite, bein' sampled by Big Daddy Kane, Two Live Crew and Eazy-E."

Dolemite films are filled with kung-fu bitches, guns, dope...

"I never used no damned dope in my pictures!"

In *Dolemite*, the boot of your car is crammed full of dope!

"Oh yeah, sure, the dope's in there. It's only natural in these sort of situations. But I was always the character who was against dope. In *Avenging Disco Godfather* I try to break up an angel-dust ring. I'm always against dope."

So how is the 'Dolemite For President' campaign coming along?

"The presidential campaign is on ice until the millennium, when I will become president."

What will you do when you get into the White House?

"I'm gonna shack up in the Oval Office and rename it the Oral Office. A lot of oral sex gonna be goin' on in that office! And I got just one policy: anythang goes! I'm gonna legalise *every* goddamn thang! I'm definitely gonna legalise hustling. Give all the Cadillacs to the hustlers and the whores. And nobody has to work, EVER!"

JOHN PERRY

Dolemite *and* Sweet Sweetback... *are out on Xenon Video*

SUPERFLY

Superfly and *Superfly TNT*

Love-machine rating: Can hardly keep it in his loons	9
Handiness: He's a midget in a cape	4
Firepower: Girl's gun	3
Funkiness: The sublime 'Pusherman' by Curtis Mayfield	10
Collar width: As a cocaine dealer, his snow-white collar *has* to be of the most outrageous width	9
Blax factor: Points off for flooding the streets with $1 million worth of cocaine	7

FRIDAY

N.B. Hits the spot with lemonade.

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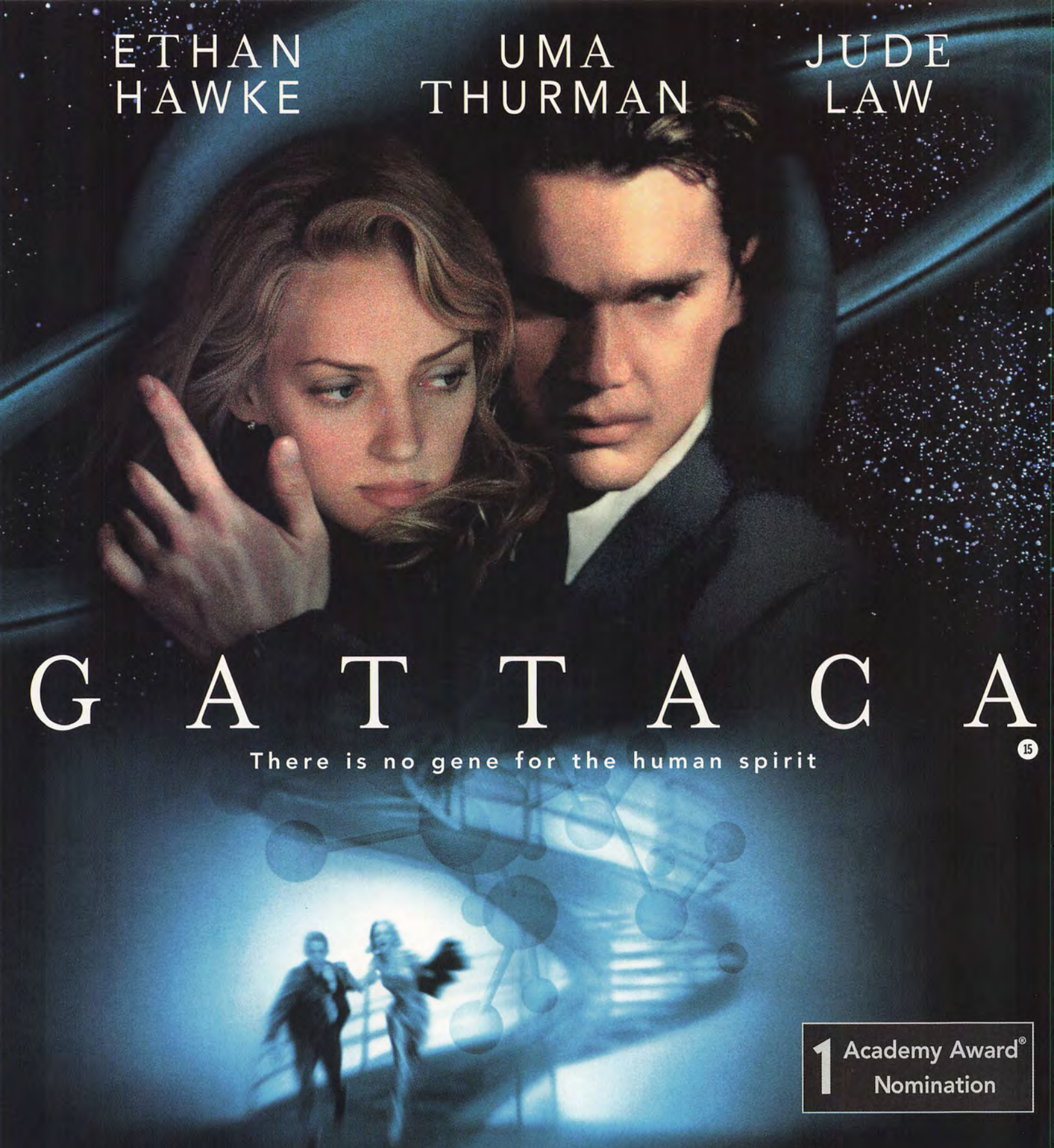

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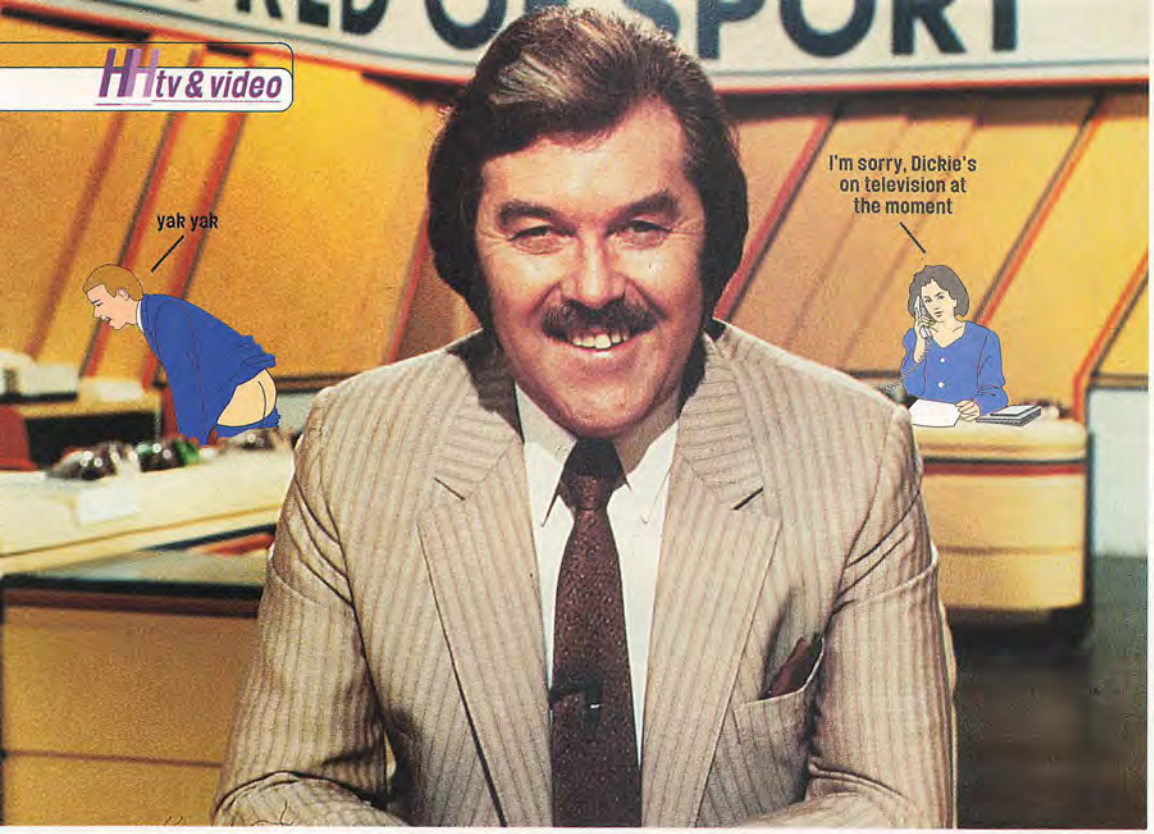


Behind you!

Dickie Davies, TV sport's original Mr Smooth

He was the face of telly sport in the '70s and '80s – moustache, badger streak and all. Now Dickie Davies is back with a new show on Sky Sports 3, a series of 20 interviews with British sporting greats of the last 50 years. Greats such as Henry Cooper, Nat Lofthouse, Fred Trueman, Willie Carson and Virginia Wade, a few of whom happen to be good mates of the former *World Of Sport* anchorman, formerly known as "the housewife's favourite".

What constitutes a "sporting hero"?

Achievement and the manner in which someone has achieved it. I don't mean the way they've lived their lives, but the manner in which they've played and pursued their sport. There also has to be a kind of charisma about them, a personality to latch on to.

Which of the guests are friends of yours?

I know Henry Cooper, we play golf together. I've known Stirling Moss for a long time. Willie Carson I've worked with before, and I've known Fred Trueman for years. They know I'm full of respect for them so we get on terribly well. But I don't think the show's cosy because of it. It's not like me talking to people I know and love in the lounge over a few cocktails. I'm more concerned about searching their personalities and going through some of the highlights of their career. We chat on, and it's amazing the stories that emerge.

Did you find out anything about them you didn't know before?

In terms of facts and in terms of the individual, I got to know them so much better. We had a much closer relationship at the end of it and they came out of the studio really having enjoyed it.

What was Henry Cooper like?

Henry is a lovely man and I'm quite a close friend of his because I've known him for a long time. I also worked with him at Fabergé when he was doing the Brut 33 'splash it all over' ads, which were a colossal success. We still see each other socially and play golf together. He loves his lager and loves a chat.

Did he tell you anything new?

Yes, some little revelations about his life, and of course he talks a lot about Muhammad Ali. He was convinced he could have beaten Ali because he felt he'd got the measure of him.

So does he still eat his Shredded Wheat?

Hah, hah – I'm not sure.

Stirling Moss is another guest on the show, and a bit of a hellraiser.

He loved the crumpet and talks about it, but he didn't drink in those days – not even at the parties afterwards when he got his money. But he loved the birds and they loved him too. Stirling's very short but he's got a magnetic personality. Willie Carson's another one who's not very tall, but what a fireball he is. He would go anywhere to ride a horse in case it won. He'd say, "What's the point of doing it unless you want to be successful?" I asked him, "At all costs?" and he replied, "Well, yes. I've let my family down, I didn't give the kids proper attention when they were growing up, and my marriage broke up." So yes, at all costs it would seem.

"Stirling Moss loved the crumpet in those days, and they loved him too"

Do you think today's sports stars are the same kind of people?

I just hope that if someone's still making this kind of programme in 25 years' time they'll have enough people to interview who'll have the personality, the anecdotes and the enjoyment from what they've done. I get the feeling that maybe that might not be the case. The people I've talked to have come up through their sport and there's been time for other things – for other people they've played with, admired, thought about and talked to about their sport. I'm not sure that's happening now as much as it used to.

Do you rate the current batch of sports show anchormen?

I'm a great admirer of Des Lynam. He's got that lovely style and has allowed a sense of humour to come into the BBC's sports presentation that hasn't happened in the past. He just said, "No, sod it, I'm going to do it my way."

Ever bump into your former *Grandstand* rival Frank Bough?

No. We used to know each other but I don't know where he is now. I was a bit surprised when it happened [*tabloid revelations of Frank's cocaine-taking at sex parties in 1988*] and when it happened twice [*in 1992 he was caught visiting a 'bondage parlour'*], I was furious. I thought he let his family down very badly. It was mystifying.

Do you still get hassled in the street about *World Of Sport*?

Yes! People say: "What about those girls? You're having an affair with one of them, aren't you?"

Ridiculous, isn't it?

What were the girls busy typing behind you?

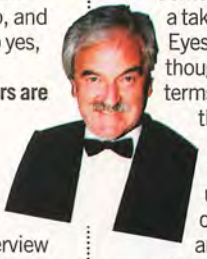
They were typing up the stories which I'd use later.

Not love letters then?

No, but they might have done without me knowing. It wouldn't have worried me as long as there was enough news and the right news was coming through.

You've had a song recorded about you, 'Dickie Davies' Eyes' by Half Man Half Biscuit. Ever considered yourself a cultural icon?

I remember it happening but I've no idea what it's all about because I don't listen to that kind of music.



Someone was telling me it was a take-off of that 'Bette Davis' Eyes' song but I've never thought of myself in those terms. I got on really well with the public, but I'm not happy with this idea of being a star. Basically I used to come on screen on Saturday afternoons and just do my job.

NIALL HAMPTON

Dickie Davies' Sporting Heroes *is on Wednesdays at 10.30pm on Sky Sports 3.*

what's been watching us

1 Babewatch
2 Looking After Jo-Jo
3 Win, Lose Or Draw
4 TV Dinners with the bit about eating placentas
5 Anything with monkeys on the National Geographic channel
6 Ice Warriors
7 Emmerdale
8 Jerry Springer
9 Pleasure Beach
10 Rockschool (only showing in our heads)

LOADED PROMOTION

Brylcreem Boys Watch Out For...

Carlos Valderrama

The Colombian veteran, now 36 still finds the silky skills of our England boys enough to make his hair curl. Fortunately Brylcreem Strong Hold gel is just the ticket if he wants to tidy things up at the back, and the front... and possibly the sides.If he's got the bottle, he need only enquire at the England dressing room door to borrow what ever's going round courtesy of our own Mr. Beckham. But if that's not his bag then there's a whole range of other styling products to choose from including Creams, Waxes and Sprays. The new Grey Styling range from Brylcreem, supporting you all the way.
England 2 Colombia 0

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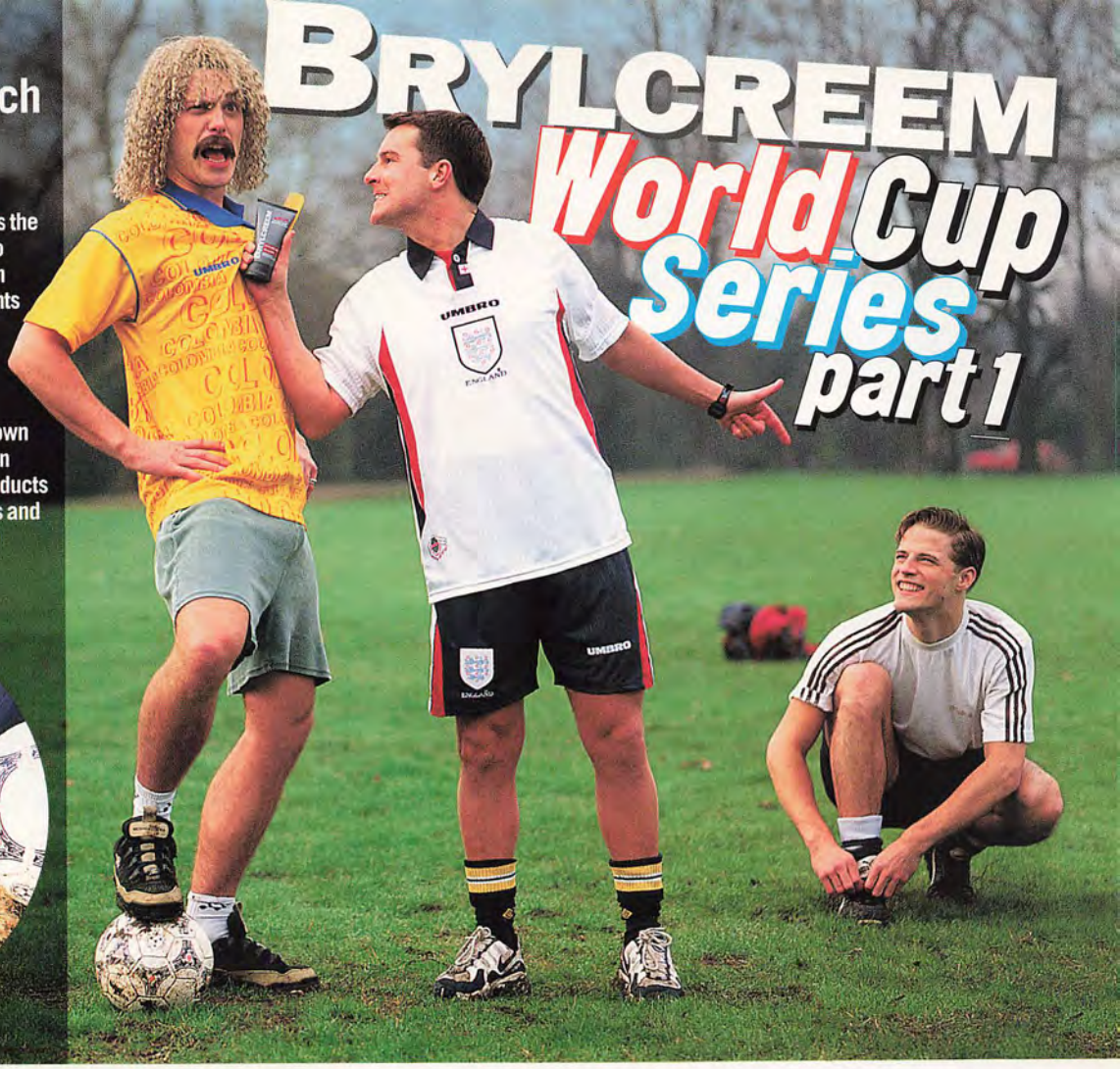

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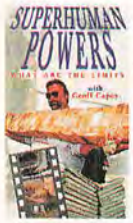
Lewis & Clark & George, High Fliers, Rental

Just the kind of ultra violent road movie you're looking for on a hot Sunday afternoon when you should be lying round the park with your mates but you'd rather stay in because your legs hurt. I don't usually go for road movies – the genre kind of began and ended with *Easy Rider*. But this is a lot better. Stylised in direction and writing, this concerns the psychopathic Lewis and his friend Clark, who escape from prison and meet the troublesome George while heading for Mexico on the trail of hidden gold.

Most road movies since *Easy Rider* have just been about driving on a road and getting in trouble – sort of A to B movies – and failed to put over what it feels like to go out of control in desolate shite-holes being hassled by mutant farm folk. The cinematic equivalent of drinking in Wiltshire, really. This is different.



SUPERHUMAN POWERS: WHAT ARE THE LIMITS? with Geoff Capes, Beckman Communications, £12.99

What can you say about a video presented by Geoff Capes that actually comes complete with a brick-lifting master class?

"This bloke here's a Malaysian from Stockport," claims a scally commentator while a skinny man standing on one leg in some glass in the middle of a boxing ring shuffles about in obvious pain. Is this the stuff of superhuman legend? No. Is this stupid? Definitely. Next, a tubby martial artist lying on the floor in a school sports hall gets a large granite slab smashed on his stomach by a teddy boy with a sledgehammer.

"Yeah, a sledgehammer will definitely break your ribs," warns the scouse 'expert'.

This isn't so much a display of the superhuman but a forum for elaborate pub show-offs. Another scene begins with a close-up of a man's hand with a needle being pushed through it. Is this Oriental-style mystique the work of some zen master? No. The camera pulls back, and we see an overweight man who looks like Ron Atkinson sitting in some hotel convention room on the outskirts of Tyneside. I had to stop watching this when they started chopping bananas in half on blokes' necks using samurai swords.

Spawn, Medusa, £12.99

Animation for grown-ups. Do not attempt to watch this while confused on tranquilisers and cheap wine. Don't even try to watch this if you've eaten a couple of Mars bars, or banged your head recently. Slow-motion bullets smashing through blokes' shins, Hell's soldier's screeching in pain as they dig up their own corpses. The story surrounds a civilian-murdering government assassin who makes a hasty deal with the Devil for eternal life. The only trick is that he has to come back as the Devil's spawn, a soldier roaming the earth and mutilating folk like a vengeful pit beast, filling hell with a fresh population of murderers and other perverted street muppets.

Previously, this kind of large-scale animation has been the sole reserve of Manga, and was thus watched mainly by geeky Japanese middle management. This is a whole other thing. At one point it turns out that in his past life the Spawn was impotent – now dead he is forced to live in torment watching his best mate inseminating his missus and hugging the child that should have been his. It gets better and better, right up until he yanks the finger off his own corpse to get at his old wedding ring. Bugs Bunny it ain't. **PR**

video of the month

Commie have a go

A good old slice of all-American paranoia

Red Dawn, MGM Action, £5.99

The fantastic John Milius-scripted take on World War III.

I remember looking in the *Guinness Book Of Records* once and finding that this had the record for the largest number of people killed on screen in any film. It stars Charlie 'Charlie' Sheen and Patrick Swayze as two brothers who lead a band of guerrillas into the mountains after America is invaded by Cuban and Nicaraguan paratroopers. Stuck behind enemy lines, they wage a war of attrition against the Latin American pinko slime, the aim being to free their once-great nation. Calling themselves the Wolverines and carrying out sporadic raids on the occupying forces, they manage to win most of their battles despite having two mostly mute birds on the heavy machine guns.

Sheen capitalised on the film's box-office success by going nowhere fast. Still, what really makes this movie of the month is the gem-filled, gung-ho Milius script – not quite up there with *Magnum Force* and *Apocalypse Now*, but still patriotic enough to make you choke on your Iceland apple pie and think of Mom. Good, clean war fun. **PHIL ROBINSON**

WHO'S THAT GIRL: You've seen the face, now what's her bloody name?

Cathy Moriarty is who she is. GRRRRRR! When she first appeared on screen, lounging by a pool in *Raging Bull*, Cathy Moriarty looked like a dream come true. The blonde beauty from the Bronx, the buxom angel in a one-piece swimsuit catching everyone's eye. And then when she opened those pouting lips you could see and hear why De Niro and Scorsese gave her that Oscar-nominated debut role. What a voice – a low, husky whisper, suggestive of experience and desires longer and deeper than seemed feasible in one so young, so beautiful. She was 18 and a spectacular career orbit was expected to follow. It didn't happen that way.

Her next movie was the flop comedy *Neighbors*. Towards the end, Cathy's sex-crazed character is seen, head down, going towards John Belushi's nether regions. No wonder the fatman expired shortly after filming finished. Hurt by the bad press that ensued, Cathy disappeared for a long while.

"Give me a go on your sunglasses, pleeeease"

She wed into a long and unhappy marriage with her manager and was badly injured in a car smash. Then she made the excellent but critically mauled serial-killer film *The White Of The Eye*, with Donald '*Performance*' Cammell. It was to be Cammell's last ever movie too. An unfortunate pattern seemed to be emerging.

She missed a chance to work with Jack Nicholson on *The Two Jakes*, and found herself having to punch out toilet-mouthed comic Andrew Dice Clay during a stint on an aborted TV soap. But she's fought back with a variety of roles: as a sexbomb in the otherwise appalling *Soapdish*, alongside Schwarzenegger in *Kindergarten Cop* and most recently in *Cop Land*. She's a bigger girl now – perhaps the fact that she runs several restaurants has something to do with that. But, in *Cop Land*, when she threatens to tell her lover's wife about their affair unless she gets some help with the laundry, the insinuation in her voice is something to behold. It's the sort of voice that would make some of us do the washing, ironing, floor-scrubbing and whatever other chores might need tending to.

GAVIN MARTIN

As promised
Annica + Ulrika
fly in for a
wild weekend
with Dave.

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in Bexleyheath.

to live life on the edge without dropping off.

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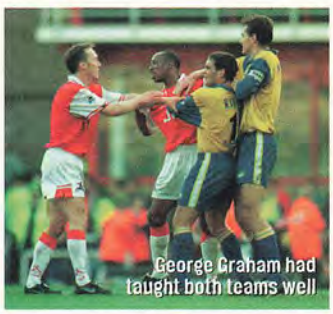
Bhuna gooner

Arsenal defender Lee Dixon runs a Birrmingham curry house so he's no stranger to a bit of argy bhaji

His captain was sent down for drunk driving, he watched his star striker admit he was hooked on charlie and his boss was sacked for taking a backhander. But amongst all this controversy, Arsenal defender Lee Dixon has kept his name clean and the only extra-curricular activity he's involved with is running a curry house in Birmingham.

Not that he's a stranger to lip from Arsenal-hating fans. With the obvious exceptions of Tony Adams and Ian Wright, Lee Dixon has been the main target of anti-Arsenal jibes. Currently in his testimonial year at Highbury, he doesn't let it bother him for a moment. His sense of humour acts as protection enough – and his huge collection of winners' medals proves he's no duffer. In fact, as far as Dixon's concerned, let them do their worst...


George Graham had taught both teams well

"There is so much animosity and envy directed at Arsenal," he says, almost boasting. "It's nice to be in the centre of it all and when people criticise us it makes us strong. Let them have a go, we'll stick together and that's been our strength over the years."

That's not to say Dixon doesn't understand the abuse. Indeed, he admits he was once one of Arsenal's fiercest critics himself. "As a youngster I was Man City daft, and I had a season ticket at Maine Road. There were only two teams to beat in those days: Man Utd – for obvious reasons – and Arsenal. The feeling was definitely there when Arsenal visited Maine Road: 'We have to beat these southern softies!' But we only felt that about Arsenal, none of the other southern clubs."

The sudden Gallagher-to-Albarn transformation that saw him sign for the enemy earned him plenty of stick from his fellow northerners. "When I signed for Arsenal, I told all my mates and they were like: 'You can't sign for them!' But before long, I formed a strong bond with the club. Again, I think it's because of all the animosity we face. The players and the fans are much closer than at any other club – there's a bond there. We're all in it together."

Not that he's stupidly romantic about the Highbury faithful. In fact, he thinks the film *Fever Pitch* accurately portrays the fickle habituees of N5.

"I think the way the film was done was very clever. To me the main character is typical of Arsenal fans. It's very clever the way he's portrayed. All he does is moan, and get on the players' backs. And then when we win, he's like: 'Yeess!' "

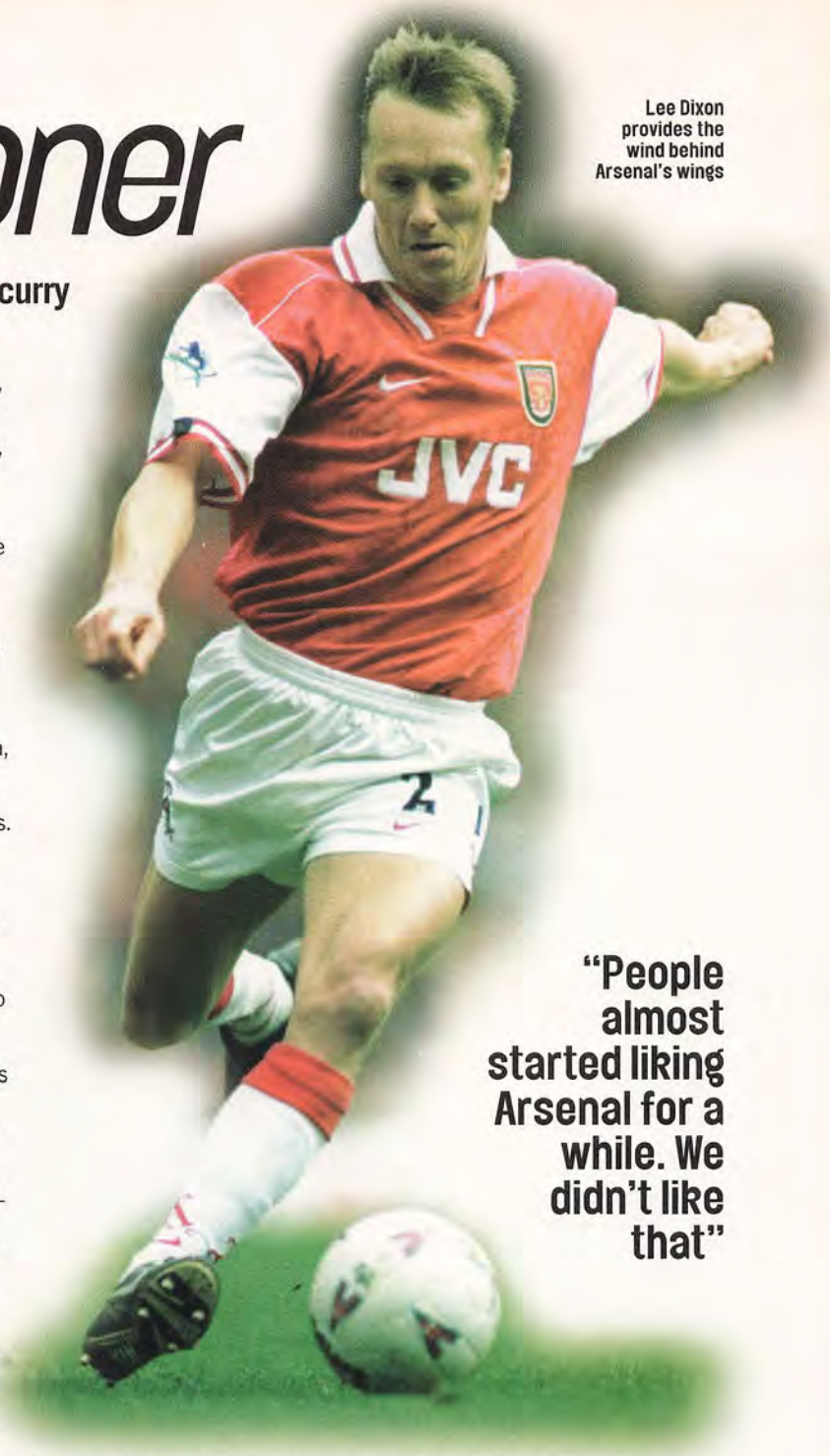
Dixon's hounded attitude may seem dangerously close to paranoia, but it has served him and his team-mates more than well over the years. During his 10 years at the club, he's won the league twice, the FA Cup, the League Cup and the European Cup Winners' Cup. That's a glorious career by anyone's standards, yet Dixon speaks of each victory in the vocabulary of a bunker mentality.

"When we won the Cup Winners' Cup in 1994, it was real us-against-the-world stuff. We arrived at the ground in Copenhagen and caught sight of the podium on which the trophy would be presented. The organisers already had 'Parma – 1994 European Cup Winners' Cup Winners' on it. We were like: 'Are they taking the piss? Let's go out and show these Italian wankers!' "

When he speaks of The Gunners' other recent triumphs, his language is a giveaway. The last-minute championship decider at Anfield in 1989, for instance: "No one gave us a hope, everyone had written us off." And of the 1991 championship: "We had so much thrown at us that season." No wonder former Arsenal boss George Graham seemed to encourage bad press for the club – you get the feeling Dixon and company would hate to be flavour of the month. And there lies the rub. The continental, attacking style that new coach Arsène Wenger has brought to Highbury has its drawbacks. "After Mr Wenger arrived, people almost started liking us, and we didn't like that," Dixon confesses.

It's hard for even died-in-the-wool Spurs fans to feel quite the same contempt for the flair of Overmars and Bergkamp that they once reserved for the offside trap and Alan Smith's tap-ins. Perhaps if Dixon wants one more winner's medal this year, his testimonial season, he and Tony Adams should return to springing that offside trap all afternoon and nicking 1-0 wins in the last minute. After all, you can have too many friends sometimes.

CHAS NEWKEY-BURDEN



Lee Dixon provides the wind behind Arsenal's wings

"People almost started liking Arsenal for a while. We didn't like that"

Chez Dixon

Lee Dixon is involved with former Chelsea and Scotland striker David Speedie in running the Shimla Pinks balti houses in Birmingham and Solihull, with plans to open four more restaurants – in Oxford, Nottingham, Bristol and London – later this year. Rumours that Tony Curry and Pat Rice are opening up similar franchises are unfounded, but David Balti, Bjorn Korma, Brazilian superstar Jalfrezi and Rochdale's newest signing, Dan Zack, are apparently regulars at Lee Dixon's restaurants.
Shimla Pinks: 214 Broad Street, Birmingham and 44 Station Rd, Solihull. Tel: 0121 633 0366.

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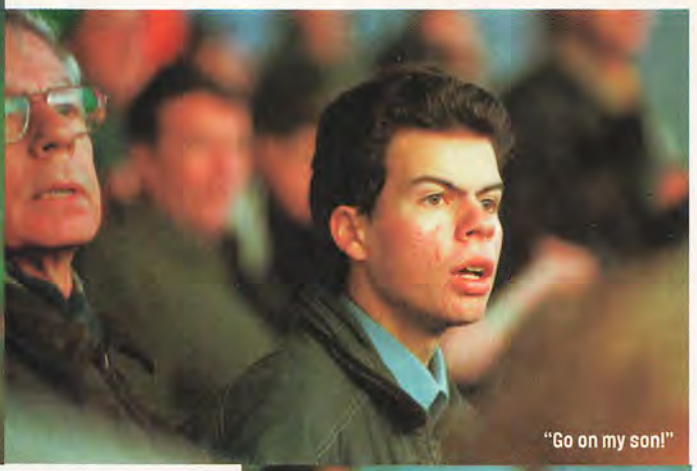
1997'S REAL CARS, REAL TRACKS, REAL TEAMS, REAL DRIVERS, REAL VIEWS

TOCA

"Tuck in!"


"Go on my son!"

The parsley sage

Dutch teenager Martin Schwillens, Scarborough's fair saviour

The healing powers of the spa water at Scarborough once enticed the wealthy from far and wide. The rich still come to a town that a colleague recently described as "like Blackpool with a colostomy bag and no lights", but they've got other things on their mind: like football. They do say the English game is on the up, and I guess it must be if Scarborough FC can attract investment from a Dutch teenager who has just told me he's not after any return on his outlay.

Martin Schwillens, who has only recently turned 19, copped a large inheritance (thought to be in the region of £300k) from an uncle, and considered investing in a nice home in France or an English football club. As people are fond of saying, football was the winner. It had to be an English club as he considers Dutch football somewhat dull and enjoys the "kick and rush, end-to-end style" we have here: "Less tactical than in Holland but higher quality, and the clubs are much bigger." His obsession with English soccer even goes as far as wanting England to win the World Cup. "I hope they do better than Holland," he says, betraying his country. Shocking.

He investigated and kept a watchful eye on several lower division sides and, seeing "the progress Scarborough had made since they were promoted 10 years ago from the non-league", he wrote to them, among others. Encouraged by their reciprocal interest, he visited and soon chose to invest in the seaside club, swelling the ranks of their boardroom to five. He now assists their commercial manager, and some days you'll find him answering the club's phones.

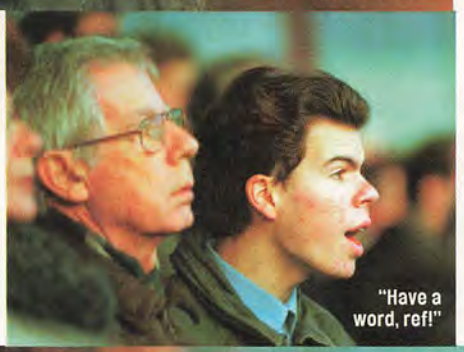
Clearly he's footie mad, but I'll wager there were plenty who thought he was touched by lunacy when he first joined up at the McCain Stadium. "Quite a lot actually," he admits. "Especially the people in Holland find it strange, but I've told them I made the right decision." As a Dutchman though, wasn't he tempted to invest in soft drugs and prostitution?

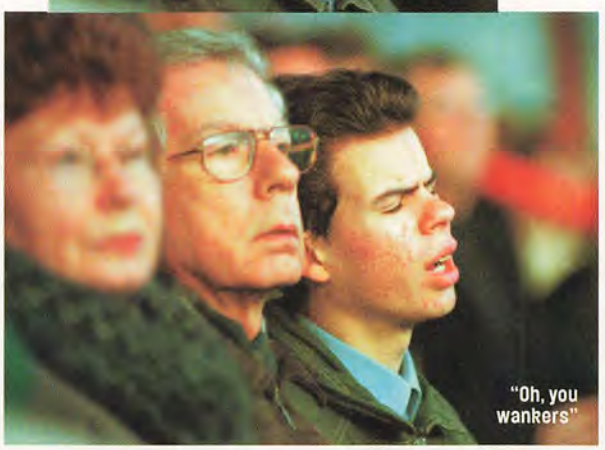
"Not all Dutchmen are the same," he chuckles. "Let's just say that's not for me."

He enjoys the "kick and rush, end-to-end style" of English football

He is keen on the nocturnal delights of the premier resort on North Yorkshire's riviera, however. "It's better than the nightlife in Holland," he says. "I go to the pub until 11pm and then on to a club called XS, but I'm not really a drinker."

A clean-living lad, he doesn't even read **loaded**. "I've seen it but I never touch it," he says. Perhaps summer will find him riding donkeys, trying out the seafront amusements or visiting Scarborough Fair to stock up on herbs.


"Have a word, ref!"


"Oh, you wankers"

Who knows? What is certain is that he wants to be involved with football for the rest of his life, and you have to admit he seems to be going about it the right way. Let's hope he doesn't misplace his lucky clogs.

CHAS CHANDLER

Scarborough FC play Leyton Orient (h 14 Mar), Swansea (a 21 Mar), Rotherham (a 28 Mar), Cardiff City (h 3 Apr), Rochdale (a 11 Apr), and our very own Barnet (a 18 Apr).

PHOTOS: TONY BARTHOLOMEW

Sports Listings

Horseracing, Cheltenham Festival, Cheltenham, 17-19 March
The perfect opportunity for any pickpockets looking for a profitable day out in the country. Lots of pissed, rich, old folk chucking money around, they won't even know it's missing.

Motorcycling, Motor Cycle News British Superbike Championships, Brands Hatch, 27-29 March
"I like to ride my bicycle," sang Freddie Mercury, when he was alive. What would he sing in homage to this motorised version? Would he be shocked? Excited? Who can really tell? Would he have enjoyed the high-speed thrills of superbike racing? Would he have fallen off? We'd probably know if he wasn't with Jesus right now.

Rowing, Oxford v Cambridge Boat Race, The River Thames, 28 March
My uncle once rowed an inflatable dinghy from the north shore of the Isle of Wight, across the Solent to Southampton in a gale. I'd like to see any one of these so-called toff boatman top that effort.

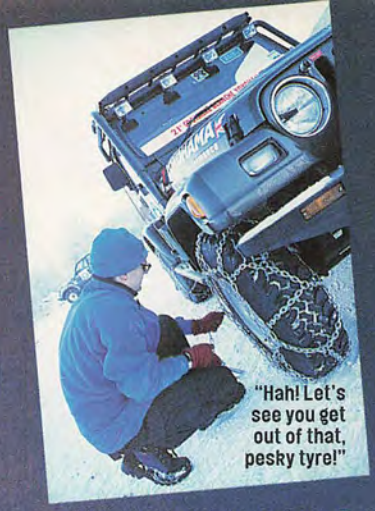
Snooker, British Open, Plymouth Pavilions, 31 March-12 April
A whole sport designed around rewarding young people for bunking off school and hanging around dark lofts in the day time playing games with old men.

Athletics, FISU Cross Country Championships, Luton, 4 April
Cross country is the only way to get out of Luton fast. Forget the roads and rail links, just bloody leg it like buggery across the fields. And don't stop until you're miles away. A precedent all the competitors have grasped magnificently.

PIERS TOWNLEY

River jeep mountain high

Off-road and on ice – loaded drives a 4x4 through the French Alps


"Hah! Let's see you get out of that, pesky tyre!"

Two minutes. I've been in this Jeep for two bloody minutes when half of France descends around my frost-bitten ears.

"Ooh, look! Your first avalanche!" coos super-cool off-road instructor Barry as a wave of snow sweeps towards the road.

"Arrggh!" I reply, and swerve violently to the left, tyres skidding over a long, long drop.

"That's right..." murmurs Barry approvingly. "Just steer around it..."

Off-roaders are mental. But then they have to be. Who else would drive two and a half tons of sharp metal filled with flammable petrochemicals up the sort of muddy paths even the most suicidal goat would avoid?

It slowly dawns on me that my vision of 'A Relaxing Driving Holiday In The French Alps' (sporty Alfa Romeo puttering lazily through snow-capped peaks towards a picturesque ski lodge with a roaring log fire and a choice of decent brandies) wasn't going to materialise. Pelting up and down ski-slopes in a potentially explosive steel shoebox, yes. Hot toddies in a four-poster with Raquel Welch, no.

There had clearly been some horrific clerical error. My entire knowledge of the horseless carriage had come from playing 'Supercar Top Trumps' and the sum of my driving experience consisted of taking my mum's Fiat Uno down the shops. For a pie.

Only logical, then, that it should be me jetting off to the French ski-resort of Orcières-Merlette for the 21st annual Croisiere Blanche, one of the world's most demanding off-road events, this year featuring 340 souped-up vehicles and a logo of a cartoon mountain laughing.

Then again, we *had* come tooled up. The infectiously gung-ho and endlessly patient chaps from Jeep – Barry Stallard and Chris Bashall – had brought four of their finest snow-gobbling 4x4 vehicles; three for off-roading, one for ferrying casualties to the nearest hospital.

"It's like a Volvo on steroids, isn't it?" says Barry as his Cherokee Jeep eats up icy hairpins like warm porridge.

"Four-litre, 600 horsepower, differential locks and more torque than you can shake a stick at," he says proudly.

I have, of course, no idea what he's talking about. But as we stop to fit the snow chains – nasty spiky things which stick to your hands like deep-frozen Velcro – it becomes clear the Cherokee is a mere Reliant Robin next to Jeep's flagship, the semi-legendary Rubicon. French off-roaders stand around the Rubicon slack-jawed and drooling, awed by the sheer power of a vehicle which could climb the outside of the Empire State Building and arm-wrestle King Kong to the ground. Personally, I'm impressed it has a radio that can pick up Melody FM.

"We used the Rubicon to pull a French Army tank

PHOTOS: PETER ROBEIN

"Take it to the bridge! Yeah!"

from a ditch yesterday," growls Chris. "Bloody amateurs...".

The Alps, being big steep mountainy things covered in snow, do afford some pretty tricky obstacles in the way of plunging gulleys, raging rivers and marauding herds of randy elk, but off-roading in snow is actually surprisingly slow. Beyond keeping your thumbs out of the steering wheel (hit a boulder and you could crack them like peanuts), the only thing to remember is the fable of the hare and the tortoise, or the rabbit and the newt, or whatever it was: slow and steady wins the race. Even so, I am a nervous wreck after three minutes, creeping along in first gear, utterly convinced I'm about to slew sideways off a precipice and destroy 45 grand's worth of machinery. Not to mention hurting my thumbs.

Then again, my daring top-speed of 3mph is about all anyone is doing. Due to unusually heavy snowfalls, huge chunks of the course have been closed and the event turns into one huge, snaking queue. Of course, if everyone had our Jeep's fiendish gadgetry – not to mention my expert driving skills – we'd all sail through with a cheeky grin. But for standard vehicles, most slopes and turns take five or six wheel-spinning, gear-crunching attempts. Pah, losers!

Sadly, my low-speed cockiness melts like a pink icicle in a fur mitten as we enter the dreaded Night Run. The night section is particularly tricky, not because of the inherent difficulty of driving in zero visibility, but because the organisers insist on force-feeding us mulled wine at every available juncture. But even a bellyful of alcoholic fruit can't stop the chill as we plough towards the river. The water is so deep and the banks so steep that a gang of quads (over-inflated dune-buggy-cum-scooter things ridden by girls) who attempt to jump it just ahead of us almost drown. The Rubicon, of course, goes straight up, swaggering like a diesel-fuelled Fonz.

In my mind I am the 4x4 Evel Knievel: "Yee-hah!" I hoot. "Let's off-road!"

"Can somebody give me a push?"

"You're next!" yells Chris cheerfully. "Piece of piss!"

Yeah, right. Only one possible approach, I decide: run at it shouting. Clamping my foot to the floor, I launch the jeep from terra firma like the Dukes of Hazzard, all four wheels spinning up over the bank, landing – plop! – back in the river facing completely the wrong way.

"9.9 for artistic impression," mutters Chris. "0.9 for technical merit..."

My tiny heart swells with pride. I have earned my off-road wings. I am the 4x4 Evel Knievel. In my mind, I am already in my stars and stripes-rocket car, leaping the Rio Grande.

"Yee-*hah*!" I hoot. "Come on! Let's OFF-ROAD!"

"Erm, perhaps next year..." says Chris, gently shoving me out of the driving seat. "And in someone else's Jeep..."

Absolutely. Grand Canyon here I come.

JOHN PERRY

How to get there

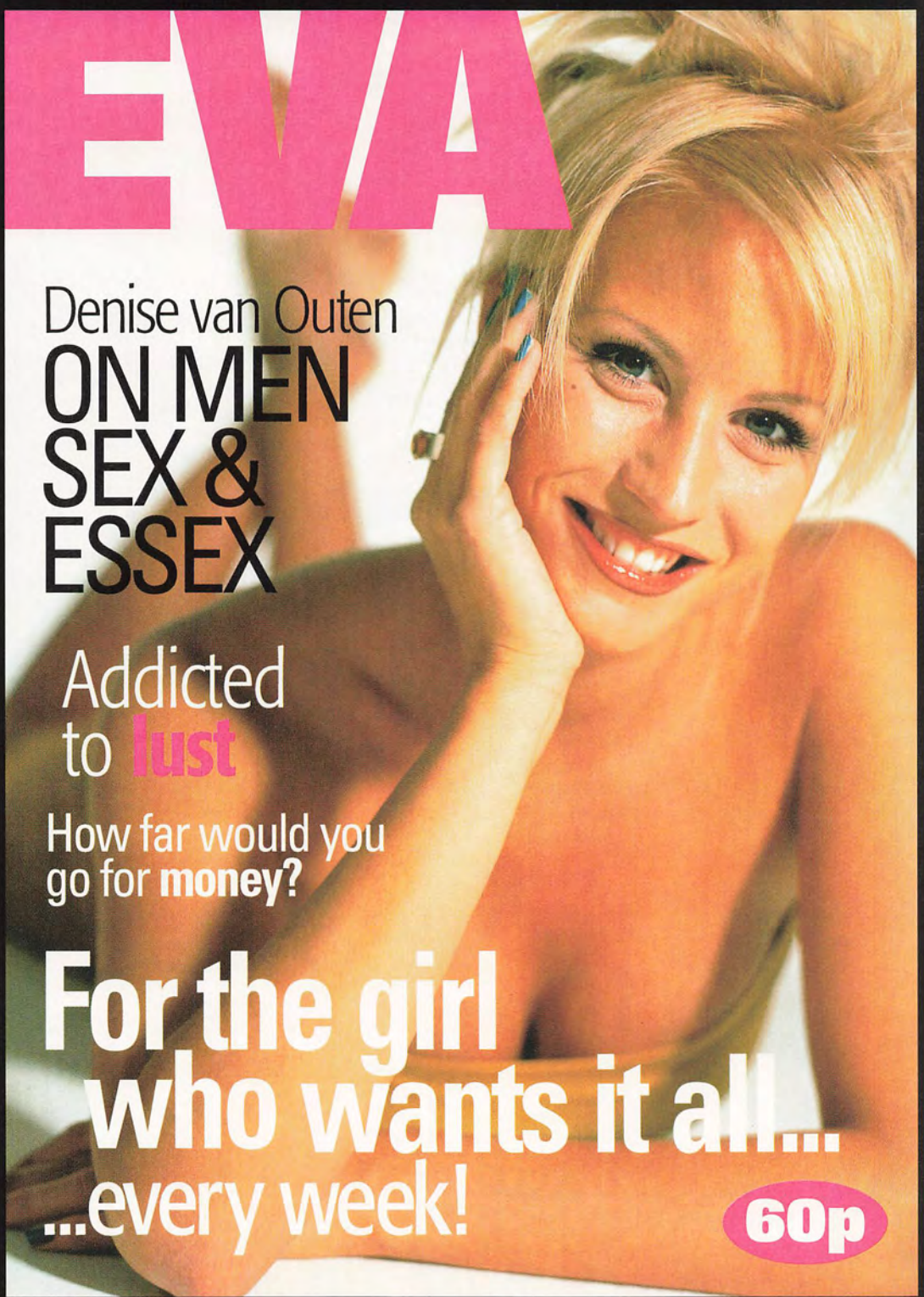
If you fancy driving without due care and attention off-road, information on tuition, courses and local clubs can be found through Sue Trunk (no really, that's her name) at the British Off-Road Driving Association (BORDA) 01788 510575.

Thanks to: Chris Bashall at Surrey Off Road Specialists (01483 200046 if you want a Jeep turned into a tank); Katherine at Modus; Ginny at Granada; North By Northwest (01761 497 0716) for preventing snowblindness with their Oakley sunglasses; and Karrimor for keeping **loaded** from freezing to death.

What's sassy, upfront and loaded with gossip, true life, top fashion and beauty?

NEW LOOK

EVA



Denise van Outen
ON MEN SEX & ESSEX

Addicted to **lust**

How far would you go for **money?**

For the girl who wants it all...
...every week!

60p

book of the month

The pilot episode of *Friends* needed a few rewrites

Having a Yank

The ins and outs of a golden age of promiscuity

Sex: American Style by Jack Boulware, Turnaround, £11.99
A nice, thick, highly authoritative annual of '60s and '70s sex concerning an era when shagging was something you did every five minutes with everyone and the worst thing you could catch was a cold. There's whole chapters on sex literature, advertising, magazines, stars, clothing, the heroes of porn, scandals, strip shows, topless bars, *Charlie's Angels*, Erik Estrada and *Deep Throat*. The whole porn-caboodle. This is the best book since the the last thing Tolstoy did. Ace. Random quote: "Listen, having a clitoris deep down in the bottom of your throat is better than having no clitoris at all." Woof.

The Tao Of Gung Fu by Bruce Lee, Airlift, £11.50
Gung Fu sounds like martial arts for people with a cold. Oof! The book was written by Bruce in 1964 when he was at university in Washington and is basically a thorough guide to the martial arts. And besides hilarious hand drawings by Lee and a chapter called 'The immovable-elbow theory' this an indispensable bible for the person who wishes to look a bit handy... Kwwiiyypphh! Random quote: "The stillness in stillness is not the real stillness; only when there is stillness in movement does the universal rhythm manifest." Oh right, now I get it... berk.

Awaydays by Kevin Sampson, Jonathan Cape, £9.99
In the late '70s it was safer to insert razor blades into your behind than be a football supporter. Often this would involve the same thing anyway. *Awaydays* is about a gang of Tranmere football fans in 1979. Adidas, Fred Perry tops and a wedge haircut were the uniform of choice and an away match with Halifax was better than sex. Written by the manager of The Farm, *Awaydays* is cheeky, entertaining, and in parts dangerous which, if you think about it, is exactly what Scousers are like. Random quote: "Come 'ead!"

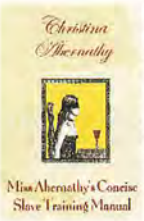
The Great Beers Of Belgium by Michael Jackson, Prion, £14.99
However hard the Belgians try, they still find it difficult to make their country sound more interesting than a streak of cowshit down a pair of corduroys. Inside this full-colour book you'll find pictures of Belgian monks and vast urns. And when you couple that with a riveting appraisal of each brew and a whole chapter on yeast, you're left with a book most likely to end up under someone's desk gathering dust. Random quote: "Eeuwfeestbier!"

BMW K100 (2-Valve) & K75 '83 to '96, Haynes, £9.99
Besides a pretty handy Spark Plug Condition Chart in glorious colour, all the *BMW K100 (2-Valve) & K75 '83 to '96* book seems to feature is black and white shots of a mysterious oiled hand fondling the inner nuts and bolts of a motorbike. Whether this chap gets the horn off the motorcycle parts or is, in fact, fixing the horn with motorcycle parts, fails to materialise. Very detailed and unimaginably handy for anyone with a big man's bike thinking they're Lord God Almighty on the roads when, by law, the restriction of 70 mph on your British motorways limits the leather-panted buffoon to a speed which makes him look like a first prize twat. Essential. Random quote: "Layshaft and output shafts are installed as a single unit – lubricate thoroughly." Filth!

The Kray Files by Colin Fry, Mainstream, £14.99
With files on the Krays slammed under another 45 year ban by Scotland Yard, this Colin Fry geezer has nipped in just in time to reveal the startling account of the lives of the Krays. Stuff you knew, stuff you didn't. Good. Random quote: "Boys is best." Actually, it doesn't say that.

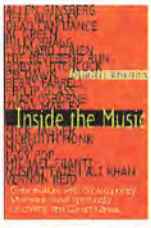
The Ghost Handbook by John And Anne Spencer, Boxtree, £12.99
A very informative guide to the best places in Britain to hang about outside and make 'wooooooooh' noises. Pubs, churches, toilets, hotels, you name it and it'll have spooks in it putting the shitters up everyone. This book, of course, is completely useless to you if you don't believe in ghosts. Random quote: "Gloucester."

The Encyclopaedia Of Psycho Active Substances by Richard Rudgley, Little Brown, £18.99
Adolf Hitler was doing speed with John F Kennedy while Queen Victoria was banging the Big C up her jacksie before she went to bed. Well, that's sort of the history of drugs. A more complete and authoritative version can be found in this excellent book. An amazing A to Z of substances that can either make you want to hug complete strangers or make you think that the drawing pins in the walls are eyes and at this very minute are looking at you and winking. Fascinating. Random quote: "Marijuana."



Miss Abernathy's Concise Slave Training Manual by Christina Abernathy, Turnaround, £8.99
Decidedly queer book about how best to keep and raise a sex slave. Handy stuff. Random quote: "A belt."

The Kingdom Of Shivas Irons by Michael Murphy, Mainstream, £14.99
Extremely odd and enlightening book loosely relating to golf and spiritualism. Trusting the golf swing, visualising putts and quietening the mind, stuff like that. Back in the States, this Murphy fella is a cult and many of his disciples harness their forces by playing golf in the nude. Let's hope Colin Montgomery doesn't hear about it. Random quote: "The soup's afterglow was spreading from my chest."



Inside The Music by Dimitri Ehrlich, Shambhala, £7.99
A book which discusses the spirituality that influenced some of the greatest song writers of our time. The fact that half of them had a large tub of big H banged up their arses fails to materialise, strangely enough. Bollocks. And you'd think Sting would be in here as well but he's not. Bollocks. Random quote: "The chi kung has improved my confidence incredibly." Bollocks.

The Official FIFA World Cup Book, Carlton, £6.99
A floating tower of candles semi-immersed in a sea of unrelenting arseness. And I think Brazil will win. Random quote: "Brazil."

THE LOAFER

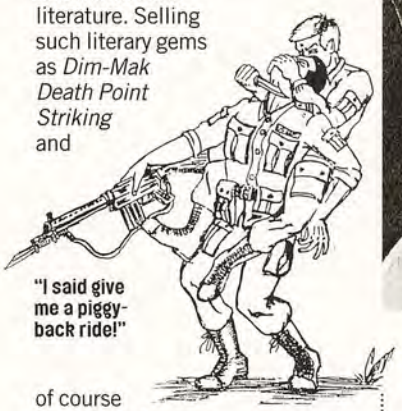
Paperback fighter

What harm could there be in teaching Americans to kill people?

Make sure your victim removes his helmet first

In January 1992, James Edward Perry, a 48-year-old drifter from Detroit, bought a copy of *Hit Man: A Technical Manual for Independent Contractors*. Six months later – Perry was a slow reader – he was ready for action. The self-made contract killer was hired by family man Lawrence T Horn. He wanted Perry to murder his ex-wife and their eight-year-old quadriplegic son, Trevor. Armed with *Hit Man*'s 27 steps to success and a gun, Perry obliged. In 1993 he shot dead Mildred Horn and nurse Janice Saunders and, for an encore, disconnected little Trevor's respirator. Like a real hero.

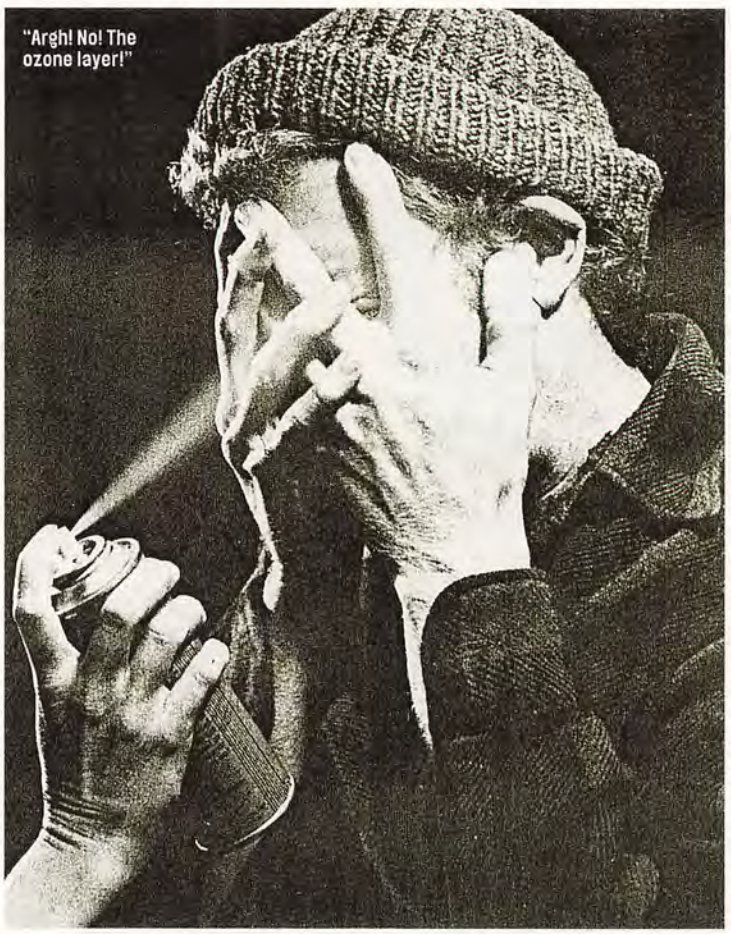
Boulder, Colorado, famous because it rhymes with "colder" in a Garth Brooks number, is also home to Paladin Press, the world leader in survivalist, military and martial arts literature. Selling such literary gems as *Dim-Mak Death Point Striking* and



"I said give me a piggy-back ride!"

of course the seminal *Complete Guide to Lock Picking* by Eddie the Wire, Paladin was founded in 1970 by two self-proclaimed military men and adventurers, Peder Lund and Robert K Brown.

Their first book was *150 Questions For A Guerrilla*, by General Alberto Bayo, a veteran of the Spanish Civil War and mentor of Fidel Castro. *150 Questions* had all the answers and was an instant success. Lund and Brown knew they were onto a good thing: there was a thriving fruitcake market for their books. By 1975, Brown had left to set up *Soldier Of Fortune* magazine and Lund stayed behind to develop Paladin's extensive catalogue of military manuals and books on espionage, bounty hunting, bomb-making, martial arts, knife-fighting, sniping, combat shooting, electronic surveillance and other such wholesome topics.



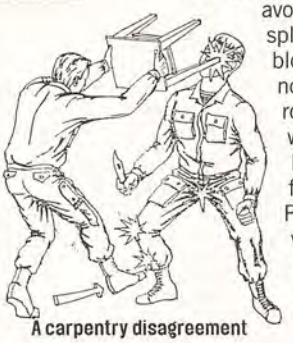
There is a thriving fruitcake market for books on espionage, bomb-making and sniping

Then, in 1983, Paladin published *Hit Man*, by the improbably named Rex Feral. It was no different to the hundreds of other books in the Paladin back catalogue, in that it contained detailed information that could be turned to nefarious ends, and contained a warning that the text was intended for "reference and academic study only", plus a disclaimer from any "liability for the use or misuse of the information herein". But when James Edward Perry skipped the small print and assumed that "A Technical Manual for Independent Contractors" was in actual fact just that, and not a sociology course book, he quickly landed Paladin in hot water.

The families of Perry's victims are currently suing Paladin Press for publishing a book which allegedly taught the Walter Mitty hitman how to kill. The legal argy-bargy will run and run, but last year the US Court of Appeal finally gave the families the go ahead to sue. Paladin claims the book is protected under First Amendment rights to freedom of speech. After all, Paladin didn't pull the trigger. So don't feel bad. Log onto the Paladin website at www.paladin-press.com and order a couple of books to help you brush up on your man-trapping techniques – that's if you're a sick sonofabitch who likes playing with knives and guns or, on the other hand, you are interested in strangulation techniques purely for academic and research purposes.

However, a word of warning. If you are of a criminal bent, don't expect to get away with it. Perry didn't, and he told the jury at his trial that he followed *Hit Man* to the letter. He even stood four feet away from his victims to avoid being splattered with blood. Perry is now on death row, probably waiting for his jailers to finish reading Paladin's latest volume on execution techniques.

CHRIS HADLEY



A carpentry disagreement

"Alright, alright! Take my lunch money!"

Teenage mutant ninja books

Ninja Secrets Of Invisibility by Ashida Kim, Paladin Press, £12

This is the latest work on the mysteries of the Ninja, by the author of such classics as *Secrets of the Ninja*, *Ninja Death Touch*, *Ninja Hands of Death* and, of course, *Ninja Mind Control*. A step-by-step guide to the secrets of "The Silent Way", it promises to teach you how to walk unobserved, penetrate forbidden areas unseen and vanish from your opponent's sight, plus walking on tip-toes, hiding behind trees and being quiet while you're about it.

Hitting your dog on the head will make him docile

Black Medicine: The Dark Art Of Death by N Mashiro PhD, Paladin Press, £12

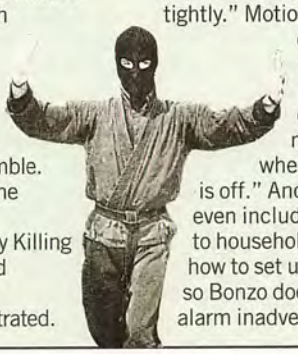
Did you know that "jamming your finger up to the second knuckle into your opponent's nostril is a sure way to distract him"? Or that you can make a drunk follow you anywhere by "twisting his lower lip between the thumb and index finger, twisting through half a turn and pulling roughly"? Dr Mashiro illustrates more than 150 parts of the human body where a minimum amount of force will produce the maximum impact. Once you've mastered *Black Medicine* you can move onto the sequels: *Weapons at Hand*, *Low Blows* and *Equalizers*.

Fugitive: How To Run, Hide And Survive by Kenn Abaygo, Paladin Press, £12

A must-read for anyone whose wife is killed by a man with one arm, the cops pin it on you and Tommy Lee Jones just won't let it lie. Abaygo is a US government reconnaissance and intelligence-gathering specialist. His book teaches you how to drop out of your life and survive, with tips on building a US Navy Seal "hide" for living in the wilderness and how to contact the mysterious "Network", a secret organisation dedicated to helping fugitives. "I am obviously not going to give you their names and telephone numbers... just know that they are there." Whoa! Spooky stuff – you can bet they're all on first-name terms with Elvis.

KGB Alpha Team Training Manual: How The Soviets Trained For Personal Combat, Assassination And Subversion, Paladin Press, £20

Are you sick and tired of having sand kicked in your face? Being picked on by bullies or being baton-charged by riot police on Saturday afternoons? If so, you'll need this book. Get together a few mates down the boozer, teach them the techniques of the KGB Spetsnaz commandos and *voilà*, you'll have your own private army, a useful asset in any rumble. Be sure to check out the chapters on "Basic Techniques for Silently Killing an Armed Enemy" and "Twisting the Neck Vertebrae". Fully illustrated.



How To Circumvent A Security Alarm In 10 Seconds Or Less by B Andy, Paladin Press, £12

No matter how fancy the burglar alarm, Mr Andy can teach you how to get round it in just 10 measly seconds. Contact switches on the hinge jambs of doors and windows? No problemo: "Make sure that the alarm is off... simply remove the two wires connected to the top of the switch... now twist them together tightly." Motion Detectors? Piece of cake: "Cover the unit with a cardboard box... obviously, this needs to be done when the system is off." And so on. Andy even includes advice to householders on how to set up a "pet alley" so Bonzo doesn't set off their alarm inadvertently. Woof! **CH**

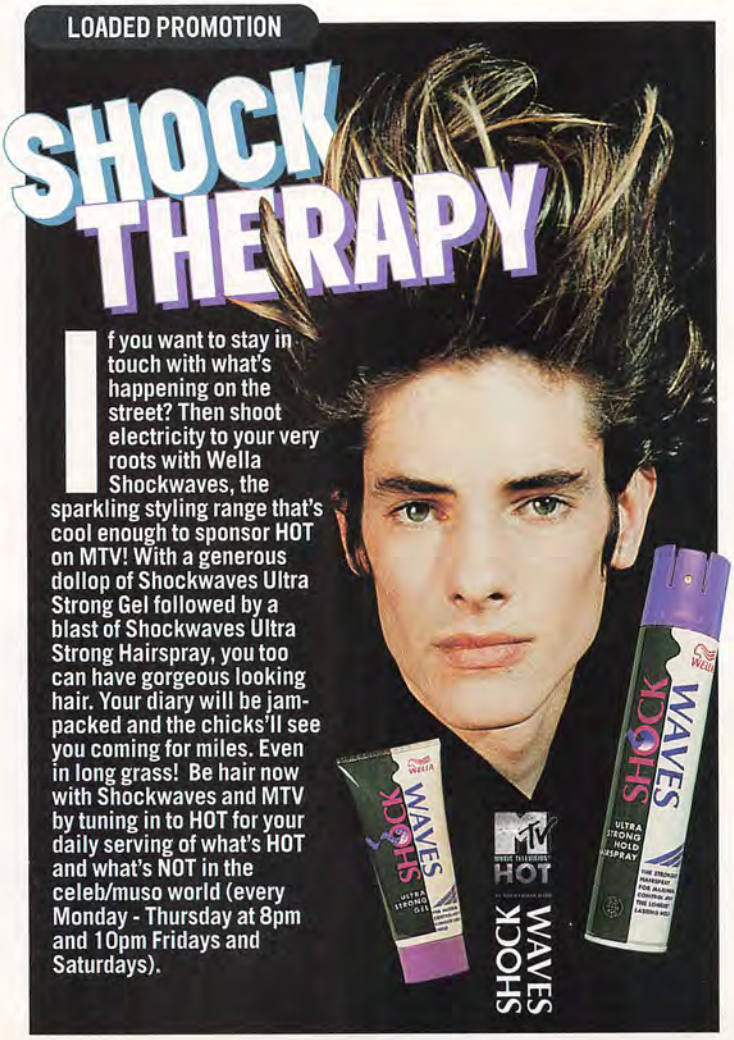
new album 9.3.98

Space tour dates are...

March 17th March **Leeds T&C** 18th March **Norwich UEA** 19th March **Leicester University** 20th March **Cambridge Corn Exchange** 22nd March **Blackburn's King George's Hall** 24th March **Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall** 25th March **Brighton Event 2** 26th March **Wolverhampton Civic Hall** 28th March **Edinburgh Jaffa Cake** 29th March **Aberdeen Music Hall** 31st March **Derby Assembly Rooms**

April 1st April **Newcastle Mayfair** 2nd April **Sheffield Octagon** 3rd April **Middlesborough Town Hall** 4th April **City Hall** 6th April **Southampton Guildhall** 7th April **The Forum London** 8th April **The Forum London**

LOADED PROMOTION


SHOCK THERAPY
If you want to stay in touch with what's happening on the street? Then shoot electricity to your very roots with Wella Shockwaves, the sparkling styling range that's cool enough to sponsor HOT on MTV! With a generous dollop of Shockwaves Ultra Strong Gel followed by a blast of Shockwaves Ultra Strong Hairspray, you too can have gorgeous looking hair. Your diary will be jam-packed and the chicks'll see you coming for miles. Even in long grass! Be hair now with Shockwaves and MTV by tuning in to HOT for your daily serving of what's HOT and what's NOT in the celeb/muso world (every Monday - Thursday at 8pm and 10pm Fridays and Saturdays).
SHOCK WAVES
MTV
HOT
SHOCK WAVES

Micks Grill

Chicken in a Helmet

The sights, sounds and smells of a Viking feast

Viking week in York is a serious business. Everywhere you look there's Vikings taking part in specially arranged Viking events. They've got Viking longships battling it out on the river Ouse. They've got Viking armed combat and tests of strength outside the huge Jorvik Viking Museum opposite C&A, and later in the week a massive 300-man re-enactment of the battle of Brunanburn where, in 937AD, a Viking celtic alliance under the leadership of Athelstan The Mad waged war against the Saxons, played this year by a specially-invited gang of office workers from Norway. Mental.

It seems half the town's at it, with the other half acting like it's an everyday occurrence to queue up for the cash machine behind a line of fully garbed-up Danish sea warriors. Outside M&S there's blokes with long, straggly beards dressed in sack cloth and homemade metal helmets handing out leaflets, waving swords at grannies and making like it's 800AD or something. OK, it takes a massive leap of imagination to believe that these woaded-up skinny berks in glasses and hats with horns sticking out, standing in the middle of the road eating cheeseburgers and saying things like, "Verily these newfangled motorised carts are faster even than Odin's horse!" could ever have cut it in the drugged up 'Berserker' vanguard of Erik The Cnut's fearless army of bloodlusting, axe-wielding soap dodgers, but perhaps that's the point. The history books tell us that being a Viking was a right old laugh

They all took their names from some obvious physical deformity (Horsebreath, Sealhead, Girlieface etc). They had no police and no system of law and order. All disputes were settled by hand-to-hand combat on a 3m square of cloth. If you died in the fight you were guilty as charged; if you stepped off the cloth you were a coward, which was worse. Your top whack life-expectancy was 35, by which time your diet of badly preserved food would have left your guts riddled with 10ft long parasitic worms and you'd almost certainly be missing an eye or a limb from a lifetime spent hacking your enemy down at close quarters. Still, there was always Valhalla, the sky heaven where noble dead warriors went to hang out and talk about the old times. Assuming they hadn't already trashed it before you got there.

The best thing on offer in this York do is the Saturday night Viking Feast at St William's restaurant. For all their faults in the etiquette department, the Norse warriors knew how to put on a dinner party. With no telly, winding down after a murderous assault on a Saxon village meant getting all your mates round the guvnor's lodgings, cooking up every animal available, swapping stories about beheading the enemy's children, smacking each other in the face with broken benches then setting light to your own hair and wrecking the joint. It was a matter of honour to destroy a man's table, tear his doors off the hinges, piss up his curtains and humiliate his minstrels. No wonder the la-di-da Romans shat themselves and legged it when this lot turned up. They were worse than Led Zeppelin.

And the big feast was the centre of the action. We're greeted at the door by a bloke in a scratchy brown blanket and shoes made out of old postal sacks tied up with string. "Welcome my friends. Did you come by motorised cart? If so I'd advise you to avoid our potent mead made from the honey of our bees!" Cut the crap, Olaf, where's the food and what time's the riot kick off? We're led into a massive hall and sat in rows while the house band treat us to some sea-shanties banged out on bits of old wood. We're sat on the long table with 40 Norwegians, none of whom can speak English, and treated to a six-course meal and a long, involved story about a bloke who gets his ears cut off by a giant dressed up as a woman. It's a right old giggle. "More Mead" shouts an American bloke at the end of the table. The Vikings turn on him like a pack of dogs. "Aha!" says one. "It seems we have someone from that land yet to be discovered by Leif Erikson where people talk about themselves all day and keep telling each other to have a nice day!" The Norwegians love it and start thumping the table. By way of a challenge, they give him a massive Ox's horn to blow into. "Sound the horn of battle!" they cry. He gives it his best shot. "Peep..." it goes, like a little sparrow trapped in a biscuit tin. The Norwegians start sniggering.

"Feel free to pass wind and belch, my friends!!" says the head waiter Viking as the food arrives, dished up by busty vixens . Vikings it seems would eat anything. When they dug up the York Viking site they found over five tons of assorted chucked away bones in the dining area.

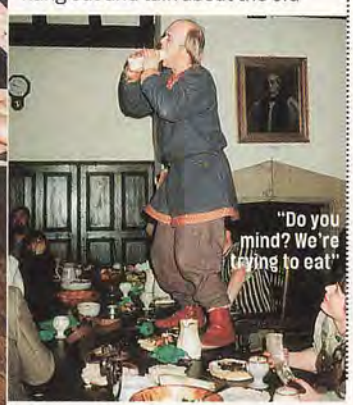
Eels, oysters, mutton, hens, fish and a hell of a lot of home brew were the staple diet. Veg was out, flesh was the thing. Served up on bread instead of a plate and eaten mostly with your hands, these people had no interest in hanging about in the kitchen doing the washing up. There were stories to be told, servants to be insulted, leg wrestling to be done, villages raised to the ground. You can see the appeal. It's a stripped down lifestyle. Fucking, fighting and eating. Hard to believe that 1,000 years down the line, descendants of these hooligans would be best known for producing chic flat-packed furniture. Top food though. Cheers, bearded berserker blokes!

"Feel free to pass wind and belch," says the waiter as the food arrives

MICK BUNNAGE

St William's restaurant in York holds another Viking feast next year. Before that they've got a load of medieval banquets. Tel: (01904) 63483 for more info.

PHOTOS: ZAZ



The ERIC CLAYTON Column

loaded's 73-year-old writer recalls an old sea dog with a novel use for condensed milk. God know's why...

If there hadn't been a war on, there's no way any shipping agent would have allowed Old Mac aboard even the crummiest tub.

In the officers' class, he was low in the pecking order – as fourth engineer, his position was usually filled by a youngster just out of training. He admitted to 60, but he'd either done some very hard living or was being economical with the truth. He looked at least 10 years older. Never married, when ashore he lived with his spinster sister in Birkenhead.

Shuffling round in carpet slippers – even in the engine room where steel-toed boots were de rigeur – and his grimy singlet and oil-stained dungarees he would have been a disgrace as a stoker or greaser, let alone an officer. To complete the ensemble, he was never seen without a battered uniform cap and wire-rimmed specs held together by insulating tape.

When it suited him, Old Mac could move with deceptive speed – the sight of a bending cabin boy galvanised him into action. He firmly believed in the nautical adage, "There is no joy like the bum of a boy".

Mac was forever drinking cocoa, leading me to associate this harmless habit with dirty old men. He spent a lot of time trying to entice younger crew members into his cabin with promises of milk chocolate, a commodity almost unknown in wartime Britain. My cabin mate and me, as 17-year-old apprentices, were prime targets. We had to keep a sharp weather eye open to dodge this old bloke.

Failing to get his hands on young male flesh, Mac entered into an unholy alliance with Percy, the ship's cat. Hard to believe, but corroborated by Mac's cabin steward.

In his feline way, Percy was just as much a reprobate as Mac. Similarities: indeterminate age, one good eye (the other left behind after a wicked night out in Buenos Aires) and, when ashore, reputed to be the biggest four-foot shagger in the business.

One gift this cat had that even the bosun (a failed medical student and amateur psychologist) could not explain, was his ability to sneak aboard the ship five minutes before we were due to cast off. No matter where we were docked in the world, and irrespective of whether we had been tied up alongside for three days or three weeks, Percy never missed a sailing.

He had one obsession in life: condensed milk. Old Mac was aware of Percy's weakness and exploited it to the full. He always made sure he had a good supply of Nestlé tins in his locker, and when he got the urge he lured Percy into his cabin, dipped his shrivelled member into a newly opened can of the stuff and lay back with a blissful smile on his wizened features as Percy's rough tongue rasped life into his flaccid prick.

Mac's steward witnessed many such episodes on entering his cabin, and regaled the crew with the disgusting details later.

The last occasion he did so proved to have a tragic outcome. As he opened the cabin door, Old Mac's bodily fluid erupted – causing Percy's fur to stand on end as he made a frenzied leap to escape. Unfortunately we were in the middle of the Indian Ocean at the time, with every source of ventilation open to allay the 90 degree temperature.

It was RIP for Percy as he scored a bull's eye right through the brass ring of Old Mac's open port-hole.

PUB OF THE MONTH

The Apsley Cottage

Sup with stars in Manchester

Now then. There have been many Pubs of the Month in **loaded** over the years, often there because the writer owes the landlord a favour – or the balance on an enormous slate. This is no different. Except that, built next to the stage door at the Manchester Apollo, the Apsley Cottage can claim to be the closest drinking den to any live music venue in the world. And not many of the pubs so far featured in this section of the mag, specifically the poncey North London ones, can boast a client list like this: Oasis, Shane MacGowan, Primal Scream, the Chemical Brothers, Billy Connolly, Black Grape, Alex Higgins, George Best, Iron Maiden, Radcliffe and Lard, the late Richard Nixon, the Beautiful South, ex-Everton captain Barry Horne, the Red Hot Chili Peppers, the Charlatans and Green Day, plus the entire cast of *Lord Of The Dance*. Rob Newman set the first murder scene in his book *Dependence Day* here. But it's not all musicians, dead Presidents and comedians.

It's a Grade II listed building which has been licensed to sell alcohol since 1829. If the Apsley was in Islington, all the fatuous London media harlots who crave glamour by association would stand at the bar ("Oh, it's just full of genuine poor people"). As it is, the bar is crowded with people gasping for the best-kept Guinness this side of Dublin. Depending upon which night you choose, you could be served by either Cllr Malcolm Lowe (the mayor of Stockport), one of the landlady's four fantastic-looking daughters, or her idiot son. Thursday's your worst bet.

It's a two-room pub with centrepiece bar, decent prices, nice staff and a huge guard dog that might have once roamed Dartmoor furnishing local TV news teams with amazing wild beast footage. The clientele without private jets are the usual mixture of daytime drinkers, hard-working labourers and alcoholic writers, and if you find a better pub in Manchester then I'm a drunken arse who can't piss straight.

Bez and friends

A Charlatan and a Grape

BILL BORROWS

The Apsley Cottage, 1 Apsley Grove, off Stockport Road, Ardwick, Manchester.

YOUR CHANCE TO VOTE FOR THE BEST GREASY SPOON

the great GREASY SPOON RUN

What's the best greasy spoon cafe in Britain? You tell us. WRITE IN and NOMINATE YOUR FAVOURITE CAFE. We don't care where it is, we'll go anywhere. Send us a postcard with its full name and address on the back and tell us why you like it. You might even win a prize. Remember to include your own name and address, and remember – we only want the best. We're looking for value for money, big portions, cooked to order and NO re-heats. A proper, friendly fry-up. Send your nominations immediately to The Great Greasy Spoon Run, loaded, King's Reach Tower, Stamford St, London, SE1 9LS. This is your last chance. The beans are getting cold.

Suddenly, Frank feared for his freshly dry-cleaned white suit (Ruby shoots Lee Harvey Oswald)

"It's alright! I've got it! Just pop it back in, Jackie" (JFK assassination)

The Saddam 'tache really caught on in Washington (Ron Brown, late US Secretary of Commerce)

Sooty is a puppet of the CIA

Nerds may be the only ones who know what's really going on...

On 8 October 1991, Danny Casalaro was murdered by US Government wetboys – Casalaro was getting too close to the truth. He represented a "clear and present" danger to the national security of the USA, so the XPD – Expedient Demise – classification on his CIA file was sanctioned by the National Security Adviser. His execution was just one of many state assassinations carried out in the last decade on the orders of the United States administration.

It's true. Honest to God! That's exactly how it happened. Of course I can't prove it, but what other explanation is there? Lewinsky's next: Bam! Bam! – out go the lights. She shouldn't have got involved with that right-wing plot to destroy Bill.

Conspiracy theories – they're everywhere, with some of the most ridiculous appearing on the Internet. Did you know that all conspiracy theories are written by a sinister 'black ops' team stationed in an underground sanctum deep beneath the Pentagon? They are then fed to a gullible public through small ads in the *Washington Post* and subliminal messages hidden in every episode of *The X-Files*. OK, so I made that up, but doesn't everyone make up conspiracy theories these days? Early man invented gods to explain the inexplicable. Modern man makes up conspiracy theories: "I didn't get the job, because Tracy in accounts is shagging Martin in personnel, and she's got it in for me"; "I'm a penniless bum because of an international cabal, hell-bent on denying red-headed people the success they deserve. It's a conspiracy!"

The best conspiracy theories are those formulated to fill in the facts where history leaves questions unanswered – those that try to explain the machinations of those who wield power.

The most famous ones were born in the 1960s. Not surprising, considering the amount of shit going down – the Bay of Pigs, the Luther King assassination, JFK... But there are new grassy knolls cropping up all the time: Waco was part of a Jewish conspiracy, the Heaven's Gate cult were murdered by the CIA. And where once conspiracy theorists left flowerpots on their balconies to alert like-minded paranoiacs, now they send e-mails. Once they started their whispering campaigns in empty car parks, now on the web, probing ever deeper into the secrets surrounding their latest target – Bill Clinton.

According to one such incredible theory, Casalaro is one of over 60 names on the Boot Hill list – the Clinton casualty list. It pops up wherever Clinton is up for discussion on the web, and purports to identify victims of 'Arkancide' (as in 'Arkansas' and 'suicide'). The theorists claim it's a roll call of murder victims whose deaths were labelled suicide.

Casalaro was investigating several of the so-called Clinton scandals for his book, *The Octopus Conspiracy*, which promised to unravel the mother of all conspiracies. He was found dead in a bathtub in a hotel room. His wrists had been slashed 10 times and the documentation for his cases was missing. Apparently he had warned his family that, if he was found dead due to an apparent accident or suicide, they were not to believe it.

The Heaven's Gate cult were murdered by the CIA, they claim

Another alleged victim of Clinton's secret war was Ian Spiro, a Brit who had supposedly worked for both MI6 and the CIA. Spiro was due to testify before a grand jury investigating the Inslaw case – another presidential scandal. His wife and three children were shot dead in their home, in Rancho Santa Fe, California, in 1992. Spiro's body was found several days later, in a car in the Borego Desert. The FBI report said he had murdered his family before taking cyanide.

"Just slip it in. No one will notice"

Rancho Santa Fe was also home to the Heaven's Gate cult, who committed mass suicide in March last year. It's claimed they were murdered by the CIA because they were associated with encryption work that threatened national security. Thirty-nine people died, and it is supposedly eerie that this is the same number of people were killed when Air Force-2 crashed in Croatia in April 1996, killing US Secretary of Commerce Ron Brown, the flight crew and 34 American industrialists.

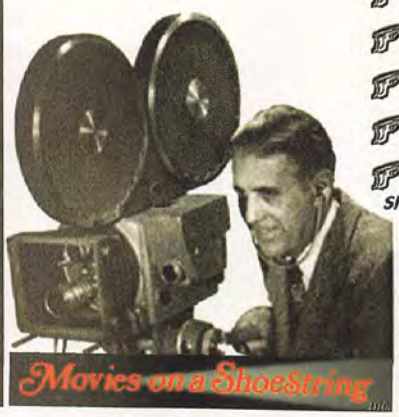
The Boot Hill list makes fascinating reading. Like all good conspiracy theories it's part credible, part daft, and totally unfathomable. You may scoff, but just remember that Watergate would now be filed under 'C' for conspiracy if Woodward and Bernstein had paid heed to the cynics.

CHRIS HADLEY

Conspiracy websites

http://homepage.oanet.com/blanchette/index3.htm
The true stories behind some of the most significant events of our time.
Add you own conspiracy theory.
http://www.lycos.com/wguide/wire/wire_484526_53517_2_1.html
A page of links to lots of conspiracy theories.
http://www.eagle-net.org/blackops.reporter/OpsFramed.htm
Spies, special forces and conspiracy theories.
http://www.whatshotin.com/Features/heavensgate8.shtml
Lots of weird shit here – including the Boot Hill list and the truth behind the Heaven's Gate suicides. Be sure not to miss the amazing prophecies of Sollog!

PHOTOS: ASSOCIATED PRESS



Grip my best boy

Movie-making, film festivals and films about films on the net

There are many films and many, many film festivals on the net. Most are films about films and some are sites about films about films. Film-making was introduced to Britain at the beginning of the 1800s following Cook's successful negotiation of the Indian passage. Popular among the elite in Britain, it only gained a mass following when Americans learned to use film to tell stories over 100 years later. Before then, only abstract shapes had been projected onto people's eyes. If you fancy a film festival then there must have been something seriously wrong with your upbringing. It isn't possible to fancy a whole festival. You could fancy a stuffed toy (**www.velocity.net/~galen/**) but to fancy a film festival is just so sick. Anyway turtle toes, try out some of these.

http://www.edfilmfest.org.uk/ – The Edinburgh film festival. Ed can't make it this year.

http://www.escape.com/~spyder/CART.HTML – Cartagena Colombia March 1998. Watch films, take coke, set up your own drug-funded government backed by the USA.

http://www.cinemedia.net/MIFF/ – Melbourne in Australia is of course the home of ants, so be careful if you visit the place.

http://www.filmfest-berlin.de/ – Set up by Hitler, the Berlin film festival runs old films about *lebensraum* and what a good idea it is.

Small film companies find the Internet a handy way to distribute their wares. In the same way that people who sell milk do.

http://www.screenedge.com/edge04.htm – *Alfred Packer The Musical* is a musical about the only man convicted of cannibalism in the history of the USA.

http://members.aol.com/bettrduck/brent.html – Better Duck films made a show called the *Brentwood Homicidal Massacre*, which isn't very nice unless you like death.

http://www.bulmash.com/formerchildstar/ – *Former Child Star* is another culty film about a mad child star. It's crazypants.

There are many, many movie-makers out there and a flourishing business of film buffs who like to find all their stuff. So have a cheeky butcher's at these.

http://www.citynet.com/~fodder/toc.html – The Small Movies Site is for movies about four to seven inches long.

http://www.ifctv.com/ – Independent movies are often angry and difficult to get along with, but can make good pets.

http://www.screenedge.com/ – This place releases independent films to video.

If you want to learn how to make a great film then ignore all the advice that everyone gives you and just do it yourself.

http://www.cyberfilmschool.com/ – Cyber film school is a film school for cybers.

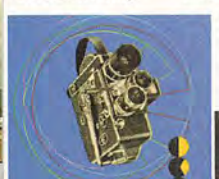
http://www.frontiernet.net/~pdoering/5MOAS/MOAS.html – Movies on a Shoestring tells you just that: the stories of pioneers who made films whilst balancing on the most improbable objects.

http://www.exposure.co.uk/exposure.html – Young British film-makers can be put off and irritated by this site.

There are a lot of places where films are discussed, and you can go around them forever if you like. Most of them are cunty cunto, but these two go boing.

http://www.vividnet.com/~a101/ – Anarchy 101 has all sorts of stuff and it looks good too.

http://www.filmthreat.com/ – A magazine, a video shop and a buffet lunch.



Weird Films vs Your Mother

V

What's the best?	WEIRD FILMS	YOUR MOTHER
Been there recently?	Very unlikely 2/10	The whole street 10/10
Often seen at cinemas?	Rarely 0/10	With 'Uncle' Whatsisname 10/10
Heavily backed?	Not at all 0/10	That's illegal, but true 10/10
Works well with animals?	Never 0/10	That was never proven 10/10
Done by teenagers?	Often 10/10	Often 10/10
Final score	12	50

Another hearty survey goes to prove that weird films are often just completely shite but your mother is fantastic. At least that's what those blokes from the chippy said.

Game of the month

And you can always save a bomb for Noel Edmonds' house (*F-22 Raptor*)

Top Gunplay

An unbeatable combination of charming scenery and wanton carnage

F-22 Raptor, PC-CD ROM, £34.99
The best thing about this is that, unlike with most flight sims, you don't have to wrestle with a big nerd manual for five hours to get the thing off the ground. Twenty minutes into it and the Loafer had become as one with the machine, muttering about afterburners, head-up displays and "dry thrust". The only problem we found was the inexplicable destruction of at least 10 of our own friendly ground installations during every mission. If you've played *Comanche 3* (by the same people) you'll know what degree of realism to expect. They've even had it tested by Dave Ferguson, chief test pilot for the real F-22, who has apparently given it the nod. The scenery and other stuff is all very impressive, and multiplayer capability means you can play in a massively confusing game with up to 100 people at the same time. Ace. **Verdict:** 9.3/10
MIKE KARIN

Dance eJay, PC-CD ROM, £24.99
Despite the idiotic name and the promise that you will be able to create your own club tunes in seconds, this is a pretty versatile piece of software. Good for those who are interested in putting dance tracks together but aren't serious enough to be mucking about with sequencers/midi equipment and the like. You just drag pre-recorded samples (all recorded at 140 BPM so they fit together nicely) into a construction window where you have eight different tracks to record drums, basslines, keyboard sounds or vocals. There's a great number of hideous Euro-samples to wade through, but the rest are pretty good. We managed to put together something quite acceptable in about 10 minutes. You can record your own samples if you prefer, or there are three add-on kits that offer a further 400 samples each. Large. **MK**

It's all done in the best possible taste (*Lula*)

Lula: The Sexy Empire, PC-CD ROM, £24.99
The idea here is that you create your own porn empire by eyeing cartoon harlots in a vulgar shanty hell till your wang goes hard and you pop in your pants. A far better option would be to leave your bedroom, forget about your computer and go and purchase a proper porn film. Better still, spend 25 quid on starting your own porn empire. Paul Raymond did it and now he's as rich as, er, a top porn bloke. **Verdict:** 6.01/10

Warbreeds, PC-CD ROM, £19.99
If you took all the cute little characters out of *Creatures*, made them look a bit more scary, tortured them until they became dangerously crazy and put them in a *Dark Reign*-style environment you'd get what's going on here. Instead of fighting armies, there's warring clans of creatures all trying to run t'ings planet-side, and it's your job to help them by harvesting the DNA of their enemies and creating faster and more powerful creatures by way of genetic engineering. Fancy. **Verdict:** 8.492/10 **MK**

Burning Rangers, Saturn, £39.99
Japanese graphics and cheesy soundtrack frame this fast 3D format as you play a firefighter with a jetpack. Someone's torched a big block of flats and you're sent in as a Burning Ranger to sort it out, gun in hand. If you remember *Virtua On* from the arcade you'll get an idea of how this looks. **Verdict:** 7/10

"Is this the right way to the toilets?" (*Warbreeds*)

"Take cover behind my steel codpiece, Miss" (*Burning Rangers*)

GADGETS

ViaTV Videophone, £399
The easiest way to check out whether you like the look of whoever you're talking to comes in the form of this handy black box. You just connect the lightweight, good resolution unit to your TV and phone-line (even we could do it).Then, Aunty Jean's face can be visible while you lie to her about how grateful you are for the jumper she sent as a birthday present. The implications of this technology will revolutionise home video, DIY broadcasts and let's not forget all those sex phone-lines. Oh, you do need one at each end so get a mate interested as well. 8x8, the company who make the ViaTV, have the best around. For more info call 0800 980 8889

One, Playstation, £39.99
Run around a 3D world shooting your weapon and getting enraged is the scheme of things in *One*. John Cain, the main character, gets easily pissed off, especially when the people who created him as a half-cyborg dude start deciding to cover their tracks. Plays like the classic shoot-'em-up *Loaded*, with a good twist.
Verdict: 6.5/10

VR Racing Powerboat, Playstation & PC, £39.99
Get in a boat, put your foot down and watch it shift. Avoid walls, ships and other competitors and remember which way to turn. If you can do that you'll get along fine. Fast, colourful, water-based velocity that plays mean when linked up. Bring a life-jacket.
Verdict: 8/10
PIERS TOWNLEY

Unlimited overs

How to watch the Test match live – without Sky

He might be old and really bad at music, but at last Mick Jagger has done something kind of worthwhile with all the many millions that he has amassed from his soft-rock loon pants.

Jagged Internetworks is the company set up by Mr Hot Trousers himself, and he has set his no doubt congealed heart on covering cricket over the web. And this has all been done – as we say in crickyworld – rather superbly, old spunky neck.

You can receive live audio coverage through your computer as well as getting almost-live video coverage as well. The video coverage has a five second delay that makes it a little jerky, but it's exactly the same stuff as Sky are showing. In fact, it *is* the stuff Sky are showing. One of the best things about it is that when Sky are showing ads you don't have to watch them. Also you get the bits when they leave the microphone on during lunch and you can hear them all chatting or the blaring soca resounding around Port Of Spain, or wherever they happen to be playing.

Now, briefly, the nerdy bit. You have to get this bit of software called Real Player (it used to be called Real Audio, then Real Video) and install it on your machine. The video version (called Real player v.5) works on Windows 95 or 3.1 machines, but you can still find the audio version for old bad Windows (called Windows 3.1) knocking around. Installing it is quite simple to do. Actually someone else did, it but they said it was simple, and after that the Jagged Internetworks page is very easy to get about. You just click on the bit that you desire, either audio on its own or audio and video together, and bingo! Live cricket while you work, and the boss will never know. Cool.

ADAM PORTER

RealPlayer: England v West Indies
File View Clip Sites Help
WORLD FEED COMMENCES
12:42:47, Trinidad & Tobago time
Buffering 20.0 Kbps clip
59 29.7 / Live

JAGGED INTERNETWORKS
EXCLUSIVE LIVE CRICKET BROADCAST

RealPlayer: England v West Indies
File View Clip Sites Help
CABLE & WIRELESS
CABLE & WIRE
Playing 20.0 Kbps live stream
02:52.9 / Live

Real Player 5 for Windows 95 or 3.1 is at http://www. realaudio.com/products/player/index.html

Real Audio for Windows 3.1 is at http://woods.bianca.com/shacklet/HTMLDesigner/linksplugins.html

Jagged Internetworks is at http://www-uk.cricket.org/link_to_database/SUPPORT/JAGGED/

Or you can just go to http://www-uk.cricket.org and follow the links.

uploaded

cyber news from our nerds

OK, OK, we still haven't managed to get Pet Cemetery up and running. Do you know the difficulties incumbent in running a huge graveyard for our furrier cousins? No, of course you don't.

But we do have some new pictures of Lisa Montgomery, and a burgeoning Nigel Benn question section (**http://www.uploaded.com/site/gurn/benn/index.html**), where the ex-boxer and deck-troubler talks back to his loving punters. All the old favourites are pumping along nicely – like the People's Charts at **http://www.uploaded.com/site/ chart/ chart.html** (who's the insane Luton fan?), while **loaded**world and the Bulletin Board (**http://www.uploaded.com/ board/bollocks/**) have never been so popular.

There's also the chance that our first great feature film will be up on the site. Yes, *Cheeky's Way* now straight to the public. Where's me nuts?

COMPETITION

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The next revolution in audio listening – and the best way to look flash on the bus – is with a Mini Disc player. Pretend you know how one works exactly and why it's better than anything else around by entering our competition to win one of the best: a Sharp Mini Disc MD-MS702H. It's got all the features including editing capabilities and a shock-resistant memory. (If only you could get that in human form...) Because it's all digital you can re-record all your favourite Haircut 100 tracks one million times. We presume someone at Sharp has counted this in their research. All that aside, it's half the size of a normal Walkman and it looks bloody cool. We've got three that we'll reluctantly give away as prizes if you can tell us how many times you can record with one of these things. Have you been paying attention?

a) 10
b) 50
c) 1,000,000

Answers marked Sharp Products Are Cool Bionic Competition (or S.P.A.C.B.C.) to loaded, King's Reach Tower, Stamford St, London SE1 9LS.

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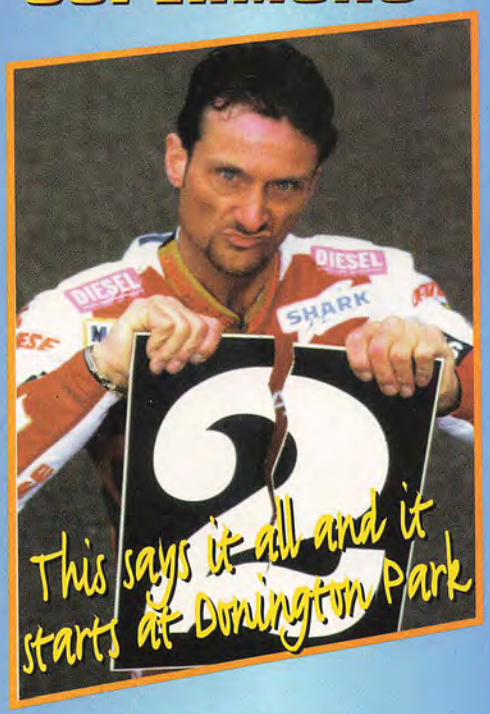

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16	BEDFORD	Corn Exchange	01234 269519	8	ST ALBANS	Alban Arena	01727 844488
17	CROYDON	Ashcroft Theatre	0181 688 9291	9	NOTTINGHAM	Mad Dog Club	0115 9411048
18	BELFAST	Arts Theatre	01232 316900	10	EASTBOURNE	Winter Garden	01323 412000
21	HIGH WYCOMBE	Wycombe Swan	01494 512000	13	SOUTH END	Cliffs Pavilion	01702 351135
22	SHEFFIELD	City Hall	0114 2789 789	14	PAISLEY	Arts Centre	0141 887 1010
23	NORTHAMPTON	The Roadmender	01604 604222	15	EDINBURGH	Queens Hall	0131 668 2019
25	LIVERPOOL	Neptune Theatre	0151 709 7844	16	GLASGOW	Royal Concert Hall	0141 332 6633
26	HULL	Hull Truck Theatre	01482 323638	17	ABERDEEN	The Lemon Tree	01224 642230
29	CATFORD	Lewisham Theatre	0181 690 0002	18	[illegible]LING	MacRobert Arts	01786 461081
30	GUILDFORD	Civic Hall	01483 444555	21	CARDIFF	Sherman Theatre	01222 230451
					LEICESTER	Y Theatre	0116 2 556507
					MAIDSTONE	Corn Exchange	01622 758611
					EDMONTON	Millfield Theatre	0181 807 6680

May

1	KINGS LYNN	Corn Exchange	01553 [illegible]	28	BURY ST EDMUNDS	Theatre Royal	01284 769505
2	COLCHESTER	Arts Centre	01206 577301	29	LEEDS	City Varieties	0113 243 0808
3	SWANSEA	Grand Theatre	01792 475715	30	HAYES	Beck Theatre	0181 561 8371
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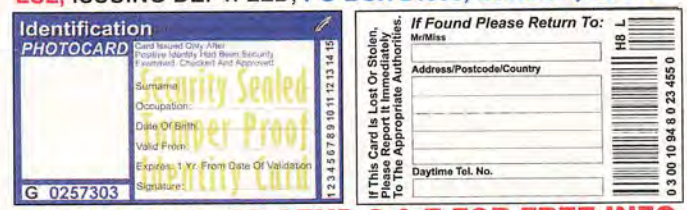

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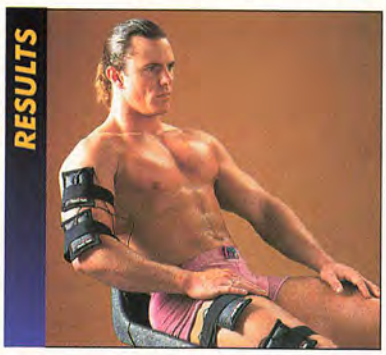

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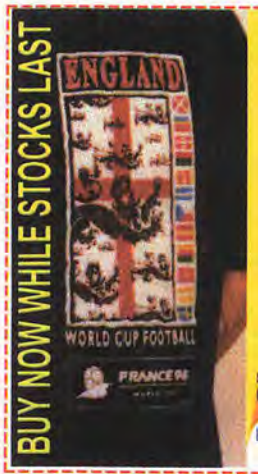

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"I got 95% in an University essay – thanks to PhotoReading!"

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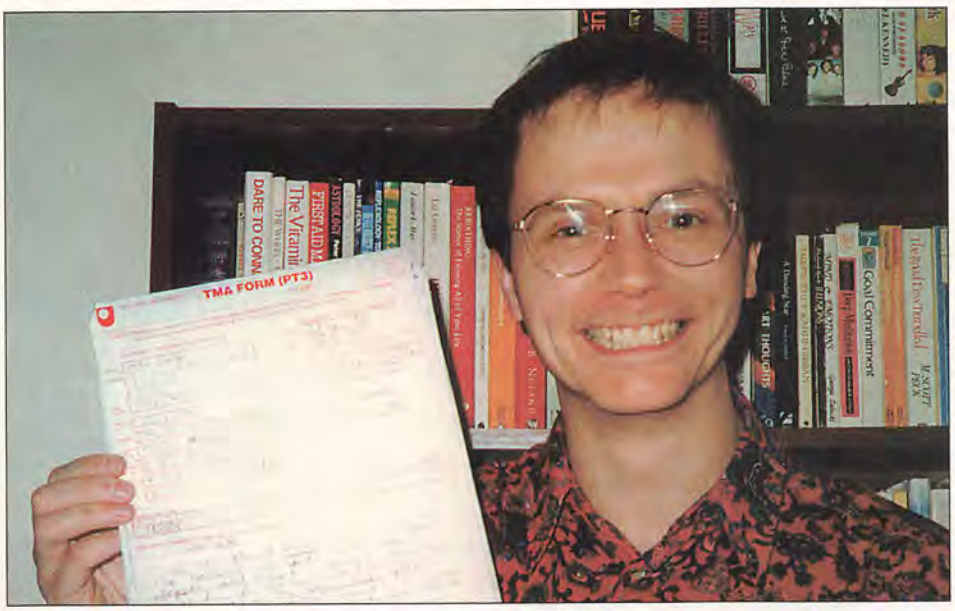

Says Peter Barka: "I got 95% for an essay on Freud and 88% for one on Piaget – and it's all down to the PhotoReading home study course. All I did was PhotoRead the relevant chapters at the rate of one page a second – about 25,000 words per minute."

"I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT," said Peter Barka, who lives in Surbiton. "I opened up the envelope containing my marks for two Open University essays I wrote, and got a real shock. My tutor had awarded me 95% for an essay on Freud and 88% for one on Piaget – and it's all down to the PhotoReading home study course.

"What amazed me was that I was only expecting 65-70%, which I usually get for my essays. I hadn't done any background reading – I didn't get round to it in time – or the expected 15 hours a week study time!

"Yet my tutor wrote in his report: 'In the Freud essay you analysed the relevant concepts with unusual depth and insight. Clearly a pass 1 (95%). A similar standard is maintained in the short notes questions. You have evidently gained a great deal of knowledge which will be of use throughout the course.'

"I was shocked at the result"

"All I did was PhotoRead the relevant chapters on Freud and Piaget at the rate of one page a second – about 25,000 words per minute. Then, when I Rapid Read the chapters, I noticed that the text seemed to have a tinge of familiarity to it. I also PhotoRead some essay/thesis-writing guides.

"When I sat down and wrote the essay I felt I knew something about the subject. But after I wrote the essay I thought 'Oh my god, I'll probably do worse than last time when I got 73%', especially as I'm very left brain, and the subject matter was more right brained. How wrong I was!"

Peter was overjoyed on the day he got, for him, the unusually high marks: "I felt delirious, and I danced around like an idiot. I was just shocked at the result. I still feel quite shaky when I talk to my friends about the possibilities of PhotoReading."

"I'm absolutely bowled over!"

Hilke Legenhausen, 27, and based in East Grinstead, earns her living as a translator. She spent a couple of weeks learning to PhotoRead, and then PhotoRead her German-English dictionary twice.

"The dictionary has 1,600 pages, so I Photo-Read the whole of it in about half an hour. I got my personal proof that the system works when I translated a German magazine into English: I only had to look up four expressions when 40 or 50 would be normal for me. I'm absolutely bowled over!

"I'm about to start PhotoReading all my text-books for the next year, and guess what: anatomy and physiology don't scare me anymore!"

Ms Hilke Legenhausen: PhotoRead a German-English dictionary and "got personal proof that the system works"

"I almost felt a cheat"

Vee Freir, who lives in the Highlands of Scotland, recently completed an Open University BSc Honours degree.

In the last OU year she had to read 22 course units, plus set books and other reference material, and submit seven written assessments (TMAs) which included project work.

She enthuses: "As a result of using the PhotoReading techniques I got so far ahead that I completed the reading and the written assessments a couple of months early. The tutor was a bit taken aback as he'd never experienced this before and, what's more, my assessments averaged 87%.

"For one essay I went in the library and PhotoRead 16 books with the purpose of getting one relevant quote from each. Within half an hour of PhotoReading I had done just that, and I was amazed how quickly it happened.

"I almost felt a cheat, yet I went through every page of each book, and must have subconsciously absorbed the relevant parts to have accessed the information that quickly."

"A strange experience" says McKenna

TV hypnotist Paul McKenna learned to PhotoRead for a Channel 4 documentary. He commented: "When PhotoReading does work it's a strange experience. I ended up feeling a bit light-headed. I couldn't actually remember anything about the book – until the questions started. I just seemed to know some of the answers. I scored 73% which was statistically well in excess of anything I could have got just by guessing."

"PhotoReading is literally eye-opening"

Sheila Ostrander, co-author of the best-selling book SuperLearning 2000, is very enthusiastic about PhotoReading: "It's literally eye-opening. In a sense PhotoReading is a specialised case of SuperLearning. The same core techniques are evoked – being in the right state of body and mind, feeding data to and accessing it from the unconscious, dissolving learning blocks – but applied to reading instead of, say, language learning.

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"Once you're connected to your brilliant second self, your unconscious, you can PhotoRead hundreds of pages in a very short time – just a few minutes – then be able to zero in on the key nuggets. This belief echoes the time-expansion work of Erikson, Rakov, and Houston and Masters, where people are prompted to get out of their own way and let their unconscious do the work in a fraction of the usual time."

Ostrander carries on: "Speed reading has been around and working for over half a century, yet it's still rarely used in business or education. PhotoReading is a much more organic system, which flows with the nature of our expanding view of ourselves. It may well be standard equipment for 21st century Superlearners."

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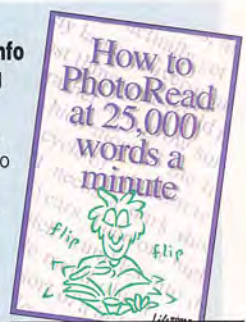

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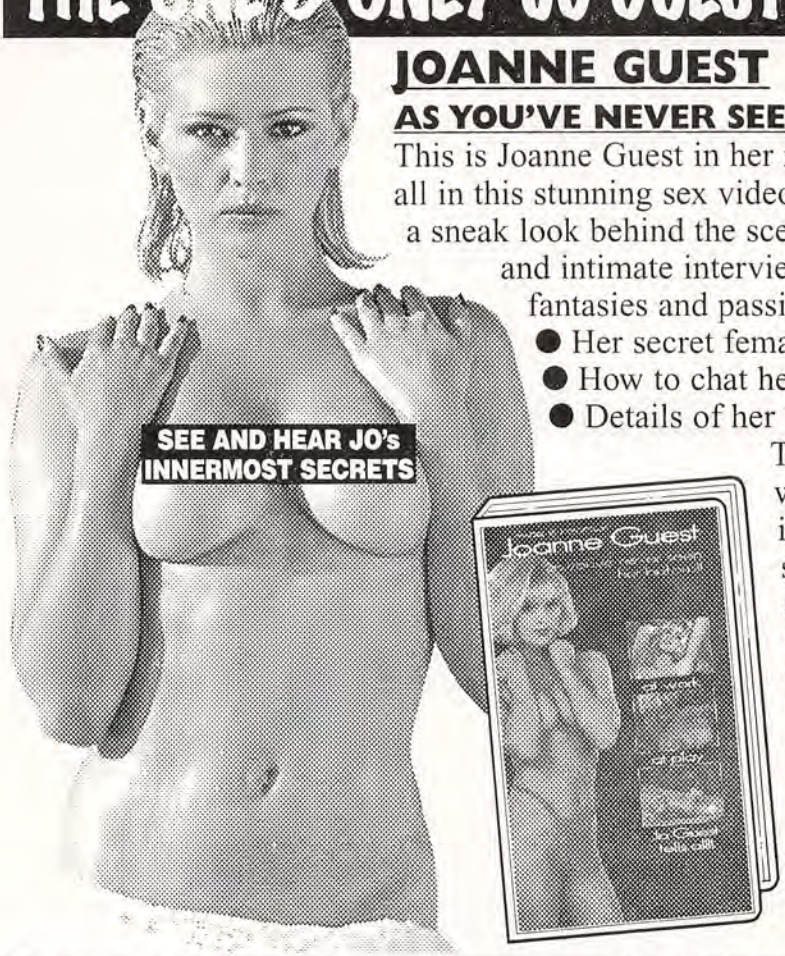

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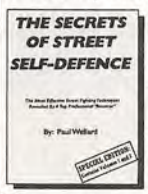

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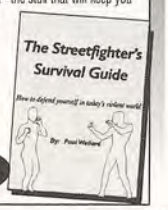

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Ripfast 5000 The Ultimate Body Building Breakthrough: using cutting edge scientific knowledge & product formulation. You will see your body grow before your very eyes after just 7 days! Day 14 will be even better, by day 28 you will be amazed and delighted. We are so confident, we'll make you an offer - try it on us for 14 days. If you aren't absolutely stunned & overjoyed, you can send back the unused portion of your Ripfast pack for a full refund (minus postage costs). We'll even say thankyou for giving it a try! This is a rock solid guarantee, for a rock solid product. You may have wasted money on manuals, on joining 'keep fit' gyms with clueless, self-centred instructors, spent a fortune on magazines learning the 'ways' of the 'champs', sent off for expensive 'no weights required' gimmicks. You may have wasted all this money and still had zero results and then gotten bored and stopped! We don't blame you, 99% of our clients went through all this themselves until they discovered the RIPFAST muscle building programme, based on the very latest Advances in Scientific Body Building Technique and incorporating State of the Art Nutritional Supplements. RIPFAST is 100% natural, starts to work fast (7 days!) and is perfect for 'hard gainers' who find it hard to pack on muscle, as well as people who are already fairly muscular in build but are unhappy with slow or limited development. The system can be used to whatever degree of muscularity, mass or fitness required. It is truly up to you. A basic set of weights is required. This explosive new system produces amazing results with as little as 3 x 20 minute sessions a week in the privacy of your own home. It gives fast & phenomenal body building gains in 3-4 weeks. The first unbelievable signs showing after just 7 days (yes 7 days! See it to believe it!). We appreciate that time is precious & valuable, we don't want to waste ours & we definitely don't want you to waste yours. Don't waste even one more day. Try RIPFAST, you'll be overjoyed that you did.

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IMPORTANT NOTE: All the products within the RIPFAST system are 100% natural. ABSOLUTELY NO STEROIDS OR DANGEROUS DRUGS ARE INVOLVED. RIPFAST is 100% SAFE and 100% NATURAL - nothing in the natural market comes close.

Contains: nutritional supplements, full instructional program, comprehensive manual, video & free stomach definition program. Furthermore, compare the price with what you have spent or maybe will spend.

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- "I am dumbfounded. I grew in 7 days man, 7 days!" A. K. London.
- "I owe you forever. Thankyou, thankyou, thankyou." A. S. New York.
- "Stunned me, my friends, my family...superb." J. K. Yorks.
- "I used to dream of a product like this - not any more!" J. D. Florida.

There's too many more to list, just try it, We'll take the risk!

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21A

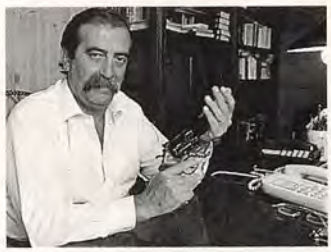
MEXICO 70

All the tears, the beers and glory in the story of the century: PART THREE

IN A MEXICAN BAR...
ARE YOU COMING OUT TO KEEP THE ENGLAND TEAM AWAKE TONIGHT, RODRIGUEZ ?
YEAH...LAST NIGHT THE RAMSAY BOSS HE GO MENTAL, RED AND FLOB!
TESCO
♪ I'M GREAVSIE, SUPER GREAVSIE, ALF DON'T LIKE ME AND I DON'T CARE ♪
LATE INTO THE NIGHT, ROWDY MEXICANS KEEP SIR ALF AND THE ENGLAND TEAM AWAKE...
"WAKEY WAKEY ENGLEESH MACHOS!"
SHOUT ALL YOU LIKE, YOU'LL ONLY MAKE US STRONGER!
NEXT DAY, AN EXHAUSTED ENGLAND TEAM GO FOR A NEWSPAPER...
ONLY TWO ENGLEESH PLAYERS IN AT A TIME, PLEASE...
MAYBE YOU'D BETTER GO BACK TO THE HOTEL, BOBBY!
HUMPH!
LATER, AT EARLY MORNING TRAINING...
IT'S NO GOOD TELLING PELE YOU'RE TIRED, HE'LL SHIT ALL OVER YOU!
ENGLAND VERSUS BRAZIL...
...8, 9, 10, 11, 12. HANG ON, GREAVSIE... WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE ?
GIVE US A GAME, SIR ALF. I'VE GOT ME KIT IN THE BAG!
TESCO
CAN'T YOU DO BETTER THAN THAT, BRAZIL?
SHIT!
THE FINAL SCORE ? 1-0 TO BRAZIL!
TODAY YOU ENGLEESH FUCKOS ARE SLEEPY AND YOU LOSE TO BRAZIL! TOMORROW, WEETH MY POISON, YOU WEEL STILL BE SLEEPY AND ALSO YOUR GOAL-KEEPER WEEL HAVE A SPITTING SHITPIPE!
TO BE CONTINUED...

WRITTEN BY: JON LINK AND PHIL ROBINSON. ILLUSTRATION: PHIL GASCOINE. LETTERING: GORDON ROBSON. RESEARCH: BILLY LEA

Dr Mick



Dear Dr Mick
Me and my mates can talk bollocks for ages down the pub but after about 10 hours of solid drinking the conversation tends to get a bit dull. Can you give me any tips for kickstarting the lively interplay of verbal intercourse or what?
Donald

Top facts, Don. That's the way forward. Give your mates a kick up the arse with a few choice ones from my little black book. I'm always using this stuff down the golf club. Works a treat. Even Caine can't get enough. Right up his street. Here's a few you've not heard.

● Water boils at a temperature of 100°C. According to the Laws of Physics, it cannot legally refuse.

● Napoleon only had sex once in his life. And that was with a talking pig.

● Before playing the part of Cornelius in the film *Planet Of The Apes*, actor Roddy McDowall lived with a troop of gorillas for 14 months – during which time he made friends with the pack by teaching them how to streamline their hunting trips by using light machine guns to shoot goats

● If all the people in China sat down at once they'd need all the chairs in the world and some of them would still have to double up or maybe sit on the floor or something. Naturally everyone else would have to stand up till they got their chairs back. Frankly, it'd be a logistical nightmare.

● Football was originally played with a loaf of bread.

● The ex-United States President Richard Milhous Nixon lived in a house built from his own spit.

● The ancient Aztec civilization in Mexico believed that breathing was bad for you.

● During a drought of carrot availability, a large colony of rabbits will stalk an elk for anything up to three weeks before finally trapping it in a net when it's taking a nap, in the mistaken belief that they've given up.

● Contrary to popular belief, the tallest building in London is not the Canary Wharf tower but the much older and better known landmark Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square. It descends into the earth for over three miles! Only two per cent of it is visible above ground...

● Up till the 16th Century, polygamous marriages were quite common throughout England. People in the flour, bread and fancy cakes industry often had anything up to 13 wives, hence the expression 'Baker's Dozen'.

● Inhabitants of the East pacific Samoan Islands believe that rats are the souls of 'The Living Dead'.

● An average human male spends approximately 21 years of his life asleep!

● Paracetamol was invented in 1954 by a Greek chemist named Georgio Paracetamolopolis.

● The actor Charlton Heston, star of the epic *Ben Hur* and the Science Fiction classic *Planet Of The Apes*, was originally christened 'Mr Bojangles' by his Yugoslav parents.

● An apple dropped from the Empire State Building in New York would bounce back up to a height of 14ft.

● The popular *Call My Bluff* gameshow contestant Patrick Campbell acquired his trademark s-s-s-stutter after repeatedly hitting himself in the face with a brick during childhood.

● Due to a typing error, the Second World War started two years earlier than it should have!

● While the popular American crooner Frank Sinatra may have achieved great success in boasting "I did it my way", recent evidence suggests he may in fact have been helped by some small children who prepared all his meals and did all the basic admin.

● If you shout at a cat for over 10 minutes, it will burst into flames.

● When the wife of Royal baker Charles Bakewell left him for another man, he vowed to get his own back. He worked for six months on the recipe for a new pastry and jam-based flan. Finally satisfied with the results, he wrote to his wife informing her of his intention to name it after her. Two weeks later 'The Bakewell Tart' was the most popular flan in Britain.

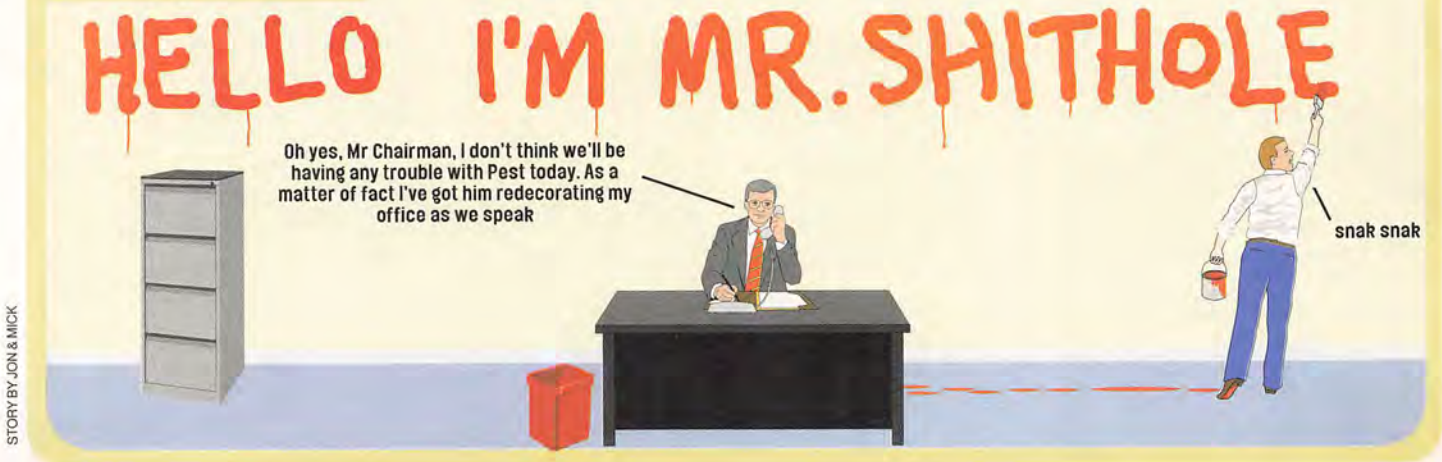
● Elton John was so intensely moved at being allowed to meet the Pope that he punched him in the face then ran off and hid in the toilet.

● When the ex-US President Richard Nixon first travelled to China in 1965, he insisted on speaking to them in their native language. Local papers reported that he "made no sense at all".

● Fish and chips is one of the most popular dishes in modern day England. Hard to believe, then, that up until 1932 they point blank refused to speak to each other.

● Filming the apocalyptic scene at the end of *Planet Of The Apes* was by no means straight forward, claimed the film's director. According to co-star Roddy McDowall, Charlton Heston repeatedly forgot to get off his horse as he approached the Statue of Liberty sticking out of the sand, and in one instance galloped on for about three days before being finally stopped by a camera crew who chased after him in a jeep. When he was finally told that he had to do the big scene properly, he reluctantly agreed, but only on condition that he was allowed to wear a dress. When a dress was brought for him he pretended it didn't fit. McDowall claims that during one take Heston "went ballistic", cutting open his own chest and pulling out his heart before passing out.

OFFICE PEST


HELLO I'M MR. SHITHOLE
Oh yes, Mr Chairman, I don't think we'll be having any trouble with Pest today. As a matter of fact I've got him redecorating my office as we speak
snak snak

STORY BY JON & MICK

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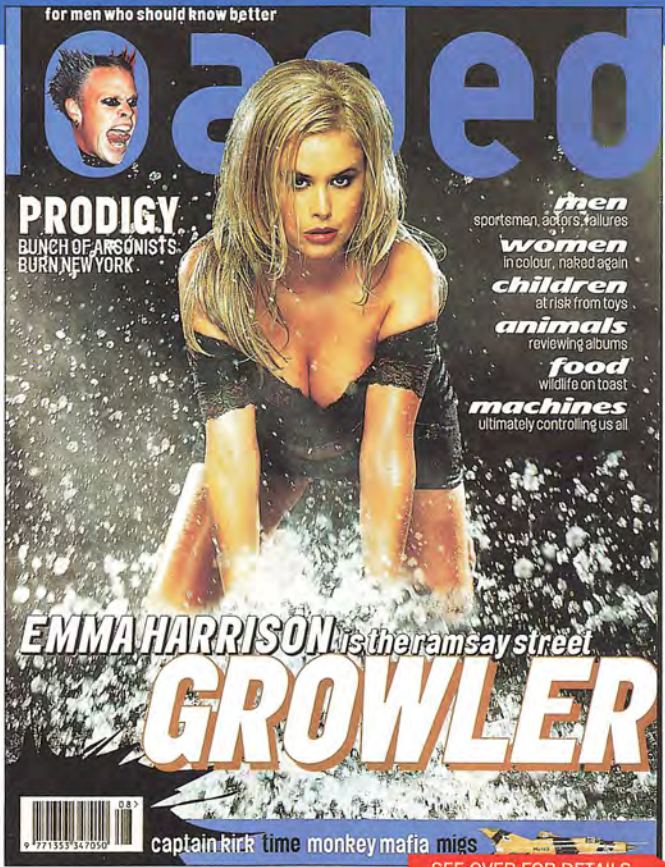

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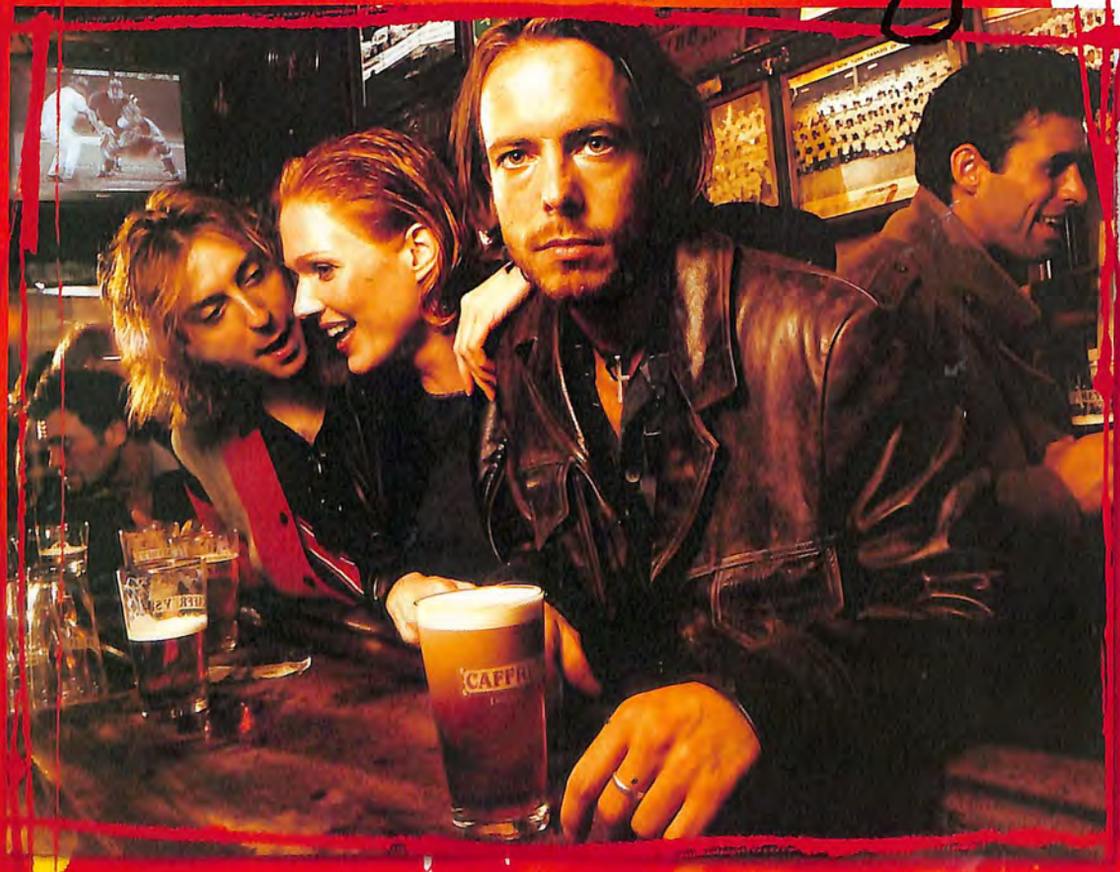

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